THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Kennett Harris—Bertram Atkey—Perceval Gibbon—Captain Dingle
Frank Ward O'Malley—Ben Ames Williams—Samuel G. Blythe

"HIS TWO BEST FRIENDS"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company. *Copyright 1922 by Cream of Wheat Company.*

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

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THE LUNATIC FRINGE

That Appendage of Almost All Good Governments—The Class Called the Lunatic Fringe

BEHIND THE POLITICAL SCENES: A CONFESSION

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

OVER a long period of years I have seen, by the grace of destiny and perhaps some special fitness of my own, the inside of American politics from the inside. My point of view is not that of a journalist or a professor; it is not the point of view of those who seek office, although I have held office. My point of view is that of one who may have had and still has a touch of crusading idealism mixed, I hope, with a taste for the practical. But I am driven to confess that when American politics have held me I was held for pure love of the humanest and perhaps the greatest game in the world.

I detest those who advertise themselves as insiders. The crop of them on the Roosevelt and Wilson soil was tremendous. The sense of importance is tempting. The best of men succumb to it. I remember Colonel House sending for me one day and how I speeded my taxi to hear the fate of the world. He said to me: "Here is something between you and me and the angels. I have given you confidences but never one like this."

I said: "I know. I have just been in Wall Street lunching at the Midday Club. They told me there. I have stopped at the Union Club on my way uptown. They told me there. There is a good chance of an armistice being signed soon and you are sailing tomorrow very secretly for Europe." And this man who has given service to American politics as unselfishly and generously as any man I could name, was disturbed as an insider to find himself in such a large company.

One of the reasons why these confessions are anonymous, perhaps even a larger reason than the lack of literary skill, is that I should hate to be caught being an insider. A kind of guilty shame would overcome me, and I should have to think of myself among all those who take such pains with secrets which are unnecessary or those who want to create the idea that they are intellectual valets to the great. There is something wormish about the whole school of little eels who swim in the wake of every big figure.

I remember a man who tried to impress the late Senator Penrose. He said in a hushed voice: "I have just been this week—twice—to talk with the President."

Penrose said nonchalantly but in his gruff brusqueness: "I thought you were going to tell me that the President had been twice to see you!"

The real insiders keep a tight puckering string. I know at least one man who failed to get into a recent Republican cabinet because he was always showy about being "on the inside." Furthermore, there are the messenger boys. They are always inside, and no one wants to be a messenger boy in American politics or appear like one, because a messenger boy, if the uninitiated want to know, is someone who is sent to say this or do that or request the other or fix the situation. They are always attached to someone unseen who can sit while the messenger boys stand. I have seen messenger boys of whom I have been fond—good fellows, almost good for a promise; but they are always insiders, and help to make it odious to be an insider of the kind who talks about it. The truth, as I have found it, is that there is much less of importance which the public does not know than is commonly supposed. Confidences worth keeping are kept by those who are wise and really intimate with political affairs until disclosure is justified by public necessity or by the mere lapse of time, reasons which I trust will justify telling here incidents known to few.

I could wait till the end of this confession to disclose a fact which I suppose is sufficient to condemn me; but it is only fair to those who read to sail in under no false colors. The fact is that I am not a cynic about politics. I read the smart books of comment on public men and public life in Washington. I note down that the criticism and advice given usually proceed from glib authors who never administered anything larger than a typewriter. I have seen the dark side of American politics too. Just as good men have confided in me because they knew I loved the game and wanted nothing, so other men considered bad have confided in me because they knew that I am practical enough not to beat my chest about a virtue in which I may indulge for myself but can introduce to others only by long painstaking work.

Critics, cynics, theorists, experience, defeats, victories, conspiracies, the birth of movements and their deaths have not shaken my faith in the fairly steady flow of fair play and wisdom in American politics. We all can count on the voters having more common sense and more sense of fair play than they ever have credit for, and we can mark it down that the run of public men are a great deal better of intention and wiser in performance than the cynics would have us believe.

I confess to another thing. I have faith in our form of government. I know it is not fashionable to be satisfied with the form of anything and I know there is virtue in protest and challenge. But one of the wisest men in our political life said to me: "Don't you forget that our political system—our two-party government—even when there are no definite issues drawn, has lasted longer than any other large government system in the world, and worked the best." He was right. It is a system irritating to those who want change over a week-end; but if one considers that the American spirit, as De Tocqueville pointed out,

is a combination of individualism making for independent thought, challenge and change, linked with a sense of coöperation with the mass and of conservatism and patience making for stability, then as compared with the European systems where independents of many parties or many groups unite not for any common purpose except for opposition and destruction of the group in power, I for one am satisfied with our home brand of results.

Take it or leave it—I have faith.

I confess to wishing to keep and increase the kind of faith that T. R. had. I have often been asked to contribute anecdotes of Roosevelt, but all those that came direct from him were insignificant compared with one that came indirectly from him—one that brought out a characteristic fundamental quality which eulogists who knew him without insight and biographers will probably miss and possibly the world will forget.

Roosevelt was dead—that morning. A theatrical producer had asked me to see a first night. To seek diversion from a loss which I believed was weightier upon me because so leaden upon a whole world, I went to the play.

Usually this producer, who is a veteran, spends his time at his own first nights walking up and down in the darkness behind the last row of seats, stamping and snarling like a mad man. I did not find him there when I went up before the curtain of the first act—not at first. I stumbled into him at last behind one of the portières at an emergency exit. The hard-cooked old theatrical man stood with tears streaming from his eyes.

"My God, what shall we do?" he asked.

"Do!" said I.

"Yes—T. R.," he said. "What shall I do? Here is a whole city of people who miss the whole point. Am I the only man who sees the best about him?"

"And that?"

"Why, he knew as much about men and women as I do—and perhaps more. And he still believed in 'em!"

Republic or Democracy?

IN THAT human side of politics—the personal, human side—there is a value of greatest importance. A great issue, particularly when a people feels it to be a great moral issue, may transcend all else—when it arises. When there is no such issue I feel that it is the strength and weakness, the tragedies and humors of our political life, and the keen appreciation of them by the rank and file, which are more important to us than all the plans and programs of theorists.

In other words we are, I hope, fulfilling our destiny as a republic. We are not, I hope, becoming a democracy. In a democracy there is no representation of masses by men chosen as being able to give a closer attention and a wiser judgment than the mass itself. In a democracy, strictly speaking, the representative is only a messenger whose judgment is not required and who may announce without any special fitness, except obedience, the whim of the mass. In a republic, in the republic we conceived as a people, the representatives are supposed to be chosen for ability and to exercise it. They ought to withstand the puff of every opinion which sweeps by and is gone. They should not be mere weathercocks. If, therefore, this is still a republic, the human side of politics, the personal side, is often, and indeed usually, more important than the platform side. And it has been my observation that the American people, excepting those commonly known as the "preachers and the teachers," so regard it.

In the 1912 campaign I met George W. Perkins, who had been a partner of J. P. Morgan and who could make a dollar go farther in efficient political expense than any man alive. Some time after that campaign a prominent Wall Street figure said to me: "Perkins did a useful work. He was a shepherd of the radical restless elements in the country. They had herded themselves into the Progressive Party, and he ran 'em until they found themselves off the range with their tongues hanging out."

I said to Mr. Perkins as we walked along: "Why do you think votes will be cast for Roosevelt?"

He said: "The outrage of the Republican convention."

I said: "Let's ask him," pointing to a policeman. "He looks like a Democrat."

And I asked the policeman with the red tinge in his hair who he was going to vote for.

"Roooosvelt," he said, introducing the proper number of vowels.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. He knows the kind of geranium that grows best on tenement fire escapes."

T. R. often said to me that this story was as complimentary as any ever told about him. And in his appreciation of the implied values there was the distinction between men like T. R. and Harding on the one hand, who each from totally different environments, training and experience sensed the importance of the human personal side of American politics, and on the other hand men like Root and Hoover, who themselves are conscious, perhaps, of failing to absorb the feel of humanity.

Root once said to me that if the people of some of the states took enough interest in politics they would rise up and change the practice of electing a governor every year. He was right to say that electing a governor every year is absurd. One of these single-year governors exploded to some of us at a national convention: "The day after election I began to kiss the babies and speak at fairs. They kept me at it until the next election. It was office holding with a vengeance! I had no time for anything else. I was the party's own year-round hand-shaker and campaigner." But Root was wrong about the reason why the people do not rise up. If he had been closer to their feel he would have known that they take the election every fall the way they take the opening of the game season or the annual big football match. It's sport and they like it.

An example of lacking the feel arose when advisers of a presidential aspirant asked him to amplify and hammer away at an idea he had embodied in a public statement. Most men are content with one presidential nomination, but at this moment this particular possibility was sending metaphorical flowers and candy in the process of courting several at once. One of his best friends laughingly said that if the telephone rang and someone had said "You are nominated!" the aspirant might have said "Is that so—what am I?" This in itself indicated a lack of understanding of the feel of the people in a man otherwise able to bring to public life a vast store of administrative if not political knowledge and ability. But when he was urged to amplify his statement he threw his hands up and said in substance: "Oh, the people can never understand what I have to tell them. They don't want it. It's facts and it's hard to understand. They won't take the trouble." He was irritated, and intense irritation with people in mass is a serious disqualification in American public life.

He could not then see that it was he who must take the trouble. When a leader wants to educate the people rather than represent them, when he has a useful even if paternal job to do and especially at a time when the world is tired of having paternal hands laid upon its head, he must have no end of patience and in addition a kind of affectionate regard for the multitude. Even if you have a hunger for godlike power you have to remember that Love, Vulcan and Mercury would never win an election in the old 12th District or the 5th Precinct, if they were not fairly ready to indulge imperfection and smile patiently at differences of opinion arising from the supposedly benighted public. Good political leadership does not go off in a pet because it cannot have its own way or attempt to grab the public by the throat and make it swallow a dose of superiority. The greatest server of the public does not even shake the quart measure of engaging phrases as one President did for a time; the greatest server of the public in our political system is a man who leads when he can, and when he finds he is leading too fast is patient enough and has humor enough to explain painstakingly where he is going.

I do not wish to draw too much on Roosevelt for example, but there come back to me two recollections which recall his skill in patience and in good humor and tolerance. He prophesied before his death, in the midst of the war, that the agricultural problem would be one of the great issues. He said that all great nations went to pieces when their agriculture went to pieces. A lack of prosperity among cultivators of the soil led to absentee ownership of farm land and to the tenant farmer replacing the owner farmer. The tenant farmer makes no improvements and exhausts resource. And if the whole nation does not protect its agriculture those who cultivate the land will in the end act together in a group for self-interest, and group action of any kind is a danger to American ideals and to the soundness of the American political system.

Good Political Leadership Has Patience Enough and Humor Enough to Explain

T. R.'s Humor and Tolerance

"BUT it will be a long campaign of education," he said. "It should be an issue in 1920. It will take years to awaken the people, to explain, to bring full conviction. We must hammer away."

I knew what he meant. When he had an idea he used, by instinct, to pluck on it as he would pluck upon a single string of a harp. One might not like the note, but before Roosevelt was through plucking, every man, woman and child in the United States would know the sound of that string and its pitch. His campaign manner had enough impatience about it to be interesting, but behind everything there was a patience and a persistence that never stopped until ideas were accepted or rejected once for all.

And again as to humor and toleration. Though never credited with them in the measure he possessed them, I knew as those who knew him best, and even those who opposed him, that he had them in great store. I remember an old and valiant and indignant lawyer who came to see T. R. after his Columbus speech in which he set forth his advocacy of the recall of judicial decisions. The old man in the days before his retirement had been one of the best known legal figures in the United States. Now he had girded his loins to beard the lion in his den. He came white with indignation to tell Roosevelt exactly what he thought of him. He had steeled himself to say his say and probably expected to be hurled through the window into the street. With hands clenched at his sides and white hair almost bristling he did his work well. T. R. seldom had heard such complete invective; he moved forward in his chair and planted his fists on his knees. It may be said that he listened pugnaciously. At last the old man was panting, out of breath, unable to go on.

Roosevelt said: "Is that all you have come to say?"

"Ye-es," gasped the old gentleman.

T. R. smiled quite sweetly.

"Do you know," he said almost meditatively, "how astonishingly your political ideas coincide with those of a certain congressman who is my son-in-law?"

These qualities of toleration and the proper estimate of human values compared with values of policies are not acquired easily. They come more quickly to those who while holding fast to good purposes maintain enough sense of what is practical, of what patience and waiting are required, to enjoy thoroughly the game and to avoid belonging to that appendage of almost all good movements—the class called the lunatic fringe.

To be sure that I fail not in confession, I had better set myself down as one who belonged at my entry into politics to the lunatic fringe. The usual gateway, and perhaps in most cases the best, is through the local party political organization. It is only in times of a great political upheaval that it is wise to jump for the top branches, and then it is wise only when Nature has endowed one with a kind of ready-made, ready-to-wear astuteness in knowledge of the public need and in the feel of human character. The lack of this astuteness is so common among even veteran politicians that, as far as I know, there is not in existence a book treating of legitimate

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Ethelda and the Honeyed Tongue

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

She Gave Him Her Hand, and Virge Was Real Surprised at the Way It Felt to Hold Ethelda Duke's Hand, Even for a Couple of Seconds

TIP YOAKUM, the Hat Creek granger, was among those present at an informal noonday dinner given at the Box Elder stage station, and he so far forgot the etiquette that even an informal affair demands as to take exception to the condensed-milk can.

"Seems like, with the cattle on a thousand hills all round you, you'd have ambition enough to rustle you a cow and persuade her to spare you a few pints of the real thing," Tip remarked.

"I'm right sorry you ain't pleased," apologized the stock tender. "The folks that can this here claims that it comes from high-pedigree D. A. R. Jersey stock that's fed on four-leaf clover, so I thought it might do. I hope you can make out to eat the ham. I was obliged to buy it ready cured, account of having no hogs of my own and the kind that strays in here at mealtimes being sort of incurable. Does the biscuit suit you, or shall I throw it out and try to do better with another batch?"

"I've et worse," Yoakum admitted. "You don't notice the taste so much if you put plenty of butter on 'em. 'Course you can taste the butter, but I'm strong myself, and, as the feller says, the coffee's weak enough to keep up the average. Now don't you worry nor fret about me, Hank. I'm used to hardship."

"And I reckon you don't care nothing about danger either," the stock tender suggested. "You sure talk like a man that don't put no value on his life."

"He talks some like Virgil Breslow," said the old bullwhacker, who was one of the two other guests. "Virgil was sort of hard to suit, seemed like, if you went by what he said and his actions. Remember him, Hank? I call to mind one time the Reverend Spotkin over at Blueblanket got him considerable interested at a revival meeting—interested for Virgil—but he finally had to give up. 'I wrastled with Brother Breslow,' says the reverend. 'I wrastled with him till I come nigh on to breaking my spiritual back, and I got him offn his feet so's he'd groan an amen oncet in a while; but I couldn't get no holt to make him holler hallelujah.'"

"Yes, I remember him right well," said the stock tender hurriedly. "Me and him went to school together in Missouri, and I wrote and got him to come out here, and from that on we was partners. He writes me a six or eight page letter ever' oncet in a while. No, you can't tell me nothing about old Virge."

"The Virgil Breslow I'm referring to come from Texas," countered the old bullwhacker. "This one you knew wasn't a leggy, limber-jawed, red-headed rooster with two fingers missing from his left hand, was he?"

"That's the laddie-buck," cried the stock tender. "Come to think of it, he was in Texas when I wrote to him. It was me bit off them two fingers. He was starting to talk on 'em after he'd talked his darned mouth to a standstill. Always getting off some long-winded yarn about somebody, he was."

"The one I'm talking about was a kind of stocky-built, dark-complected boy that didn't never have much to say," said the old bullwhacker gently. "And he hadn't lost no fingers unless he was born with a couple extra some place where they wouldn't be noticed. So you see you must be barking up the wrong tree, Hank."

"You've got my curiosity all a-seething and a-b'iling, between you," declared the Hat Creek granger. "If there's any more particulars about Brother Breslow I'd like to hear some of them."

The old bullwhacker said that if he wasn't interrupted he would be happy to narrate a few. Continuing, he described Mr. Breslow as a young man, with other physical characteristics that were not unpleasing to the eye; capable in his management of men, horses and cattle; industrious to an almost foolish and unnecessary extent, and reputed honest for a foreman of a cow outfit; but withal of a somewhat unemotional and unenthusiastic temperament that kept him from being as popular as he would have been had he been otherwise.

"You and Hank talking about cows and milk reminds me of one time old Joe Williams was bragging to Virgil about a cow he'd caught up off the range and had been milking," the veteran remarked. "'Talk about your dairy stock,' says Joe; 'say, I kept track of that critter's outflow, and taking one day with another she averaged six gallons of milk a day for six months. How's that for scrub? I've seen lots of fine-haired stock that was curried twice a day that wouldn't do that good.' Virgil pursed his lips and nodded.

"'Well,' says old Joe, kind of indigent, 'wouldn't you call that a mighty good cow?'

"'I'd call a ten-gallon cow a tolerable fair cow,' says Virgil.

"Old Joe stared at him a moment. 'No you wouldn't,' he says at last. 'Not you. You'd want her to give twelve gallon and lay a dozen eggs afore you'd own up that she was anything out of the common.'"

Well, it's thisaway, the old bullwhacker went on when the tumult had died: You can pay a man top wages and give him the best kind of grub, and he won't be real satisfied unless you pat him on the back once in a while and tell him he's doing well. If you lay it on too thick you're liable to gum up his movements and swell his head so's he can't use it to advantage; but on the other hand you don't want to look at what he's been doing with an eye resembling a salt mackerel's and say that you reckon he's done pretty nigh on to the best he could, considering the way nature had handicapped him, which was somewhat Virgil's way of encouraging the boys that worked under him at the Flying V. No, sir, gentlemen, there's a happy medium. But Virge had got it into his head that if a man broke his neck and busted himself wide open and kept on the keen jump from early morn till dewy eve it wasn't no more than what he was paid wages for. He worked thataway himself and he didn't feel he was entitled to no particular credit, and he expected the boys to do likewise—and seen that they done so or got their time.

It didn't make him popular; but he allowed that as he was only running a cow outfit and hadn't no aspirings to public office he wouldn't lose no sleep over it. I liked him myself; but I own up that it took time to get worked up to the point where I had no inclinations tords neck yokes when he was anywheres around. He started in bad with me.

I was conducting my livery-feed-and-sale establishment in Blueblanket when we first met up. He come into town on a fiddle-headed blue roan that had wintered on the range and had the general aspects of a well-worn doormat that hadn't been shook since the wet spell, and he asked me politely to give this here fur-bearing animal food and shelter for a few hours.

Well, I done so. Also and furthermore, finding time hanging heavy on my hands, and being sort of curious to see what kind of a horse he would be when I got right down to him, I led Roany out behind the stable to save transportation on the felting material and went to work on him with brush and currycomb. It was a long, hard job, calling for patience and perseverance and iron nerve, as well as quick sidestepping and a stout halter; but the results filled me plumb full of professional pride. That mangy, mud-caked megatherium that I had led out went back to his stall looking like the picture of Gambrinus in the paddock at Sheepshead that used to hang up over the desk in the old Wentworth at Deadwood. Wherever the light struck him he flashed. If I hadn't already tempted Providence about as far as I thought was reasonable safe I'd have took another hour and blacked and polished his hoofs.

Along about five o'clock Mr. Breslow come back for his steed.

"Any brands or identifying marks on him?" I asked. "What kind of a looking cayuse was he?"

"You must have a short memory," says Virgil, sort of disapproving. "If it's that bad you ought to give your patrons checks. It was a six-year-old blue-roan bronco, about nine hundred pounds, with a Y7 vented and the Flying V brand on the left hip."

I went back and led the horse out. He was dancing and prancing like he'd been looking at himself in a full-length mirror and felt mighty well satisfied with himself. He was the high-heeledest, scornfullest, snortingest critter you ever seen.

"Is this him?" I asked.

I sure expected that young man to deny it, or to throw a few fits of glad surprise anyway; but he didn't. His eyes stayed right in his head and all the opening there was

to his mouth was just what was necessary for him to reply "That's him. Where's the saddle and bridle?" He didn't even look at the brands to make sure that his eyes wasn't deceiving him. I went off to get the saddle, a considerable bruised in spirit, and he put it on and paid me my four bits without batting an eye. He was putting his foot in the stirrup when I put my hand on his arm and stopped him.

"No complaints concerning that horse's toilet, is there, pardner?" I asked him. "I was plumb out of bay rum to rub him down with, and then I thought maybe bay rum wouldn't go well on a roan horse, nohow. But I done the best I could on short notice."

"I reckon he's all right," says Virgil ca'mly. "Yes, I see you scraped him off some. So long!"

He swang into the saddle and Roany went out, pitching mighty lively down the middle of the street. I breathed a silent prayer that he would throw Mr. Breslow and break his darned neck, but Mr. Breslow stayed right with him. I was certainly peeved. I reckon it was as much as two or three minutes before I could make out to laugh natural. But time went on and I took notice that whenever Mr. Breslow come to town he passed right by Mike Monahan's corral and put up with me, and all that Mike ever got from the Flying V from that date was what I didn't have no accommodations for. After a while I begun to acquire a taste for Virge, and finally, after he met Ethelda Duke at the circus, we became friends. Now I want to tell you about Ethelda. Old Man Volney Duke, over on Shep's Flat, and Mrs. Duke was Ethelda's parents, and Rodney and Walter Duke—the Duke boys who located the Gold Filling mine in the Saw Tooth range and afterwards sold it for a hundred thousand dollars—Rodney and Walter was proud to call themselves her brothers. And there was several other young fellows scattered around here and there and hither and yon that wasn't her brothers and didn't have no ambitions thataway, and there was quite a sprinkling more that Ethelda found she couldn't consider in no other light and had to tell them so. She began telling them that when she was about fourteen or fifteen years old, and had kept in such steady practice that by the time she was nineteen she could adopt a brother against his most earnest wishes without dropping a stitch.

Once in a while I'd hear from a lady that Ethelda had a mighty good opinion of herself, and I don't see no reason to doubt it. She was a girl that liked to believe that folks was honest and sincere and not trying to fool her; and even if she had mistrusted her own judgment there wasn't no getting around what her own father and mother and Rodney and Walter had told her ever since she was knee-high to a duckling, to say nothing of the neighbors and most of the male sex that wasn't tongue-tied. I may have put the idee in her head myself at odd times.

Well, Ethelda naturally went to the circus. She went in only one buggy, with only one young man to drive her; but if she had wanted to and there had been enough of her to go round she could have rode in twenty of the best rigs in the country, and had that many of the boys trying to make the long miles seem as short to her as they would have been to them if circumstances had so permitted. The young man that she went with was Rodney Duke, who had been fussing with his own girl, but hadn't got the nerve to take anybody else but his sister, and Ethelda was giving Tice Bradway a lesson not to presume on her kind disposition and get notions into his head. Tice was a Flying V boy and she had been sort of good to him lately, but she was thinking better of it since, about a week before that, Tice had celebrated her half promise to let him take her to the circus by backsliding from three months' good behavior and almost total abstinence. It was tough on Tice, too, because he reely hadn't took more than two or three, and he had started in on ginger ale with the best intentions. It was only that this liquid gave him a bad attack of stomach chills that called for the old reliable remedy. If he hadn't been acting so much like a candy angel off a Christmas tree for so long probably nobody would have noticed it on him; but, as it was, it was right noticeable, and Ethelda got to hear about it and didn't like to have her reform work go for nothing.

Be that as it may, one fine morning in July the Bart Berry circus arrived in Blueblanket—the Bart Berry Astounding Aggregation of Acme Acrobats, the Bart Berry Bevies of Beautiful Bareback Artists, the Bart Berry Bounding Bedouins from the Sandy Sahara, the whole blamed Bart Berry outfit, sliding, jumping, bumping and rolling out of the train like old Noah's Mammoth Menagerie leaving the ark for the Ararat parade—and when they arrived they found that the news of their coming had somehow leaked out and brought several people to town out of a feeling of curiosity to see them. Among the popeyed population that was assembled and milling about the street, I was kind of surprised to see Mr. Virgil Breslow, who by that time had grown a heap less distasteful to me than formerly, so much so that I spoke to him without hesitating for a moment, in spite of the fact that his underlip was, in a manner, hanging and his brow, so to speak, wreathed in gloom.

"You picked a poor day to do business in Blueblanket, Virge," I says. "The elegant and eccentric equestrian evolutions of the bifurcated Bedouins is a-going to engage the attention of our citizens for quite a spell, during which commercial operations will be entirely suspended. I doubt if you could buy a pound of prunes this minute if you offered Gid Tyler a hundred dollars a pound to open up the store and serve you. For this one day the colossal collection of coiled cobras is more to him than coin."

"I ain't here on business," says Virge, frowning. "Business means work, and work is something that's all right to pass the time when there ain't nothing more important on the docket; but it can't be let to interfere with a measly one-horse circus. That's the view that's held by them loafing, poor apologies for cow hands that's taking the rest cure at the Flying V. I'd fire the whole outfit, beginning with Tice Bradway, if I knew of one good man and a sheep dog that I could hire to take the place of the eleven of 'em. Even the cook had to take a day off, by Jiminy! I had to come to town myself to get something to eat."

"You seem to be headed tords the lot," I says.

"I allowed I might as well take in the show while I was here," he admits. "I never took time to see a circus yet. I don't reckon it's anything much, judging by the parade; but some folks is easy satisfied."

Once in a While I'd Hear From a Lady That Ethelda Had a Mighty Good Opinion of Herself, and I Don't See No Reason to Doubt It

"And then, again, some ain't," I told him. "Anybody that don't think that there drum major wasn't worth a thirty-mile ride to see is hard to please, seems to me."

Virge just grinned.

We walked to the lot together, and on the way Virge grabbed my arm all of a sudden.

"Who's that girl?" he asks me. "I don't b'lieve I ever seen her before."

"That's Ethelda Duke," I told him. "She's Old Man Duke's daughter. I reckon you'll know her if you ever see her again."

"Who's the fellow she's with?" he asks.

"Right now it's her brother Rodney," I says. "In about ten minutes from now it'll be Mat Rutherford and Chris Blevins and Jimmy Burke and Al Dearduff and Tice Bradway and ——"

"Tice Bradway shining up to her?" Virge seemed to be pricking up his ears, and he moved along a little quicker to keep up with Ethelda and Rodney. "I wondered what was ailing Tice," he says.

"It's highly catching, that complaint," I remarks. "I don't know just how close you have to get to Ethelda to contract it, but it seems to me you're getting into the danger zone."

He slacked up.

"Shucks!" he says, short and scornful. "I just wondered who she was because I never saw her before."

"Nor nobody like her," says I. "Ain't she a little daisy?"

"In what respects?" he inquires.

"In respects of general conformation and appearance and looks, just for a starter," I answers him. "In respects of the general impression that you get."

"She ain't such a bad-looking girl, I s'pose," says Virgil. "I don't pretend to be no expert judge, but I don't see nothing particular wrong with her. But what I want to look at is this here blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ."

"I reckon you won't get to see the behemoth this trip," I told him. "Charlie Stokes says that he sweat so much in New Orleans in the hot spell they had there that he got too weak from loss of blood to travel and they had to leave him behind. Pity, because I'd like to have seen him biting one of them natives in two like they showed on the poster."

Virge said he thought that was just a fake announcement, niggers being too expensive even if they put 'em back on the market; and right there the gent with the voice like he was hollering down a rain barrel turned loose.

"Walk up here, folks," he says. "Madamor-sel Obriensky, the snake-charming wondah of three continents, is about to begin her blood-chilling, goose-fleshing, hair-raising puhformance. Come and hold your breath while you watch her in her wondahful act! She coils the deadly r-r-re-epulsive r-r-reptyles r-r-round her neck without the slightest fear of danjah."

"I'll bet she does," says Virgil. "She'd run more resk if she coiled a string of link sausage around her neck than she would with them snakes. There'd be a chance of ptomaine poisoning."

I heard a silvery giggle right behind us, and there was Ethelda with Paul Metzger and Will Kerr and Bert Brady and Joe Russell more or less surrounding her, and a few others on the outskirts, so to speak. She was looking at Virge with mischief in her eye, and I knew the giggle was at what he said. He didn't notice her at all until she spoke.

"What gets me is how anybody would want to look at the horrid things," she says with a pretty little shudder. "Ugh!"

Virge looked around at her in his sober way, and then looked away again and walked off. I don't know how or why he done it, but that's what he done. Ethelda was plumb took aback for a moment, and then her eyes snapped in a way that I wouldn't have skassly supposed possible for her. If a horse had looked at me thataway I'd have stepped back mighty lively and looked around for a pitchfork. But it was so quick that only a close-observing man like me would have noticed it, and the next thing you know she was laughing—almost natural. Then I seen Tice Bradway a-santering up tords us, and I took notice that while Tice was wearing a new red necktie and had his hat tilted over his left ear and a cigar cocked in the direction of his right eye he wasn't as carefree by no means as he let on to be, and when he come to a stop about twenty feet from Ethelda and stood there looking at her his knees was a-trembling and there was a wistful look in his eyes. Then he turned and saw me and come swaggering up with his white teeth showing in a grin.

"I've got glad tidings for you, old scout," he says. "The bearded lady ketched fire from a cigaroot a while ago and they're looking for an understudy with suitable

underbrush. If you run a comb through yours I'll bet they let you name your own salary to take her place."

"Who let you out of the monkey cage?" I retorts to him. "And what are you doing here all by your lonelies?" I asks. "I was give to understand that you was to have the nicest kind of company today."

He blushed, which wasn't a habit of his.

"That's Jeff Brainard's dirty doings," he says. "I told Jeff that in strict confidence and he done betrayed it as soon as I had turned my back. I ask you, who can a man confide in with any feeling of safety and security if it ain't a barkeep? Honest to goodness, I don't know what this here world is a-coming to! Here am I, overflowing with glad emotions and happiness, and I see a friendly face, as I suppose, with two sympathetic ears attached to it, and I naturally open my heart. Then the son of a gun blabs it all over town, making a sport of my sacredest feelings, and kind heaven only knows whether I ever will square myself with—you know who, which she ain't a hundred miles from us at this present moment. Say, I'd like to ask you what you'd do if you was me."

"If I was you, I'd sure do something extry foolish," I says; "like letting myself overflow with emotions and whisky to the extent you done, and slopping confidences, and then spoiling Jeff Brainard's friendly face and trying to bite off one of them sympathetic ears of his."

"That was after I found out that the son of a gun had been blabbing," says Tice. "He had it coming and got off lucky. But what would you do if you was you, and young and handsome like me, and in my fix? No fooling! I need help and I'd be right grateful for it. She likes you in a daughterly way, and maybe if you was to put in a good word for me ——"

I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, because I knew dog-gone well that he didn't have no chance with Ethelda after the break he'd made, and I seen that he was about as far gone as a boy in his early twenties ever gets, and was taking it hard.

"I'll tell you one thing," I says. "Never ask another man to put in a good word for you with a girl, no matter how long his whiskers is nor how fatherly you may think he feels. He's apt to forget all about you and put in a good word or two for himself. You do your own talking, and don't express no favorable opinion of yourself, neither. Let on that you're mighty nigh as low-down as what you really are, and that you need the good influence of somebody that's right angelic and perfect to straighten you out and make you a useful member of the community."

"I don't need to tell no lies about it," says Tice, forgetting his bluff at being light-hearted. "The low-down part of it is strictly correct, and if there's any angel walking the golden street—female angel—that would stack up alongside of—we know who—I'd get religion and pray for an early death so quick it would make your head swim. But I ain't got the nerve to talk to her."

"You'd better not, anyway," I told him. "Just hang around where she can see you looking miserable and heartbroke for a spell. Then if she gives you a kind look you can govern yourself according."

I left him studying on that and passed on to the menagerie, where I found Virgil standing in front of the elephants with his lip pushed out sort of disparaging.

"Don't you like 'em?" I asked.

He turned and looked at me kind of blank.

"Like what?" he says.

"The elephants," says I. "Ain't they like your fond fancy painted 'em?"

"Oh, is them elephants?" says he. "I thought they was the South American anteaters, and I was a-wondering about an aunt of mine in Houston—whether she wouldn't maybe be too tough for 'em. Listen, Stegg! Was that girl talking to me, do you reckon? Maybe I ought to have said something."

"What girl?" I asked him.

"That Miss Ethelda Duke—ain't that her name? She passed some remark, but me not knowing her, not having been introduced —— So them's elephants. . . . If we happen to run onto her, you might give me a knockdown to her. . . . They say that they can pick up a pin with them trunks of theirs. Do you believe it?"

I told him that I had seen one pick up a pinhead and sling him plumb through the tent one time. He had fed a peanut loaded with cayenne pepper into the trunk to see what the elephant would do, and he found out. But Virge wasn't interested in this little anecdote, and he would have walked right apast the mammoth Chimborazo chimpanzee and the gigantic giraffe from the wilds of Wiggerywoo if I hadn't stopped him and pointed them out. Even then he couldn't see nothing remarkable about 'em.

"They're all thataway, ain't they?" he says. "All I ever see the pictures of was. I don't see no particular difference. Is that Old Man Duke you was talking about the Duke that's got a ranch on Beaver Creek? I reckon I've rode apast his place a hundred times, but I never met up with him but once, and that was right here in town, and he had a considerable jag on. Seemed like a right nice old man—or he would have been if he had been sober."

I told him what I knew; that Papa Duke was a considerable of a sport for his age, and had to be watched about every so often to keep him from kicking over the traces; but that Ethelda and her mother was tolerable competent watchers and it didn't happen often. Then we moved along out of the menagerie and got our tickets for the big show. As soon as we got in the tent Virge led the way and seemed like he had some sort of idee in his leading. Anyway, when we got our seats I sort of reco'nized one particular back in the row right spang in front of us. It was a mighty nice-shaped back in some sort of a flimsy white waist, with blue ribbons showing through it acrost the shoulders and a white nape of a slim neck above, with tiny little curls and wisps of shining hair. The hat looked kind of familiar, too—a cute little hat with red cherries onto it. Right next to this back set another one, a heap broader, that was covered by a worsted coat, diagonal weave. Letting my glance climb upward, it come to a mirror-finish shirt collar and a clean-shaved brown neck and a black head of hair, well slicked, that was topped by a hat with the brim slanted tords the left ear. I had got them facts noted when the grand entry took place, and as the procession went by I took time to look at Virge, to see how it was impressing him. I seen that it wasn't impressing him worth a cent, owing to him not looking at it, but the back in front—the one with the white waist and decoration of little curls—was receiving his undivided attention, as the feller says.

"My!" says the young person that the back belonged to. "Isn't that lady on the calico horse the beautifullest thing you ever saw? Isn't she bee-utiful?"

(Continued on Page 44)

"You're a Considerable of a Liar, Seems to Me, Even by Your Own Tell," Says Ethelda, Mighty Cool

Winnie and the Copperhead

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LITTLE Miss Winnie O'Wynn was extremely busy—declining another of those offers of marriage that are made so frequently and accepted so rarely at the big and somewhat motley house parties that happen occasionally by the ancient River Thames.

If Winnie had been in search of a husband who was extremely handsome, and appeared, without undue effort, to be tolerably prosperous, it is not to be denied that Mr. Jack Rufford would have been an unusually likely candidate. But she was not. All the girl had to give of love she had given, uselessly; her store of adoration had been depleted, and she was by no means desirous of laying what she had left at the feet of a new idol.

Besides, there were other stores urgently in need of replenishment—notably that which, in cabinets and places where they govern, is imposingly referred to as the Treasury.

It is true that in the little matter of the panther person, Mr. Larringe, Winnie had deftly caused him to remove with some speed his large and talony paw from the bulk of the little fortune that remained to her after the death of the man she had hoped to marry—but, even so, the fortune was so small that it could not reasonably be claimed that the blue-eyed little lady had done more than to write the letter A of her new financial alphabet.

And, barring accident, Winnie fully intended writing clean through to Z before she allowed her thoughts to linger again upon the fearful joys of the matrimonial state.

This, in plain English, is to say that Winnie had laid love and thoughts thereof carefully away in lavender—or as much so as the cynical Fates allow any charming little lady to do—and in lieu of love had bravely shouldered her little silver-plated pick and shovel and, in company with her wealthy dear friend, Lady Fasterton, had adventured into the regions where the gentle gold digger may hope to delve not unprofitably.

Sir Paul and Lady Anderson's house party at Abbeylands Court was indeed a promising field—though the demure, golden-headed little prospector had not yet found color, much less a nugget. And the mother lode still coyly remained concealed behind the mists that dreams are made of.

Few of the many guests at Abbeylands ever went to bed at an hour or in a condition that rendered them liable to spring lightly from between the sheets at the first peep of dawn, and little Miss Winnie, self-reliant, in perfect health and enviably youthful, had the great place, its park and stables, kennels and stretch of shining river, all to herself most mornings. Usually she had enjoyed a long gallop, a lazy luxurious bath, and a dainty little breakfast out-of-doors, under an ancient fig tree that grew out of the terrace wall, before any of the guests had begun to realize that Apollo, like Winnie, had already started out of the east to make a full day of it.

Mr. Rufford, a little fidgeted to find that his apparent passionate adoration of Winnie met with painfully small response during the normal hours for adoration, had discovered her gift for early rising and her habit of making the most of it, and on this morning he had emulated it.

Thus he had contrived to be en route to the river just as Winnie, on the Arab which Lady May—finding the mare a trifle too fussy-footed for her—had long ago gladly given her, cantered up the drive returning from her ride.

He looked extremely well in the easy white flannels, with a careless towel over his shoulder, and his hair—wonderful hair in a man, a blaze of deep gold copper, very short but crisply kinky—shining in the sun.

He paid eager homage. Winnie accepted it modestly. He changed up from the homage gear to adoration. Winnie smiled bewitchingly, privately admiring his hair but criticizing his method of wooing. He slipped into top speed with a proposal of marriage. Winnie clicked him back into reverse with a friendly refusal—which, rather glumly, he declined to consider final—and a little later they went their respective ways, quite good friends.

"I Mean to Win You—at All Costs! By Hook or Crook, as They Say"

"I like him—I think," the girl told herself dubiously as she rode on to resign her horse to a groom. "And he has the loveliest hair I have ever seen—for a man—but I don't feel quite so sure that I like his eyes very well. I think they could—glare. And he is rather a mystery, too, May Fasterton says. He seems just a friendly boy—whose whole thoughts are usually on sport—but sometimes I think he is—deeper than that." Then she shook her graceful little head. "I think that my unlucky experiences of some men have made me too suspicious. After all, I must not distrust everybody—or I should never be happy. And some people are so nice and kind."

She dismounted, gave the Arab a little sugar, thrilled the groom with a smile, and strolled slowly back to the huge house with the purchase of which Sir Paul had signaled his arrival among the select company that reluctantly permit themselves to be annually gouged for a five-figure income tax per head—or per gouge.

But it was not of Sir Paul's palace that Winnie was thinking as she approached. It was of her own beautiful little Elizabethan home, March Lodge, on Salisbury Plain, and of her fixed intention to carry on somehow without ever allowing the big black claws of a mortgage again to clench themselves upon its rooftree.

"Never again. It has been mortgaged too much in the past. And I must try very hard to make up the leeway," she whispered. "Everything I possess—March Lodge, the horses—Nanette and Lullaby—are all so dear and valuable to me—and yet I have hardly any money. Oh, I must think—and think—and think! There must be lots and lots of ways of earning some money—even for a little unimportant girl like me."

The long whisper of a well-fitting window sliding open lifted her golden head, and she looked up at the house. A pale beautiful woman was leaning out, taking big breaths of the morning air. She had obviously not been awake five minutes—just long enough to slip on a beautifully embroidered kimono, in pale salmon and white silk with gold embroidery, and to brush back from her white forehead a mass of fair shining hair.

For a few moments she remained at the window looking absently across the lawn, with a rather troubled expression on her face. Then she saw Winnie and waved her hand, smiling and beckoning.

Winnie went up on the terrace.

"Good morning, Winnie," called the newly awakened one. "You look as fresh as the roses. How long have you been out and about?"

"Oh, hours!"

"How heroic! Do you know that May Fasterton and I came to your room for a very important chat last night? But you had been in bed for hours and were fast asleep."

"But—you should have woke me."

"Oh, no! That would have been too cruel. This morning will do." She leaned farther out. "Be kind and come now—if you have nothing better to do. I am just going to have my tea—and we could chat. I am so troubled about something, and May Fasterton thinks you could help me!"

The girl turned towards the big doors.

"Yes, indeed, Sandra is troubled about something," she told herself. "Even this is very early for her."

Winnie broke off as Mr. Jack Rufford came quickly up the stone steps of the terrace. His crisp copper hair was wet and his towel damp.

"I've had a glorious plunge, Miss Winnie," he volunteered. He dropped his voice as he came close. "And it has invigorated me so much that I have screwed my courage up to the point of saying that I mean to win you—at all costs! By hook or crook, as they say." His voice was serious, even a little hard, and there was an echo of threat in his tone.

But Winnie only laughed and disappeared indoors. It was no real novelty to her to have good-looking youths inform her that she was to be theirs—by hook or by crook.

And she was much too curious to know what troubled Lady Sandra Lessborough to attach much importance to Mr. Rufford's hint of menace.

Her quick wits were busy as she went slowly up the wide stairway.

"If it is possible for Sandra Lessborough to be troubled, then I think nobody can hope to be free from trouble," she mused. "For of all the people in the world, surely there is nobody in more fortunate circumstances. So different from me." She sighed. "Young, lovely, in perfect health, the widow of a man who was much too old for her, and the possessor of a huge income and a gift for idleness—why, what is there to trouble her?" Winnie laughed softly. "Oh, it is only some little thing, of course!"

Nevertheless, Lady Lessborough's blue eyes were a little anxious as she received Winnie.

"How sweet of you to come up like this, Winnie. Will you have some tea? A cigarette? But you don't mind my having one? It's absurd, I know—but it is always the first thing I reach for in the morning."

She lit a slender cigarette and leaned impulsively to Winnie

"Winnie, dear, I want you to help me about something. I think I am in a difficulty. I confided in May Fasterton and she said that you were the one who might be able to help me ——"

"Naturally, I did. My Winnie is the one with the quick wits."

They looked up. Lady Fasterton, also lightly kimonoed, had come in.

"Of course I am quite dazed and not a bit fit to take part in this midnight conference," she complained. "Why didn't you wait until morning, Sandra dear? But if anyone can suggest anything to get you out of your difficulty I am sure it is Winnie. Have you told her?"

"Not yet. This is the difficulty, Winnie. You know perhaps you have heard that I am the victim of one of those disgusting wills which forbid a wife to marry again the penalty in my case being the loss of the whole of my income"

"Quite a husbandly trick exactly the sort of thing my delightful husband would do—if I had not taken care about my marriage settlements," observed Lady Fasterton warmly

"Yes" Sandra nodded sadly "I should have done that, I suppose. But one is always so busy Well, Winnie, towards the end of the war I did marry again—quite secretly. Not a soul that mattered knew. And Tony—my secret husband was killed with what must have been almost the last shot fired!"

"Oh, how sad!" Winnie's eyes clouded.

"I thought nobody knew of our marriage," continued Sandra, "but now, quite suddenly, since I have been visiting here, I have discovered that somebody does know And he is blackmailing me hideously. During the last week I have paid him some quite enormous sums. It's not the money! At least, not entirely—though I think he -or she--means to bleed me financially to death —— "

"But, please, why do you say 'he or she,' Sandra? Don't you know whether it is a man or a woman?" asked Winnie.

"Not in the least. All I get is a letter signed Proof, demanding a sum by such and such a date. 'Failing payment the trustees of Sir Youghal Lessborough's estate will be informed of the facts with proofs of your marriage in 1918 to Major Tony Wellhaven.' That is invariably the concluding sentence of the letters."

"But how does the person collect the money?"

"Oh, in different ways; never twice the same. The last time I was told to drop a package of bank notes out of my car at a lonely spot on the road across the Hampshire hills—a place where one could see anyone approaching from miles away. Absurd melodramatic things like that only they are real, my dears. The money is demanded and paid."

"Whoever it is he is very cunning," said Winnie, sighing. "You are quite, quite sure that neither you nor Major Wellhaven ever confided your marriage to a soul?"

The fair Sandra nodded emphatically.

"Oh, absolutely! Naturally I did not—and although Tony was a darling he hadn't a penny beyond his pay You see, our plan was to keep the thing quite secret for three or four years, save my income for that time, and invest the total, which Tony said would have produced quite a decent little income, and then remarry publicly, and if necessary let the big income go. It was Tony's idea Awfully clever, wasn't it? But as things are now I have lost Tony and I shall lose the income as well unless I satisfy this secret vampire."

Winnie nodded slowly

"It's infamous!" declared May Fasterton. "Husbands who make that sort of will deserve to be -bastinadoed They manage these things infinitely better in -er Morocco -or wherever husbands are bastinadoed! But Winnie will find a way! Let her think for a little while and you will see!"

Her tone was absolutely confident, and the lovely Sandra brightened up a little

"I hope so," she said, absently gazing into the big mirror at her wonderful white throat, the perfect line of the chin above that warm porcelainlike column, and the shoulders revealed by her slipping kimono. "It's not fair that anyone with a neck like mine should be blackmailed."

"No It's a perfectly lovely neck—and it shan't be bothered by the nasty blackmailers!" laughed May, and gave it a playful kiss at the back. "What does Winnie say?"

Winnie, it appeared, wanted to go away now and be by herself and think very hard indeed

"You see, I am quite sure that anything can be accomplished, no matter how difficult, if only one is willing to think enough about it—and if it is the right person thinking," she said

"How dreadfully exhausting that sounds," purred Sandra, still gazing admiringly at her perfect neck. "But it is truly sweet and kind of you, dearest, to risk all that fatigue for me—and I am sure you will have a headache Where are you going to think?"

She spoke of thought with the genuine respect and vague unease with which one speaks of the unknown, for, like Lady Fasterton and most of their circle of friends, the process of long and concentrated thinking was not a process with which she was intimately familiar

"Oh, I think I shall go out riding on the downs, and puzzle over things there"

Sandra thought that was so splendidly energetic of her, and wanted to give her for her very own the magnificent lightweight gray hackney which she had brought but rarely bothered to ride

But May Fasterton made haste to intervene perhaps a trifle jealously. Winnie already had a perfect Arab and May had no intention of allowing Sandra Lessborough's generosity to overlap hers. After all, she conveyed with one corner of an eyebrow, and a slight thinning of the saccharine coating of her voice Winnie was her darling, not Sandra's

Winnie laughed a little and accepted instead a wonderful bottle of smelling salts -a costly trifle in gold and Bohemian cut glass—since it was evident that Lady Lessborough quite sincerely believed that a dreadful headache, as a result of thought, was inevitable

Then a cool, smart, unbelievably self-possessed but rather passé maid entered with inquiries about breakfast, and Winnie left the charming but rather incompletely clad couple to discuss the difficult problem of whether they should breakfast in their rooms or downstairs after dressing, or whether they should breakfast at all. They were very soft and very sweet and pretty—but they had grown out of the habit of being practical, particularly Sandra Lessborough

The man or woman who was blackmailing her would have been capable of blackmailing a butterfly or a humming bird or a small child.

Continued on Page 102

"I Thought Nobody Knew of Our Marriage," Continued Sandra, "But Now I Have Discovered That Somebody Does Know. And He is Blackmailing Me Hideously"

PROXY

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

They Were Merry, You Know! Or, if You Don't, You Ought to Know These Things

Author's Note—Facts embalmed in this fiction were supplied to me by a British prisoner who escaped from Moscow

THEIR prison was a stone-floored, low-vaulted chamber in the basement of the great gloomy Moscow palace which had been commandeered by the Extraordinary Commission. Its furniture was a low stone bench that ran round three sides of it; its fourth side gave space to the massive double doors through which new arrivals were kicked or bowed in, according to the taste and fancy of their escorts; through which, too, daily, those whose names were called passed forth to the merry hand of executioners—women and men—who waited with their revolvers in the death cellar.

Over the double doors a wide arch of fanlight, conforming to the contours of the ceiling, allowed a dirt-tempered light to filter through to the big chamber. So that the shabby guard within the room, lounging in his scraps of uniform, with his putrefying sheepskin over all, his German rifle and hoop-iron bayonet forever tumbling with a crash from the wall where he had leaned it, could see pale against the shadow of the place the thirty-odd faces of those who bivouacked upon or at the foot of the stone bench: the splendid viking countenance of the man-o'-war's man in the corner nearest to him; the great gorgeous Jew merchant, some places distant; the youth with the down of a newborn beard on cheeks and chin, barefooted, but otherwise clad in the uniform of a university student; great bulking peasants, stinking and stolid; shopkeepers, silent and alert; a doddering gentle-old imbecile who had been a prince and a general before the Chaika—for the Extraordinary Commission, like Beelzebub, has a nickname! promoted him to be a martyr.

In the farthest corner to the guard's left hand camped the three English. In the angle of the wall was Mrs. Welland, a Russian by birth, an Englishwoman by virtue of her marriage to Tommy Welland before the revolution. The guards had seen her once or twice at close quarters, when she came to the door in the mornings to hand over letters to be duly read and destroyed by the censor. They saw her as normally a handsome armful of soft femininity, a little fined down by prison diet and conditions; they were not the men to appreciate those eyes of Irma Welland's, alight with the ardor and patience of candles devoted upon an altar, her lips that joined to withhold the fire of her speech, her stillness of countenance that embalmed the fervors of her soul.

At the side of her, in that shameless anteroom of death, where privacies were denied to those appointed to be buried in one common grave, was the place of her husband, Tommy Welland. The guards knew him too—a pale-haired man of about thirty, an Englishman born in Moscow, who spoke better Russian than they. And one night, while the others slumbered, Tommy Welland had come tiptoeing across the stone floor to speak to the man on watch.

In his hand he held something which he protruded, not like a weapon but like a shield; and his harsh-breathed word went ahead of him.

"Brother!" he whispered. "Brother!"

The leaning rifle fell with its customary crash. The sleepers were used to it; some stirred, but none woke. The guard stooped, grunting, to recover the rifle.

"Damn you!" he said, or words to that effect, for the phrase he used cannot, and shouldn't, be translated. "I am not the brother of any cursed bourgeois!"

"Yes—yes!" The words came windily in quick gasps. Tommy Welland was close to him; his face worked in a disorder of panic and stress; his eyes looked as big as eggs in it. "We are brothers! Remember—we are brothers! This is for you! Take it—I give it to you! But remember—we are brothers! Take it!"

His hand shuddered itself into the guard's great automatically ready palm. It was a thousand-ruble note; and this was before the ruble had gone the way of the Gadarene swine; it would still buy. The guard, whose pay consisted of his rations and what he could blackmail from his prisoners, was much moved

"Brother," he said cordially

He would have kissed Tommy Welland; they have Judas' own gift of kissing, those Russians; but Welland hushing him with a finger to his lips, slunk back to his place between his sleeping wife and the other Anglichanin, John Waring.

The guards had seen little of Waring. He did not dispense thousand-ruble notes or any other notes. He asked neither favors nor questions; they seldom heard his voice, and he moved about the place as little as possible. They saw him mainly, at the shadowy far end of the room, as a tall, poker-backed silhouette, speaking rarely to anyone save to Tommy and his wife, and more to Mrs. Welland than to her husband.

In the thronged promiscuity of that lobby of the charnel house he managed to be aloof. He was insistently an alien in that dull community of fear and despair; it was like a damned soul being snobbish in hell.

Upon the morning that this Waring received his visitor the day broke grimly, leaking through the dirt of the fanlight like sewage through a filter. The black apartment grew gray; figures contorted upon the stone bench or below it groaned, wheezed and tortured themselves into wakefulness. Then came light into the place, grimed with filth, advancing direfully like a masked robber.

They woke with acrobatics of cramped muscles like men released from the rack; it was wonderful and terrible to see the big Jew merchant, with his splendid eagle face, realize that he was alive and kicking, and forthwith pull himself back, in one contraction of consciousness, to the dignity of the age-old tradition of his race. The one woman there, Mrs. Welland, opened her eyes and did not move.

The Anglichanin on her left, John Waring, sat up yawned like a baby, smiled in apology, and spoke.

"Slept well?" he asked.

Irma Welland pushed away the rug—John Waring's rug—under which she was sleeping, and sat up. Their end of the room was an unchanging dusk; but he saw her smile.

"Thank you, kind sir!" she said in her slangy, too perfect English. "I will give you back now your rug. What time have you? Did you put that over me?"

She was still smiling; and upon the other side of her Tommy Welland was coming to life with unlovely snorts and chokings

"Don't know," answered Waring. "I felt too hot. S'pose I chucked it over onto you. Sorry!"

She laughed for nearly a second, a big gurgle of mirth. She laughed—and in an hour they would be calling out the names of those elected to be targets for the merry revolver practice of the dilettante Bolsheviki and their lady friends in the death cellar. Yet she laughed!

"You are a good chucker!" she said. "You chuck it so well that it is wrapped all round me."

He grinned. His thin face in that darkness showed a gleam of teeth and eyeball; and, no formal question having been asked, he made no answer. He took the rug, folded it and laid it aside; and then seemed to devote his interest to Welland's throaty processes of awakening.

Tommy Welland sat up at last.

"Curse," he said. "My neck! Broken, very near!" He turned to his wife. Even in that pale daylight that filched its way through the panes above the door his face showed its surrendered, white-flag quality. His morning greeting confirmed the effect.

"You took my pillow!" he said.

Waring looked the other way, affecting a yawn. He heard her low-voiced protest, the silly jangle of Welland's argument.

"You took my pillow; my neck "

"Dear Tommy, I didn't "

"You've got it now. How's a man to "

"I didn't take it!"

Waring turned his head.

"I took your pillow, Tommy!" There was a pause

"Oh!" said Tommy Welland at last. "You did!"

Waring nodded emphatically. "I did!" Another pause.

"Oh!" said Tommy Welland again.

And then another pause that might have led to anything; but ere it ended, one leaf of the great double doors was opened, clanging back on its screeching old hinges, and the gentlemen—two of them, one formerly a sewerer and the other an ex-warden in a very infamous jail, employed by the Chaika for the purpose—threw in the rest of the morning ration that was left after they had sucked the blood out of the concession.

"You get it, Tommy!" ordered Waring.

And Tommy, with his wife hearing the curt order and watching his obedience, went and got it. Funny, isn't it? That streak of yellow, that vein of softness, that weakness in the essence that so often makes it dangerous for a man to be a Russian!

The ration was bread—it must have been bread, since we have invented no other name for it. Corn husks, an admixture of belly-clotting clay, and some ferment—not yeast—that blew the accursed stuff into the form of loaves. That was the ration; but those with money could purchase *kiputok* at a ruble a pot. *Kiputok* is only boiling water, such as they used to sell at railway stations for a tenth of a cent for as much as you wanted—and could make tea, if they had any tea. They could also get cheese.

"What do you think of?" said Irma Welland to John Waring when Tommy had brought back their three slabs of vileness to eat.

"Not thinking just now," answered Waring. "Just eating! Funny, isn't it with garbage like this—how the habit of eating persists? Starving now? Can't be much beastlier!"

They were sitting, hip to haunch, together on the stone bench. In that place there were no delicacies; you found a piece of granite between your teeth and you spat it out.

"You like 'im, then?" chaffed Irma Welland.

"Yes," said Waring. "I like 'im. Me, much I like 'im!"

He bowed, and again his narrow smile was white in the thin, austere shape of his face. She lowered her gaze under the shadow-veiled satire of his yes.

'All right!" she said. "I understand. I will talk English now."

He grinned again, but more narrowly. Those six-foot-two Englishmen, with their toothbrush mustaches and the black hair on the back of their hands, with their smiles that coffin their souls, and their dire heritage of mastership over fate and domination over all in sight!

"Russian, if you like," he said, and repeated it with an accent of emphasis on the last three words. "If you like Or French—or German!" He grinned again. "Or even English!" he concluded

She answered his smile. Now this is the quality of Welland: Through all this talk he had sat on the other side of his wife, eaten his corn-clay brick, and said nothing at all Now he sat up.

"Talk English!" he said. He turned abruptly to his wife. "You used to be proud enough of being English!"

She breathed a second or two distressfully. Then "Tommy!" she said.

"That be damned!" said Tommy aloud

There was a silence then. It was a silence that pervaded the whole room. Waring turned away

"I know," babbled Tommy. "You two—you've got an understanding! Yes! If I go to the death cellar; yes, if I go "

Waring leaned up upon his elbow

"Tommy!"

Tommy began to roar "Now, look here! You an' her—you think, just because "

"Tommy!" began Waring quietly

Mrs. Welland put forth two imploring hands. Then the silly business ceased. The big man-o'-war's man, in the corner nearest the door, began to sing. He had a splendid great-organ bass voice such as the long-haired bearded priests sing with in the Russian cathedrals, such as stirred the Russian regiments when Russia was not yet Trotzky's harem and slaughterhouse, to go up to battle and annihilation. The words were trash; the melody and the voice were an infection of battle and gallantry. He sang; others joined with him; and that grisly waiting room of the tomb became loud and melodious.

Waring smiled again; those people would smile below the gallows; and Irma Welland, being Russian, of those people who never smile save beneath the gallows, smiled back. Tommy Welland watched them and didn't smile at all.

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"There's a Lady Here," Said Waring "Upon What Date are You Going to Murder Her? Can't She Go Home Instead of Me?"

Shipping the Claret to Port

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I SHALL touch on the matter of booze aboard and abroad in its turn. Be patient. Let me first at least start the ship in my own way. On the night before my departure last summer, Fire Chief Frank Pettit, of our Brielle Volunteer Fire Department and Chemical No. 1., came to me apologetically during one of the happiest periods of the big social and lap supper held in my honor in Fire House. The Borough of Brielle, as readers in touch with recent social happenings of wide interest will doubtless recall, was that night tendering to one of the biggest men in all Brielle a farewell lap supper.

Music and games were indulged in until a late hour, and a delightful evening of pastime was voted by each and every one and all present.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Fire Chief Frank Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. Justice of the Peace Bowdish Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Draw Tender Bickford Pearce, Postmaster Kroh, Lute Pearce, Jr., and Miss Gazelle Umpleby, of Asbury Park—ah, there, Lute, you little rascal! -Mr. and Mrs. President of the Borough Council Orville Kroh, Lawyer Benton Pearce and Mrs. Lawyer Pearce, little Warren G. Harding Pettit and his older cousin, William Howard Taft Pearce, Shem Longstreet and Shem Pearce.

The guest of honor and his handsome missus were presented with a handsome combination parlor lamp-phonograph that must have set the donors back a bunch of money, and a delightful time was had by all.

But speaking about the time I was abroad, Fire Chief Frank Pettit came up to me, as I was saying, at the height of the lap supper and apologetically asked me my age. I told him the truth, and Chief looked thoughtfully for a moment into his beaker of apple.

Immediately Good Old Finnigan Directed Me to Climb Up on Something and Stick My Head Inside the Porthole as Far as Possible

Enough to Cover Tips

"WELL," said Chief, "if you have now reached that age you may sail for England tomorrow confident of the fact that you are now eligible to the benefits of Fire Company's Old Firemen's Free Death and Insurance Benefit Association. You should worry!"

A small thing, you say? Far from it. In case I died abroad the widow would get one hundred dollars, or more than enough, so I was to learn later, to balance the tips shelled out to ship's stewards, one way. Furthermore, in case my body were brought back to America I'd get one coffin of best yellow oak, a motor-driven hearse and the regulation floral offering—a big fireman's hat in red, white and blue immortelles and lilies, I to take the big floral fire hat with me to the hereafter.

I did not die abroad, but the free-funeral offer still stands. Pretty soft, eh?

But on the morning after the lap supper I awoke in low spirits. Throughout my hot journey up the Jersey coast from Brielle to the Hoboken pier I gloomed over the fact that at last I had been definitely doomed to the aged and exempt vet's class forever.

"Europe," said I mournfully, passing through Perth Amboy, "will have to go some to work up another thrill in me."

I was wrong. There was still one thrill left. But it took something of cataclysmic importance to stir it.

Once, about two years ago, I had an invitation to spend a week-end in Flatbush, Brooklyn, but was unable to go. Up to the morning I went aboard ship recently I had never been east of Eleventh Avenue. And so the last thrill left in me rose and gripped my throat, squeezed tears from my eyes, when suddenly I noticed from my high perch on the boat deck that the great shedded pier below, massed solidly with cheering humanity, seemed slowly, almost imperceptibly, to be gliding westward past our still, apparently, motionless ship.

We were off!

The chatter and cacklings of shrill last messages from pier to ship and ship to shore exploded into one magnificent yell.

I Asked Him, a Moment Before He Expired in My Arms, What He Had Been Seeking

Deadened oom-pahs and the faint boom of a bass drum of the ship's brass band tried bravely to come to the surface of the sea of noise.

Impulsively I clasped the hand of a matron standing beside me on the boat deck—an absolute stranger who turned out to be, I learned, a prominent New York woman named, as I recall it, Mrs. Eisenschutz.

I was a first tripper and wanted to souk my soul with the ecstasy of the first actual move toward somewhere east of Eleventh Avenue. European summer trips had long since become a necessary bore to Mrs. Eisenschutz and her lovely daughter, who was standing there arm and arm with mother, idly gazing down upon the ecstatic pier. Besides, Mrs. Eisenschutz was the sort of mother who would not permit an earthquake to interrupt her praises of her young.

"And this sweet baby of mine," Mrs. Eisenschutz was saying while still we were barely moving, her arm now circling the waist of thirty-year-old Flapper Eisenschutz, "is the best, the dearest, the most modest daughter "

Chanteys by My Shipmates

THE good ship, made in Germany, selected this moment to take a more determined spurt out of her slip toward that dear Fatherland which, to mix the metaphor or sex, gave her birth.

Roars increased. Flapper Eisenschutz, the modest, blushingly stepped a yard or two in advance of mother's disconcerting, loudly spoken praises.

There was thrill on thrill. Massed on the river end of the long pier was a great group of male singers. Stalwart American lads they were, many of them able to sing in English. And they it was who gave the needed big dramatic and patriotic punch to our departure.

One of the singers, a husky American lad in his shirt sleeves, who carried in his arms the grand old flag, risked his brave young life climbing high on the pier rail. Always shall I remember the picture he made to us on the ship as his muscular young American arms rhythmically began to wave over the heads of the singers the glorious old banner, its three-barred and imperial stripes of black, white and red snapping in the breeze on Hoboken's shore.

And then from the lusty lungs of those American lads we had left behind came the stirring words of the national anthem:

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
"Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?"

Himmel! It gripped our own American hearts with the fierceness of Lew Fields choking Joe Weber in an old-time Weber-Fields show.

And then the last glorious outburst as we headed down the Hudson toward the upper bay.

Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein!
Fest steht und treu die Wacht,
Die Wacht am Rhein!
Fest steht und treu—hoy -oi
Die Wa-a-acht a-a-a-m-m Rhei-i-i-n!

Gott! It beautiful was! It was a final yell of patriotism so intense that it

loosened the rivets on the bronze Liberty Lady's clothes far down the bay, until she was all but forced to step down behind her towering pedestal of granite, blushing a deeper bronze, and borrow a crowbar for purposes of pinning up.

Doubtless the reader will better understand the patriotic inwardness of our farewell when it is recalled that the vessel on which I was a passenger went to Germany as well as to England and France. Plymouth and Cherbourg are visited, but the great final objective is Bremen

A Distinguished Company

FURTHERMORE, the second-class quarters of our particular ship that day were all but filled with German-American master bakers in convention assembled. They were all headed for that dear Vaterland, rather, to do their annual convening on German soil. Hence our imperial farewell.

Followed a tedious lull after the excitement of actual departure. I suppose there was nothing slower last summer than the creeping of a boat from an American wharf to a point three miles out from the Constitution of the United States

It was blazing midday of the hottest day of the hottest stretch of weather of the entire summer. If one had torn any page of the printed passenger list, German blood would have spurted forth, from the Adelsohns all the way back to the Zookmans. And lashed on an open stretch of deck aft, all in plain sight and scent of second-class as well as first-class passengers, were barrels and barrels and barrels of beer. Real German beer it was, made in Bremen. Barrels of it, I say—not mere kegs. And, heavens, mates, the day was hot!

Slowly, even more slowly at times, the big liner inched her way past Quarantine, the Narrows, and at last stood out to sea.

The feel of ominous tenseness aboard tightened. Something seemed about to begin to commence. The heat grew more withering.

In pairs and groups the passengers began to mass themselves to leeward of the great piles of scenty draft beer, all breathing deeply through the nose. The long, long dry years were all but passed! With everybody huddled behind the beer barrels far aft, the forward third of the ship, including the first few feet of the keel, stuck high out of water.

The heat grew terrifying.

There was a movement, sharp hysterical cries among the closely packed hophounds rigidly pointing their kill. Stewards, it seems, had begun to drag great cakes of ice across decks toward barrels of German beer. Ice approached beer, beer approached ice. The ice touched the wood. Then the ship slowed down stopped! Worse, she perceptibly began to ride back toward America on the swift flood tide

Now it is well known that the chief hot-weather indoor sport of the great German people is suicide by gas. Out back of the beer barrels they had no gas, but there was the sea. Master baker after master baker had a foot on the rail, only to be dragged back by more level-headed and still more masterful bakers.

The arrival of a tug that the liner had been awaiting caused a diversion. It seems that a noted young man writer, publicist and close friend and associate of one of our presidents had that morning thoughtlessly left his passport on a Broadway counter while buying a new straw hat. He had to go back for the passport and missed the ship. Hence the slow-up to permit him to climb aboard the liner from his taxi tug.

Famous as he was and is, John Callan O'Laughlin, and new straw hat were received with great outbursts of glum Teutonic silence. Not a cheer. Not one good old American "*Hoch!*" did he get. He deserved none. Knowing, as he must have known, the miserable time an eastbound liner makes these days out to the three-mile line, he might have strolled easily from Broadway to Coney Island, rowed out to the channel leisurely in a skiff and still have had a long wait until the liner showed up. But instead he wasted hours hunting up a taxi tug.

With John and his hat safely aboard we got under way again. At the same moment a ship's bellhop came along the decks distributing dainty little booklets.

"The passenger list," said someone, reaching for one of the booklets.

I opened my copy without glancing at preambles and began on the A page the always interesting study of the names of one's fellow passengers

Aldegunder, Palmberg. Alter, Herrenberg.
Alsheimer, Sonnenberg.

"All particularly masterful master bakers," I mused, "who no doubt can afford to travel first-class."

Lightly my eye glanced at a name here, another there:

Berncastler, Reisling. Duerkheimer, Reisling.
Deidesheimer, Nueberg. Haig & Haig.
Hennessey, John.

I flipped the pages feverishly:

Jameson, John. Mc Donald, Sandy.
Walker, Johnny.

It was unbelievable! Could it be possible that so many celebrities—at least one man of international fame topping any letter grouping one turned to—were aboard one ship? Perhaps just one of the Haig boys might be with us, yes, but certainly common business sense, especially common Scotch business sense, would cause the Haig family to see to it that one of the boys stayed safely ashore while the other was risking the dangers of the sea.

I turned back to the booklet cover for enlightenment. The big block printing on the cover explained all:

WINE LIST
ALSO
SPIRITS, LIQUEURS, COCKTAILS
AND
BEERS

"Queer people, you Americans." Thus I began tentative acquaintanceship with the man, also reading the wine list, in the deck chair at my right. He was a prominent New York business man named Mr. I. A. Kettz—Ignatius Aloysius Kettz, I think, although my mere guess about his given names may be all wrong.

"Have we reached the three-mile limit yet?" was Mr. Kettz's only comment.

"No, not yet," drawled a lanky New Englander sprawling all over the deck chair to my left. The lanky New Englander was, if memory does not trick me, a Mr. Abromawitz, of Boston, and he was in men's underwear—his business, I mean.

Mr. Finnigan Introduces Himself

"GENTLEMEN," boomed a big voice from the chair to the left of Mr. Abromawitz's, "if I may introduce myself, my name is Finnigan—Michael Finnigan."

I did not know at the instant that Michael Finnigan and I were to be inseparables throughout the rest of the trip. All I was conscious of was that the mere name, Michael Finnigan, aroused in me an overwhelming atavic complex of remote cave-man origin. I jumped to my feet with the hot purpose of dragging Michael Finnigan down to my chair and smothering him with one long passionate kiss. But his bristling red beard calmed me. Gripping myself I shook his hand.

"It's impossible, gentlemen," began the lanky New Englander, Mr. Abromawitz, "to run a transatlantic passenger service without a smoking-room bar. As a business man I ask you how "

That was as far as he got. Wild-eyed men suddenly began to run past us, crying out excitedly. Women were crying out in terror and pointing hysterically toward the opposite, or port side of the ship.

It seems that one of the breed that is always ready to yell "Fire!" on the slightest pretext in a crowded theater was aboard. The idiot—he was a rangy Middle Westerner named Splitzenheim, from Pittsburgh, I believe had not yelled "Fire!" He had done worse. He had spread the ghoulish story that the skipper had, half a mile or so on the bad, or land side of the three-mile limit, pointed the ship more and more to the northeast until now the liner, still inside the three-mile limit, was running parallel with the Long Island coast.

Rumors piled high. The skipper was born and raised in Maine, someone recalled. What was Maine? A rock-and-rye ribbed coast girding the first state in the Union to go dry, the American birthplace of prohibition. This captain was one of them!

All passengers now were jammed on the port decks, gazing toward the too close coast of Long Island. Indeed, to all appearances the ship and Long Island appeared to be racing along together, with the bow of Long Island so far ahead of the ship's bow that a day might elapse

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Let Me Merely Add That Never Shall I Forget That First Rush

THE KNIFE OF KALLE

By Captain Dingle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THERE may be no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, but if a man believes with all his soul that there is, and spends his life in the effort to vindicate that belief, his efforts will surely bring him somewhere at last; perhaps to a brighter goal than even the rainbow's end.

Kalle was a Finn. His name was Kalle Jokinen, and he came from Kauhajoki, where the country folk believe in many strange things. Had he noticed the blue stripe around the glossy hull of the bark Lady Elsie before he shipped he would never have signed articles for the passage home from Brisbane; for that stripe meant that the owner was dead; it was the windjammer's way of going into mourning. That was bad luck.

There was the passenger, too; a woman, at that. Mary Manning had taken the first chance offered in half a year to go to Pitcairn Island. She was taking up teaching there among the exiles' children, and the Lady Elsie was taking out clothing and stores on her leisurely way Cape Hornwards. Mary was sweet-faced and youthful, with a smile for everyone; but she was a woman, and therefore bad luck, like a black cat or a sky pilot or a blue stripe.

Kalle's eyes always looked as if focused upon something immeasurably far beyond the horizon. They were. They were fixed upon the will-o'-the-wisp that leads a merry dance to all good Finns who believe in the Aarre Hauta, where a treasure, fabulously rich, is buried beneath the dancing glow, only to be dug up by the lucky man who owns a knife that has slain nine men in fight.

Kalle's knife had five notches. They had already been scored on the silvered wooden handle when he got the knife from a hard-case old uncle, and never a one had been added, for all of Kalle's hunger after that treasure.

As he tramped around the bark's capstan, unconsciously lending his unmusical bellow to the chantey, the other men, new shipmates all, nudged one another and winked in ridicule of his childlike innocence, his hard old face, and his bowed back, which had borne burdens beyond their ken. Mary Manning watched the scene with eager curiosity. Men, work and methods were of a world utterly new to her.

Blow, breezes, blow, to California,
For there's lots of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of the Sarmiento.

That was the chantey to stir the blood of a man! Broke and battered the seaman might be, in person and in pocket; there was ever the golden lure at the end of the passage for a man of vision.

In the crew of the Lady Elsie were shepherds, roustabouts, soldiers—yes, even an unfrocked parson—but Kalle was a sailor. He had no curiosity about his shipmates. He had followed the will-o'-the-wisp to the back of beyond, had failed to find the pot of gold, and was once more sending his gaze over the horizon.

As for the others, they each possessed two arms and two legs, and the mates would see that they became good sailors or shark bait.

Kalle Was in the Midst of All, Wielding His Knife With Silent, Terrible Efficiency

But Kalle was a sailor. He looked a sailor. He alone of them all fitted Mary's notions of what a tarry sea dog should be.

The second mate had his eye on the Finn from the start, meaning to take him into his own watch first pick; but the mate knew a sailor, too; he walked forward and called Kalle away from the grindstone.

"Here, you, never mind about sharpening your knife. You can do that in your watch below. Go aft to the wheel."

Kalle looked up with a frown and a hang-down pout to his mouth. The treasured old knife he clutched had a point like a stiletto and he tried it on a horny thumb, while the mate stared at him curiously, as if uncertain whether to defend himself or not.

"Relieve the wheel!" the officer repeated.

The soft flapping of a royal aloft was evidence enough of the incapacity of the helmsman then steering, for the breeze was a true one, steady as the Trades.

"You deaf?"

Kalle started, and grunted. He paid no attention to the mate. A dripping of red blood drops fell from his thumb to the deck; he turned with unexpected swiftness and rushed past the officer, leaving him glaring in amazement, arm raised to ward off an imaginary stroke.

Uproar in the galley brought the second mate there, and he collided with the mate at the door. Inside, Kalle stooped before the stove, holding the handle of his knife to the red heart of the fire.

"Y' goin' t' git out?" demanded the greasy doctor, flourishing his terrible salt-horse tormentors. Kalle took no notice of his ravings or threats. "Bli'me, if y' don t shift I'll stick this yer fork in yer tripes!"

"What's up here?" the two mates shouted together. The cook danced over the bowed back of the Finn.

"Make 'im git to hell outa my galley!" he roared

"I sent you to the wheel," the mate began angrily.

Kalle suddenly got up, noticing nobody, rubbed the charred handle of his knife on his trousers, and stuck the blade tenderly in the sheath. Then he walked aft to take the wheel, muttering so that the mates could hear, but could not understand: "Pat luck to cut an' not to burn! Pat luck, pat luck. Now he is burnt, no pat luck. That's goot knife, by golly!"

"Gracious! What queer people!" Mary laughed to the mate as he gained the poop.

When the ship struck a patch of variable winds the waterfront sweepings in the forecastle jumped upon the Finn joyously. He was too good a sailor. He got all the soft jobs. He steered many more tricks than any other able seaman; that was because he was a born helmsman, while few of the others could steer full and by without spilling the wind out of the upper canvas. As for holding a course before the wind ——! Then he was given dinky little bits of rope work to do—pointing and fancy knotting about the poop manropes. For them the tar buckets and slush tins were always handy, the deck bear and the holystone. Wapping and Wallaby had it in for him. Representing the choicest element of London and Sydney toughness, they rebelled against hauling that deck bear loaded with stones and sand over a slimy wet deck, fore and aft, while a Finn kept his feet dry and his hands clean.

"He ain't nothink but a bloody Roeshian, he ain't!" swore Wapping viciously.

Kalle was leisurely coming forward at the end of the first dogwatch, having completed a bit of work on the skipper's fancy drawn-thread skylight cover. He tenderly fingered his treasured knife as he came, fearing that the edge had become dulled; and as he touched the steel his eyes sought the far horizon, his seamed grizzled face lighted with the glory of his dream.

"Watch out fer that bleedin' knife," warned Wallaby. He was game enough to jump on a man with boot and fist if the odds were a bit on his side, but even the early training of Argyll Cut could not send him barehanded against that wicked knife. "Let's josh him a bit first, bloke," he said. "He looks as if he wouldn't stick a pig, but them quiet coves ain't always so silly as they look."

"'Ere, squarehead, stick yer knife in th' fo'mast and raise a wind," shouted Wapping

Kalle passed along without a glance

"J' 'ear? Come 'ere, y' sojerin' Rooshian!" yelled Wapping. Wallaby grabbed Kalle's arm, forcing him to stop.

"Me?" uttered Kalle, a cloud in his eyes as the vision fled. "I am Finn, no Russian"

"Wot's th' diff'runce? Stick yer knife in the mast an' git us out o' these wariables. Come on. You kin do it. All bloody Finns can git a wind that way."

The men were gathered around to watch the baiting A decrepit accordion lay on one corner of the fore hatch, neglected; a mess kid and wooden fid, meant to do drum duty, kept it company. One of the variable airs mentioned caught up a sheet of tissue paper from its comb and drove it fluttering against Kalle's touseled hair.

All unconscious of the pending fun, a buoyant spirit rehearsed his contribution to the coming dogwatch singsong behind the fore fiferail.

"About a month ago in a ship heigh-ho, I fell overboard in a gale,
I sunk to the bottom of the deep blue sea, an' fell in wi' a gal wi' a tail"

"Look out!" yelled Wallaby, leaping aside as Kalle flourished his knife

The singer dodged behind the coiled gear to look. Kalle held out the keen point of his knife toward Wallaby and Wapping, and the smile was back in his deep, light blue eyes.

"In vooden mast the Finn can stick his knife for vind," he said, "but Lady Elsie has mast of iron. This is other kind of knife though. See?"

Kalle laid his knife against his flat palm as if about to poise to throw it, and all hands scattered. His smile was gentle and his hand remained before him

"Look, here is five little cuts in the handle. One cut for one man killed. Soon four more are here, then Kalle digs up the gold under the dancing flame"

Men slunk farther away. Then the bolder spirits caught the note of apparent childishness in the concluding words, and joined it with the blue-eyed innocence of those eyes set so deeply under shaggy brows.

"He's nutty!" roared Wallaby, and whacked the Finn heavily between the shoulders. "Give him socks an' loosen his joints!"

The crowd piled in with fist and boot, without malice, without knowing what for; willing to follow the forecastle leaders in what looked like good fun. Kalle stumbled forward, shielding his head with his arms, smiling still. Those kicks and blows could never hurt him. He had endured the battering and buffeting of life.

He almost went to his knees from a cruel kick in the ribs from Wapping, and pain writhed at his lips. He put a hand to his side and dropped his knife. He had made no attempt to use it or even to hit back with his hands. But now he stopped and turned upon his tormentors, groping blindly among the scuffling feet on the deck

Wapping dealt him another kick, encouraged by the success of the other one. It landed as Kalle's fingers were about to close on his treasured knife haft, sending him heavily to the planks.

Wallaby picked up the knife with a shout of triumph, and the shout died in his throat. Kalle was changed in a second of time from a placid dreamer of dreams, a submissive butt for rough horseplay, into a raging, fighting fury, blind and heedless of human hurts

Men fell before him like foam from the bark's sharp stem. He plunged headlong at Wallaby, and punched with both hands at the amazed face before him. Wallaby fingered the knife as if he meant to use it upon the owner; but Kalle's attack jolted him off his balance, his arms flew up to protect his head, and the knife flew straight for the rail

The Finn stopped in his tracks, horror in his face. Then the knife stuck quivering in the broad wooden rail topping the steel bulwark, and all his berserk madness vanished His eyes glowed warmly again, his smile returned, he recovered his knife and passed on to the forecastle as if nothing had happened

"Th' dirty Rooshian!" gasped Wapping, wild-eyed.

"Taller-eatin' sundowner!" growled Wallaby.

But nobody made a motion toward bothering Kalle further. The ragging intended for him had recoiled upon the raggers

Mary Manning found Kalle intensely interesting. At first the novelty of the sailing-ship voyage sufficed for her amusement; later it was the glimpse of distant green isles that intrigued her, and these never quite failed to bring a sparkle to her fine blue eyes. But in the quiet, capable, stolid Finnish seaman she saw a lesson in humanity not to be neglected. During one dogwatch she stood at the break of the poop, listening to the howling singsong of the men. Kalle sat near the rail abreast of the galley, the rim of the harness cask his seat, sewing a leather reenforcement on the sheath of his knife. The mates had told her she must not go forward among the men, suggesting with half grins that she might hear or see things not altogether agreeable to her. She wanted to chat with Kalle, but did not want to have ears or eyes offended; so now she listened and looked intently before stepping down the ladder. A young Scot was just concluding Loch Lomond in a sweet quavering falsetto that sent the notes echoing among the thrumming sails aloft. There was nothing alarming in that. Mary walked forward and stood beside Kalle. Over the port quarter Norfolk Island slowly sank into the azure sea, a veritable gem on the broad breast of Mother Ocean. An hour or so earlier a whaling boat manned by laughing islanders had swept past the bark, in chase of a distant leviathan, shouting cheery greetings as they rocked on the bigger vessel's swell.

"What a glorious life you lead!" Mary said impulsively. "I am simply astounded at the beauty of it all"

Kalle looked up at her with hanging lip and puzzled frown

"Huh?" he grunted. Mary colored up, scarcely knowing whether this reception were one of those things or not. But Kalle looked so utterly innocent she persevered.

"I think the sea is lovely. Sea and sky, birds and swimming things, and that"—she pointed towards the vanishing island—"isn't it just like a bit out of fairyland?"

She had tried many times to interest the mates in the beauties of Nature. Like most men who follow the sea, they might hold within them a lot of rough poetry, but they would scorn to show trace of it. They had laughed at her enthusiasm, preferring to steer her interest in the direction of clumsy flirtation under pretense of teaching her the mysteries of the moon and stars. Even Captain Digby laughed at her and advised her to save some of her sparkle for the dull days on Pitcairn. But the dreamy

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A Whaling Boat Manned by Laughing Islanders Had Swept Past the Bark, in Chase of a Distant Leviathan, Shouting Cheery Greetings

THE ROAD OF CASUALTY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IX

THERE was no guile in Fred, but guile had been taught to him. In that which he meant to do he knew the value of secrecy and speed, knew that there were unfriendly eyes about St. Pierre, eyes of men unfriendly to him, yet friendly enough to Joe Case and Bubier. So, when he had seen the grave, he returned to his cabin and cooked supper and ate it, talking briefly with his father there; and afterwards at the store he listened while others talked. But before he went home he took the storekeeper aside, trusting the man, and bought oatmeal and salt pork and flour. These he put outside the store, upon the steps by the door, and hoped that none observed him. When presently he said good night he picked up these purchases in passing, and slung them across his shoulder and went swiftly home.

In the cabin he made certain preparations. His pack sack held his provender, a blanket and some clean dry garments. His father, watching him, straightened a little with pride and spoke to his son at last, diffidently.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I start up river before light," said Fred.

"But to what end?"

"To bring back these two men. To bring them back so that we may find the truth." His tone was very mild.

His father nodded. "I, too, will go," he suggested.

Fred shook his head. "There is no need," he replied. "I am enough."

A proud reticence possessed the older man; he urged the point no more. But he helped Fred's preparations. Only one thing he could not understand: From his own room Fred brought a bulky burden, wrapped in coarse stuff and tied with cord, and laid it on the floor beside his pack sack and his paddles and his ax.

And the older man asked: "What is that you take?"

Fred flushed a little, slowly, and shook his head. "I may have need of it," he said.

Later the father brought his own rifle and a box of cartridges, and laid them on the table. Fred put them aside. "No need of that," he said. "There are only two of them; and both of them I know." Only one thing he permitted his father to do. "I am sleepy," he explained. "It may be that I shall not find many hours for sleep when I am on the road. So I will go to bed for a little while." He asked to be waked after three hours. The older man assented; and later, while his son slept, the father went to the stove and cooked cornbread, the journey cake of old, for this journey that his son would take; and he wrapped it and set it in Fred's pack. Filling victuals, and easily eaten without a delay upon the road.

A little after midnight Fred awoke of his own volition; his father had been unwilling to shorten his slumbers. Between them, and without showing a light, they made ready and set out through the village toward the river; and the older man bore his son's burdens proudly. There had been hours when he was not surely proud of Fred. At the water's edge they put the canoe into the current without a sound and stowed those things that Fred had prepared. Then the two men stood for an instant, facing each other in farewell; Fred very straight and slim of hip and square of shoulder in the night, the older man taller and bulkier. They were both sober men; each well understood that which lay ahead; and neither thought it strange when the father bent and clasped his son, and kissed Fred upon either cheek.

He Stopped Beside a Spring Under a Big White Birch and Ripped Bark From the Birch to Start His Fire

Then the young man stepped into the canoe; his weight lifted the bow off the bank, the light craft drifted clear. The father lifted his hand, Fred dipped his paddle, and the night engulfed him. He and the canoe became a black blur upon the water, became nothing.

The old man turned wearily back up the hill; Fred set the bow upstream and dug his paddle and began the long pursuit that is recounted to this day along the river road.

X

FRED had, when he set forth from St. Pierre, no real anticipation that the chase would be long. He expected, so far as he expected anything, to find Bubier and Joe Case at Number Seven Camp, insolently secure in the lie they had told, in no wise fearful of such swift pursuit. He had no doubts of the outcome of that encounter; knew exactly what he meant to do.

Nevertheless, he knew when he set out up river that it was possible the men would flee before him; and with this in mind he had supplied himself with stores sufficient for many days. There would be from this hour no waiting by the way until he should have brought the two men back to St. Pierre.

So now in the night he began his journey; up that river which so many canoes had followed, in the double century just gone. And in a little while a shoulder of hill came between him and the dark blur that was St. Pierre; and a little later still he slid under the cable—a dark line against the sky above him—which marked the ancient ferry there; and half an hour after that he had left behind him the cabins along the shore where clearings were encroaching on the wilderness. He worked his way up through Frenchman's Rapids in the dark, leaning on his pole till it buckled beneath him; his paddle drove him the length of the dead water above.

The first gray of dawn found him picking the channel through the four-mile stretch of Two Islands' quick water; and the light showed him thick growth of fir and birch and ash and balm of Gilead on either hand. In the light mists of early morning deer splashed ahead of him through the shallows on the gravel bars. He kept near shore, where his pole could bite bottom, even in the dead waters; and the lift and lean and thrust of his body were like a rhythm.

Fred was a man with a beautiful physical perfection about him, distinguished even among the strong men of this land. He was not large, no more than medium height, but his face was set fairly on his small head, and his head rested well back on his neck; his shoulders were square and thrust back, and from neck to waist he was as flat and straight as a broad board. In the muscles of arm and shoulder and chest the power that manipulated his pole was manifest; in his slim waist and hips, bending to each movement, there was a grace more beautiful in its fashion than any beauty of woman. When he stood in the canoe to pole, his feet pressed firmly on the cedar planking, his toes seemed to grip the craft; and the canoe was as steady beneath him as though it were a part of him, grown fast to the ends of his legs.

The canoemen of these northern woods use a stroke borrowed from the Indians, which is not a beautiful thing to observe. It begins with a lazy forward thrust of the paddle, which scarce clears the water before it dips again. Then when both arms are straight and at the perfect moment, the body lurches forward, throwing its weight against the upper arm, while the lower acts as fulcrum of the lever, drawing the paddle back. At the end of the stroke the paddle twists a little, and rests for a moment on the paddler's knee, the knee becomes a fulcrum as the blade is pried up and away from the canoe. The whole movement seems indolent and awkward. But also it is effective, as the miles, thrust relentlessly behind, can testify.

It is in poling his craft that the full grace of the canoeman is manifest. He stands erect, one foot before the other, the pole on this side or on that according to need As the stroke begins the pole is dragged forward, hand over hand, and dropped point first into the water, the point striking almost under where the canoeman stands. You can hear the click of its steel shoe on the gravel bottom for a long way up and down stream when the forest is still. The point thus grounded, the canoeman begins to climb up his pole, leaning his weight upon it to thrust the bow of his craft this way or that as need arises. The whole motion is indescribably graceful and beautiful; it is as lovely as a slow measure of the dance, and Fred was a master of the art.

He had left St. Pierre toward two o'clock in the morning. It was ten in the forenoon before he paused. He had just come through the rapids above Hunsing's Brook; and the sweat was dripping from him after his exertions. The blue shirt he wore was darker blue with his perspiration. Two canoes came downstream, approaching him. He waited till they drew near, questioned them while all three craft

lay side by side. They had seen Bubier and Joe Case, the men he sought, far up river, nearing Number Seven Camp.

"I heard a canoe go up river this morning, past our camp, too," one of the men told Fred.

He asked where they had slept, considered their information. No other canoe had left St. Pierre or passed St. Pierre, so far as he knew. Perhaps some friend of Bubier had slipped upstream to bear a warning word. Fred's lips tightened a little at the thought; his instinct was to make greater speed, but his woodsman's sense told him the folly of this. And—he went ashore and boiled a pot of tea sipping the steaming stuff while he munched the cornbread his father had cooked the night before. In forty minutes he was on his way again.

A day's journey above St. Pierre if you are bound downstream, nearer two days if you are fighting the current, there lies a farm. This farm is an institution, grown now to large proportions. It partakes of the nature of a hotel; there is a small store; there are large barns, and a clearing that forms a wide semicircle about the buildings, bounded on its farther sides by the hills and on this side by the curving river.

Toward nine o'clock that night Fred reached the farm and landed there. He could sleep on the ground when necessity arose; he was wise enough to prefer a bed if a bed were to be found. He slept that night at the farm. More than a hundred miles of wilderness lay between him and the next such opportunity.

The French proprietor of the place said Bubier and Case had halted there at midday of the day before. Fred nodded. He had cut six hours off their lead. Case was still drinking heavily; and he had reiterated his boasts, which Bubier had been unable to suence in St. Pierre. Fred and the Frenchman gravely discussed the matter; there could be no doubt, they decided, that Joe had, whether in jest or earnest, slain Jean Dufray.

Two hours before day Fred resumed his toilsome journey, fighting a relentless current, poling up the shallows, paddling the dead waters, working his canoe by inches through the swifter rips where swells played high about his bows. He meant to make Number Seven Camp that night. To do this meant toil; but the feat was not unprecedented. Fred was not yet hurrying; not yet driving himself to the utmost. He was saving his strength for that which was to come. He was as yet unfatigued, began the second day's journey fresh, and hungry to be on.

This day passed like the one that was gone. It had begun to rain a little, lightly, almost daintily. The small drops started spreading circles in the smooth dead waters. The rain was scarce more than a mist; it settled on Fred's felt hat and formed drops and pools and at last emptied itself from the brim in little spurts and streams which ceased while fresh pools were formed. His thin shirt soaked through; the knees of his trousers were sopping. Now and then a little gust of harder rain fell; and he could hear it patter upon the leaves in the forest before it reached him. Once, far off over the hills, he heard a rumble of thunder; but the shower did not come his way, only this steady and persistent rain. He found it difficult, with his wet hands, to light a cigarette without moistening the paper and spoiling his smoke. This he considered a privation.

He had eaten heavily the night before, lightly this morning. Toward eleven o'clock he stopped beside a spring under a big white birch and ripped bark from the birch to start his fire, and boiled strong tea again, fried a little pork and ate it with his cornbread, afterward rested for a little, his cigarette glowing, a fresh one lighted from its butt. He thought about that canoe which had passed upstream ahead of him, and wondered if it had borne a warning to the men he sought, and considered how such a warning must modify his plans. After an hour he stepped into his canoe and resumed his way.

The day remained overcast, rain still fell. He came to the first of the lakes, Little Pond, and crossed it and pushed on. Late in the afternoon he discovered a camp beside the river, and stopped for a moment, without leaving his canoe, to ask a question. This was a party of sportsmen, three canoes, trout fishing; and the guides knew Fred. One of them told him that Bubier and Case had been at Number Seven Camp that morning. Fred pushed on.

He came near the old logging camp long after dark, and landed well below it, creeping through the dripping bushes to reconnoiter. In this moment when he approached the spot where he expected to find the men he sought, Fred became conscious for the first time of a certain excitement; he heard his heart pound. With some care he came out into the clearing, picking his way in the dark, and sought the cookhouse. It was dark; there was no sound of movement within. The door was closed. Presumably the men were asleep inside.

He began to crawl around the wall till he came to a spot outside where the bunks were built. Here he lay very still for a long time, listening. If the men were inside, no matter how they slept, there should come at last some sound. He heard a stamping in the edge of the clearing where a deer browsed: heard the whistle and chatter of a marauding porcupine; heard a whitethroat whistling, even though it was near midnight, and raining. But from within the cookhouse came no sound.

Fred searched out the windows; they were closed. He sought the back door and found it shut fast. And abruptly he was quite sure that the men he sought were gone. There was an emptiness in the very air. He threw caution aside, opened the door and stepped in; there was no stir of wakened sleepers. He lighted a match and looked about the place. The bunks were empty; the men were gone.

The young man took his disappointment calmly enough. He went back downstream and got his canoe and brought it up to the landing, carried his duffel inside, built a fire and cooked and ate, and then, in Joe Case's very bunk, went calmly to sleep. They might have returned in the night and had their will of him; but Fred knew they would not return. For he had seen, in the disorder of the bunk house, marks of something like a panic flight. He slept till morning without a qualm. The rain upon the roof was like a lullaby.

XI

IN THE morning Fred moved without apparent haste. First he examined that heavy trapdoor in the floor, that door which had slain his friend; and he made sure that it could not have fallen without a thrust from a murderous hand. Then he looked to and fro about the cookhouse, noting what the men he sought had in their swift departure left behind. Among other things he discovered two sealed packets of rifle cartridges, and one partly empty. This pleased him; he smiled a little, grimly, reading it to mean that the men had only what cartridges were in their magazines. He cooked his own breakfast, helping himself to some of their abandoned stores. That they had fled at his approach pleased him mightily; he had counted on their

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He Spread His Blanket on Two Sticks to Serve as Tent and Made That Nine Miles in a Round Two Hours

THE GOLF COME-ONS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE slick young men who write pieces about golf for the newspapers and periodicals write pieces of two kinds: The pieces they write for and by themselves and the pieces they write for and by the golf stars, to be signed by the golf stars as authors thereof; for in golf, as in every other sport, the minute a man or a woman becomes a champion he or she becomes a writer, whether literate or not—in this country, that is. They have been playing a very fair brand of golf in England and Scotland for quite a spell—a couple of centuries longer than we have, or some such a matter—but they don't think over there that because some ex-caddie wins a cup that fact makes either an author or a professor out of him; and, of course, it doesn't. But according to our practice it does just that, and hence the miles and miles of advice, admonition, opinon and swank telling how this one did it, how that one does it and how everybody else should do it that confront the public.

"Chick" Evans, Former National Amateur Champion, on the Engineers' Course, at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y.

At the Left—the Last Word in Caddies—a "Golf Hound" Retrieving a Ball From the Stream

However, you can't blame the stars. It is easy money; particularly easy money where golf is concerned, because the American golfers, as a class, are the greatest continuous body of sport come-ons this world has ever seen. There may be occasions when they are crowded a bit off their high plateau by fight and baseball and other soft marks; but these are occasions, not continuous performances. The golf come-on works at it all day and every day. He gets his from morn to dewy eve, from year end to year end.

False Standards

IT IS an economic axiom that the consumer always pays, and there is no point along the pay-pay-pay pathway where the ratio is greater than it is in the enterprise of transferring golf from maker to wearer. Moreover, there is no sport, pastime, diversion or occupation wherein the paying consumer is so contemptuously, continuously and clannishly kicked in the face when he is paying. I am speaking of the average American golfer. Indeed, I am speaking of 90 per cent of all the golfers there are in this country. I am speaking of the men and women who pay the bills, support the courses, stand for the assessments, finance the clubhouses and the links. I am speaking of the great golfing public and for the great public that should be golfing, but cannot for reasons that shall be set forth.

To begin with, and to clear up a minor matter first, consider the arbitrary classification of golfers made by these persons who supply the writings about the game. All golfers who do not play golf within certain limits set by these arbiters are superciliously and derisively set down and apart from the select few as duffers. It is not clear just where the golfer ceases and the duffer begins. The line of demarcation is not plain, but probably these supermen of the game will not allow that any player who shoots above a ninety on a round is aught but a dub. Indeed, to hear many of them talk, golfing ceases and dufferdom begins in the early eighties.

Now, according to my understanding of the word "duffer" it means "a stupid, dull, plodding person; a dawdling, useless character." That is the Century Dictionary's understanding of it also. What it means in golf, as applied by these golf experts and meekly accepted by the rank and file is that 90 per cent of the golfers in the United States, not having been caddies as boys, or so situated as to begin the game in youth, or fortunately favored with incomes that made work unnecessary, or in an environment where the game could be played incessantly, or endowed with the timing sense to the exclusion of all other mental endowments; not married to rich wives, or in receipt of remittances, and thus unable to make a vocation of golf, are poor, foozling, bungling slobs when compared to the intellectual giants and physical marvels who can go round a course at or about par. It means that the business man or the professional man who takes up golf as a recreation, as an opportunity for an afternoon's pleasure a couple of times a week, is a dub and a dolt alongside the low-browed professionals who have done nothing else but play and practice golf all their lives, or the glittering amateurs who have done not much else, either, all their lives in most cases, and couldn't do anything else if they tried, in most cases, also.

PHOTO. IN OVAL BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

The Eighteenth Hole at Torresdale Country Club, Pennsylvania—A Picturesque Course

Mere Producers

THIS business man, this professional man, this average golfer, who plays around in the nineties, or even in a hundred or over, having fun, getting out-of-doors, enjoying friendly competition with his chums—what rights has he, the futile fish? He does nothing but support the club, pay the bills, stand the assessments when the experts get in their deadly work. He is supposed to take what is handed to him. Having been occupied in his earlier years in the doing of something useful to the community in which he lives, in building up a business or running a factory or healing the sick or teaching the young or making a competence for his family or producing something needful to the comfort of his fellows, he did not begin golf when he was a boy, did not devote his earlier years to it, did not make a business of it; and he is a duffer, a dub, a mere producer for the élite who, on the professional one hand, get their living out of him, and do it by keeping his recreation in strict subjection to their professionalism and expertness, and, on the star-amateur other hand, retain their starness by exactly the same methods, barring the pay, in some cases.

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THE CHANGING EAST

American Opportunity in China—By Isaac F. Marcosson

NEARLY every American you meet in China tells you how most of his countrymen fail to make good in a big commercial way out there. You naturally wonder why all this concentrated wisdom, so freely handed about, has gone to waste. The plain and somewhat unpleasant truth is that nowhere in the world have we overlooked the main chance to such a degree as in the land where peace and coördination are on the verge of something like realization after years of stress and struggle.

The new deal at Peking alone would make this an opportune moment to point out what we have done, what we have failed to do, and, what is the most important detail of all, the tremendous opportunity that almost begs for capitalization by us. But there are other reasons. The Washington Conference was the culminating evidence of the good will that we have always had for China. It not only proved our friendship but made the open door—likewise an American suggestion—a condition and not a theory. To a degree greater than has ever obtained before, economic China awaits the impress and the guidance of the Yankee hand.

By virtue of unselfish service we should have been the ordained mentors of the people with whom we have had relations of one kind or another for one hundred and forty years. Ours alone is the crystal record. We have grabbed none of their territory; we remitted half of the Boxer indemnity and made it possible for thousands of young Chinese to be educated, and therefore to become the real bulwarks of tomorrow; we stayed a Japanese aggression that was marching to little less than financial stewardship of the republic.

Incredible as it may seem, and despite the advance made by a few big corporations, we have really trailed in the procession of foreign nations that have set up shop in China. Out of forty-six new American firms launched in Shanghai during 1921 only ten were left when I reached there in May. Japanese concerns outnumber ours more than two to one. One of the greatest of American enterprises, which established itself scarcely two years ago, was just retiring from the field. I could give many other instances.

An Instance of British Shrewdness

BRITAIN rules the Chinese business roost. Her banks dictate the finance of the Far East; her trade envoys are securely intrenched; her nationals and their interests are protected as are those of no other nation. John Bull never misses a trick. Where we hesitate he improves the shining hour.

On the day I began this article occurred a characteristic example of British opportunism. With his government in collapse and his army routed, Sun Yat-sen, who had taken refuge on one of his loyal warships near Canton, decided to go to Shanghai to confer with representatives of the Northern Government. He asked the commander of an American warship to convey him to his destination. When the request was refused he took passage on a British gunboat.

Frederick W. Stevens, Corporation Lawyer. At the Left—James A. Thomas, Pioneer Tobacconist. At the Right—Julean Arnold, American Commercial Attaché at Peking. Above—An American Liner at Shanghai, Visualizing for the Oriental Something of the Commercial Power of the United States

The significance is simply this: The British distrust Sun Yat-sen. Among other things they hold him responsible for the great seamen's strike at Hong-Kong last spring, which demoralized shipping for months. Yet they rushed to do him a service. The employment of a little common sense by Americans in this emergency would have helped our cause in China immeasurably, because Sun Yat-sen still holds the balance of power for unification.

Tied to Europe's Apron Strings

WHAT is the outlook for America in China and what is our responsibility in the Chinese commercial future? In the answer lies one of the keys to the whole psychology of foreign trade, and considerably more. When we brought about the Washington Conference we incurred certain definite obligations to China. If we fulfill them we shall register a worth-while overseas achievement. If we fail we write ourselves down as international incompetents who, figuratively, spurned the silver salver that bore the recipe for riches.

Most American business men—indeed the major portion of our population—do not appreciate the curious kinship, apart from the bond born of sentiment, that we have with China. It was pointed out to me at Shanghai by an observant American who has lived long in the Far East and who knows what he is talking about. This is what he said:

"In his efforts to reach Asia, Columbus discovered America. Since that time Americans have been tied to the apron strings of Europe, oblivious of the fact that our entire subsequent territorial development makes us more of an Asiatic than a European power. How many Americans realize that the United States is closer to Asia than it is to South America; that it is possible to connect Asia with the United States by rail through a tunnel under Bering Strait; that the United States, including insular possessions, has a greater Pacific coast line than any other nation—probably as great as Japan and China combined; that the first foreign consul to China was commissioned by George Washington; and that the American flag was at one time preëminent in the Chinese waters?"

Thus the approach to America in the China of today is by way of a passing glimpse of America in the China of yesterday. So long as we were a British colony we could not trade directly with China because such intercourse it obtained with all British possessions—was strictly forbidden. With the rise of the republic we began to look Chinaward. As early as 1784 an American clipper ship arrived at Canton, the first Chinese port to be opened to foreign trade, with a cargo of wild ginseng. It must be admitted that we at least made a strong start in Oriental

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Only a Scattering of Chinese Small River Boats Differentiates the Aspect of Shanghai's Shore Line From Many of Our Own Water Fronts

THE SECRET PEARLS

XI

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

WELL, did I save your life or not?" Geegan asked Flynn as he came into the dingy council headquarters at 1:30. An expression of more than usual comicality came into his face as he said it, just the look of confidence and satisfaction Flynn had hoped for in the showdown. Geegan's long humorous upper lip never looked more like a clown's in his life.

"What do you want for it?" asked Diamond Mike, starting the play at once

The two master tricksters of the labor grafters had come together to match wits, and Flynn had no fear of him.

Outside of that one trick of carrying everything through under the smile that had made him, he was a dub, in Flynn's opinion.

"What do you think I'd want?" he came back, still smiling with that easy confidence of victory that Flynn was counting on.

"What would you?" the older man asked him briefly.

"I want my half of the little sparklers, Mike," he said easily.

"Which little sparklers?"

"You must be getting old, Mike," responded Geegan humorously. "Did you think you could get away with anything so raw as that?" The face of Diamond Mike gazed at him with more than usual expressionlessness. "Did you think for a minute we'd let you handle all that stuff without an eye on you?"

"Why not a movie camera while you're telling it?" asked the still-faced man, now seated in the chair beside his desk.

"That we didn't see you from the minute he passed the stuff to you?"

"You would," said Diamond Mike with quiet sarcasm. "It would be so simple."

"Nothing simpler from the window of the block opposite, with the sun the way it had to be that time of day." Flynn said nothing in confirmation or denial. "Forget it!" said the humorist. "Do you think we'd ever have let you handle the stuff alone if we hadn't framed every little thing on you from the first? What do you think we are?"

"Ah-huh. And who do you say did all this?"

"I don't mind telling you that either—in confidence," he answered, smiling. "It was Feeney."

"Is that right?" said Flynn's voice of sarcastic denial.

"From the time you got the stuff till you went into the jeweler's—that good old stand—to salt down into the good old stuff."

"The good old stuff?" said Flynn, still pulling him along, getting his information while it came out easily. "What good old stuff is that?"

"What would it be—that you have always bought to soak away? The good old shiny rocks!"

Diamond Mike's face did not change the fraction of a hair, now that he had made his first score, got the information that he had wanted. So that was as far as they got! The trail ended at the front door of Paillot & Cie.

"Do I win or not?" the other man was asking him.

"You always were the funny man," Flynn answered.

"You'll think so, maybe, before I'm through with this!" said the other in a smiling threat.

"And if all this was true—this sketch you are giving to me," continued Diamond Mike, going on to new ground. "If I'd double-crossed you, what would be my idea in splitting up now?"

"What would you think after last night?" asked the other bargainer, meeting him. "I've saved your life for you once, and a hell of a lot of thanks I seem to get for it!"

"There!" He Said for the Last Time, With the Accent of a Man Who Has Satisfied to the Full a Great Hate

So that was the proposition, as Flynn knew it must be!

"What's thanking got to do with this from now on?" he asked, edging him along toward serious discussion.

"I might save your life again—you can't tell!" replied the other one, bringing it out humorously but flatly.

The same old highwayman's choice: your money or your life! If he didn't stand and deliver he was dead! And he thought he had him with that!

"Is that so?" said Flynn, always working him along. "And how would you do that?"

"You wouldn't be asking that," said the other, losing none of his easy confidence, "not if you'd seen me pulling that bird Feeney off you after that trick you played on him in the alley. The way he feels now! You wouldn't be asking that," he reasserted, "if you'd been in here this morning listening to his plans for blowing you off the face of the earth. He's got a new one now. He says if it wasn't for me holding him—he'd go out tomorrow and finish you up with his phony hand. That's how easy you'd be to him, he claims."

"I see him getting me—with all his hands and feet and head. And yours with them!" said Flynn, noting the repetition of that fantastic threat of the dynamiter on the night before—that he'd get him with that phony hand—and showing it in the sharpness of his voice.

"I was just answering your question," replied the smiler affably, "whether I could do you any good or not. And he's no cinch to handle, that boy, let me tell you that—when he's once started on a job; to say nothing of the wops."

"The wops, yeah—when the only real one's dead," said Flynn. "There'll be a lot of danger from him!"

"You're sure of that, are you?" asked the smiler with a side glance of amusement. "No, there won't be any danger from him nor his brother, nor his cousins, nor all that wop gang of his. You'd think so if you'd been with me last night and seen them all there in Cingarelli's place, weeping into their sour wine and looking over their gats, and talking you over after the good news came in from the hospital.

"Come on, Mike! Come on through!" said the persuasive, confident voice of the smiler. "I saved your life once, didn't I? And I can do it again."

"How could you?" asked Flynn, his voice softening, going along with him apparently.

"How could I? You and me together?" continued the persuader. "Could we put all those wops indoors for life -or not? Could we hang the most of them with what we could hand the dicks on that Izzy Goldberg job?"

He was alluding to that last assassination by the Italians—that last bump-off with the sawed-off shotgun that the police were still working on.

"And once in," he continued, "what chance would they ever have of getting out alive? What drag have those wops got alone—with the pols—against us?

"Do they know it themselves?" he went on, arguing. "Oh, no! What do you suppose they'd do if I started in and shook my finger at them and said naughty, naughty once or twice?"

Flynn still said nothing in confirmation or denial, purposely letting him work on, furtively looking him over.

"So all that's needed, Mike," concluded the talker, "is for you to come through like a white man. You double-crossed me. That's all right. I'll pass that up, provided you come through now and act right, and hand me mine, fifty-fifty."

Flynn watched him for a minute, silent, and worked him on to the second stage.

"Yeah," he said ironically, "and commit suicide!"

"Suicide?"

"Why not? Would there be any surer way for me, if all this stuff you're talking was true?"

"Surer way?"

"Than handing you over half the stuff you claim I've got now."

"Now?"

"When, according to you, they're all after me. How long afterwards could I count on you to come to the front and play in with me? Oh, no," said Mike Flynn, pulling back again along the path he had come with him. "If all this was true—which it ain't—not a word of it! But if it was, the last thing I'd do would be to hand you over your share now—unless I was ready for the bug house. You must be dreaming to put out such stuff!"

He had him there, thinking hard, to meet that one! He went over and over it. He hadn't the brains to work it out, as Flynn knew full well. So he let him wander along, holding back from telling him what to do, refusing to deliver, yet letting him think, too, that he was scared of the Italians all the time.

"There is one thing we might do," Flynn told him at last when he'd got him ready.

"What's that?" asked the other, looking up.

"If I decided to come through," said Flynn, still holding off, making a bluff at bargaining.

"What?"

"Put the stuff in escrow!"

"In escrow," said the dull-wit, having forgotten the name already.

"Like we did in that La Splendide Hotel job, where they wouldn't pay us until the thing was done and we delivered "

"You mean that thing with two keys to the safe-deposit box," he said, remembering, "where we had to be in both together before either one could open it."

"Yeah."

"What's the matter with that, Mike?" said Geegan with sudden enthusiasm, after a minute, when it had sunk in, slapping him on the back.

"That would work!"

And Flynn held off again, now he had him going.

"But not today," he said

"Not today! Why not'" asked Geegan, getting suspicious again right away

"Because it's after three o'clock and the banks are all closed already "

"Oh!"

"Maybe we might do it tomorrow," said Flynn, always holding off, making all the motions of hating to come through and give the stuff up finally. "And I'll hold onto it overnight."

"Oh, no," said the big man, all excited again, "nothing like that! I get it now—today'"

"All right," said Diamond Mike, putting it up to him again, playing him along all the time toward that second move. "What do you say we do?"

"We could do this," said Geegan, after staring around the room a while, and his eye falling, as Flynn thought it might, on that big iron safe of the council where the records were—and the guns for the gunmen and the fuses for the dynamiters and all the other things they kept to themselves: "Why not tuck it in there?"

"And have both of us," observed Diamond Mike sarcastically, "get sore feet running back here all night long seeing the other one didn't lift it. Try again!" But, of course, he couldn't think it out. "I'll tell you what we might do," said Flynn when he got ready. "We might change the combination to the old safe."

"Yes, but what good ——"

"To two words."

"Yeah," said Geegan, looking up, his long upper lip stiff with trying to think.

"And you'd know the one and I'd know the other!"

"Good old boy!" exclaimed Smiling Jack warmly. "You're there!"

Flynn had him coming after him, taking what he gave him now; he could see that; and he kept him so. Holding off and talking, he bargained long and carefully about the protection he was to have from the other man—the notice to be given the Italians to hold off, the protection from Geegan's gunmen and the inside knowledge of all the Italians' plans.

"Well, all right," he said when he had fought him off as long as he needed to—convinced him through and through how he hated to give up. "I'll go off and get them."

"When will you be back?" inquired the other, still anxious for fear he wouldn't deliver after all.

"Not before six."

"Not before six?" asked the other one, still suspicious that he was going to jump town or something.

"But I'll get here by then," Flynn answered, reassuring him. "And when I come," he said with an approach to a smile on his usually still face, "I'm going to give you a little surprise; one of the things you didn't get," he said, preparing him.

"You are, huh?" said Geegan with a wise smile on his long face, but wondering underneath

And just before six o'clock Diamond Mike Flynn was back in headquarters again. The other man got up quickly from where he sat at a desk in the farther corner.

"I told you I was going to pull something new on you," said Flynn. "Here it is!"

He reached into his pocket and brought out that second box—that second jewel case that he got from Paillot & Cie—for use in case of emergency.

"Did you ever take a look into the windows of their place?" asked Flynn, pointing to the lettering on the case, holding him off.

"I dunno. I might have," said the other, staring "Why?"

"You might have seen this there," said Flynn, knowing well he never had. "They had it on exhibition; the best and most expensive one they had."

He opened it up.

"Pearls!" exclaimed Geegan, staring.

"Yeah," said Flynn. "Take a look at them. Are they good?"

He held them just right. They looked like a million dollars against that expensive case—in the light he gave them.

"Pearls!" said Smiling Jack Geegan again, staring, knowing of course nothing, net, about them or any other gems

"Worth twice what diamonds would be," said Flynn, watching them, still holding them off to be looked at "And I got them right, don't fret!"

"How much?" asked Geegan, gaping. "The whole hundred thousand dollars?"

"I'll show you," said Diamond Mike. "You'll be better satisfied " And he brought out the bill of sale from Paillot & Cie. for the original asking price of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"That's the price they were marked for," he told him, "to the public. And you know what I gave! Does it pay," he went on, "to have a call on a guy like old Paillot, or not?" for the other man already knew, of course, that he had a drag, a personal power of blackmail over the jeweler

"Do they make any profit on stuff like that? Oh, no!" said Geegan loudly, the worry of mental exercise gone and the comical, confident look back upon his face—the face of the boy with a reputation as a comic on the city street corner.

"Now we're going," he said with boyish high spirits, "Mike'"

"And you're lucky at that," said Flynn, pushing him along, keeping his mind going his way.

"Lucky?"

"To get in on it."

"What else would happen—if you wanted to live?" came back Geegan, his eyes full of that smiling confidence and victory which Flynn wanted to see there. "Oh, I know you, Mike! You might double-cross me when you're safe, but not now! You love your old neck too much to hold out on me now'"

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They Threw the Headlights on the Blue Car, Covering It With Their Guns, Expecting a Shot From Him Every Minute

THE BLACKGUARD

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"WELL, it's a big opening, Nan, if I can land it," Brewster was saying. He gave a meditative little grin. "Old Asa P. Detweiler has always been strong as a bull pup on two points—the family and the church. So far he's never let a share of stock get outside the family, or a really topnotch job." A touch of gloom clouded his meditation. "Ferguson is Mrs. Detweiler's cousin. That gets him in the family. And he's right there with the church stuff. 'Course, I'm a rank outsider on both counts. All I got to bank on is my business record."

With a bright air of disposing of the matter, Nancy Spencer put in, "But what else should you bank on, Jimmy? This is a business position."

"Sure!" said Brewster. "Sure!" But the touch of gloom returned. "All the same, Asa P. don't have to look at it that way unless he wants to. If he wants to make Ferguson general manager of the Detweiler Rubber Company because Ferguson sings in the choir there's no way to stop him." That view of the situation irritated him, which showed in a faint line between his brows and in his tone. "It ought to be a straight-out business proposition. I'm not asking to belong to the Detweiler family or the Detweiler church. I'm asking for a business position that I think my business record entitles me to." He declared it warmly, but calmed himself.

"You see, Nan, it's mighty important to me now—sort of an acid test—the jumping off place. I went into the Detweiler Rubber Company soon's I was out of college. I'm thirty-five now. You might say I've got a pretty good job for a man of thirty-five. But I want to know what there is ahead. If sales manager is as far as a man can go unless he belongs to the family, then I'm through. I'm not kicking on sales manager at thirty-five, but I don't propose to stick there the rest of my life." He was pressing the point upon her earnestly. "This is the show-down, you see. Tom Ferguson is just a fat-headed old dough-face—routine man; stick in the rut. Everybody knows that. Asa P. knows it as well as anybody else. Ferguson wouldn't be where he is in the company—with a nice little bunch of stock, too—except for family and church. If Asa P. is going to give him this job, with the salary and so on that goes with it, because he belongs to the clan and sings in the choir, and let me do the work because I know how—why, then, I'm through; I'm going to quit."

There was, one might surmise, plenty of belligerence in this man of thirty-five, with a square brow and a dent in his chin. He gave Nancy a darkling and aggressive shake of the head, adding decisively, "If Asa P. is going to hang up a sign, 'Thus far and no farther, except for members of my family and church,' I'm done. I want that job and I want a chance to buy a little stock in the company too! The Detweiler Rubber Company is quite a way from the top of the heap, but it's stepping right along, and I think I've had something to do with it." He was frowning; but on a sudden he laughed whole-heartedly, and chuckled to her, "Just as well to let you know how I feel about it, Nan. Pass the violets."

She laughed with him; then her voice lilted earnestly, "Oh, you must land it, Jimmy! Why, it belongs to you! You will land it!" She gave an instant to vague reflection. "I wish I knew some way to root for you."

This conversation occurred at a dinner table for two, by a tall window in a New York restaurant; and in making these intimate disclosures James M. Brewster, sales manager of the Detweiler Rubber Company, of Cantona, Ohio, was under no delusion, being perfectly aware that Nancy Spencer really knew no more about business than a rabbit. But you naturally told her your troubles, because she listened so sympathetically and said comforting things. She was a Westcott before marrying red-headed Mark Spencer. The Westcotts and the Brewsters were neighbors in a Cantona suburb. Ever since she left off doing her hair in pigtails James M. Brewster had held privately, and even publicly, that Nan Spencer was about the most lovable blockhead in the world. But he held it big-brotherly, he being six years her senior and both of them now being married.

He had reached New York that morning on business. Returning to the hotel after a hard day's work, shortly before six o'clock, and crossing the lobby, he saw a young woman in a blue coat at the telegraph counter furiously scribbling a long message, yet pausing an instant now and then in the throes of composition to screw up her lips as she sought for a word. That telegram finished, she began another of equal length.

When she finally turned from the counter, with a woebegone face, he gurgled at her "Hello, Nan!"

Then a radiant sun dispelled her clouds and she was bubbling to him, with contrition and self-reproach and nervous little starts of laughter. In fine, she had come to New York for three days with her husband's parents, who were delegates to a church convention. They were to have left for Cantona on the 5:30, but she had missed the train. Hence the woebegone expression and the long telegrams of abject explanation and apology, one to be delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Sr., on the train, the other for her husband in Cantona.

Brewster grinned over the recital. Just like her to miss the train! And he took an advantage of her. He should have advised her to try for a berth on the seven o'clock train, or the 9:55. Having missed the 5:30, which was the train she had always taken, it would also be like her to wait for that train tomorrow. She had no brains. He proposed to let her wait, and chuckled to himself at the notion of putting that over on red-headed Mark Spencer. Once back in Cantona, he'd tell Mark how he purloined Nancy for an evening and have a laugh on him. To Nancy he said:

"It's a dispensation of Providence. I was wondering what I'd do with myself this evening. We'll have a lark."

This dinner at the French restaurant was the beginning of the lark. They went to the theater and then for supper to a restaurant on upper Broadway, where there was supposed to be dancing; but limited space between the tables and many dancers made it only a rhythmic sort of bumping. They bumped around twice and returned to their table.

A minute later an odd-looking young-oldish man in a dinner coat was standing at their table, beaming and saying "How do you do, Mrs. Spencer?"

Nancy at once remembered that long, bony, colorless face, with prominent teeth, and beamed back. The next moment she remembered his name—Ely. When Mr. Ely claimed the honor of a dance she promptly arose. Brewster watched the pair whirl away with a sort of low growl inside him. Not that he knew anything really discreditable about Arthur Ely, who had first come to his notice in Cantona some three or four years before as editor of a new weekly journal of literature and society called the Spotlight. After a troubled year the Spotlight went out. Brewster remembered having heard that a good many little debts were left in its wake. He did not lay that up against Ely, for anybody might have bad luck in the publishing business. But Ely wore his hair too long and parted it in the middle above a tall, narrow forehead. His eyes were too near together. There was a touch of exaggeration in his collar and cravat—literary and artistic, maybe. As the lank editor danced away with his arm around sweet Nan Spencer, Brewster growled inside.

But Nan came back to the table sparkling. Mr. Ely had suggested that they all go down to a very amusing dance hall he knew of in Greenwich Village—a name which alluringly suggested artists, Bohemia, night life, color and drama, with a little of the piquant flavor of forbidden fruit. She was dying to go! And as Mr. Ely stood beaming beside her Brewster saw nothing for it but to pretend to be dying to go too. Mr. Ely, it transpired, was there with some friends—a man and two women. Nan not only took them to her hospitable bosom but went off in the first cab with Ely and one of the women, leaving Brewster and the others to follow.

"Little blockhead!" Brewster grumbled to himself.

The cabs discharged them in a street sufficiently dingy to meet Nancy's idea of Bohemia. They entered a narrow passage with something quite thrilling in its carefully arranged dimness—something like Sherlock Holmes and bootlegging, and other deliciously creepy things. It was a short passage. A door at the farther end gave to red-carpeted, well-lighted stairs, which they ascended. The ballroom was long and narrow. One might take its red-calico hangings as symbols of romantic crime, if one were so minded. . . . Nancy, at least, was enjoying every minute.

About half past one they said goodnight to Mr. Ely. Brewster got the wraps and ordered a cab. They went down to the street door to wait for it. Fifteen minutes passed without a cab, so Brewster went upstairs to jaw about it, leaving Nancy just inside the street entrance.

The blare and color of the dance whirled warmly in her brain. This was a real adventure—something to tell about in Cantona! But for all that, she was sorry she had missed the train. Mark would be all out of patience with her, especially as she was the guest of his parents, who were very decidedly people that did not miss trains. Why was she such a fool as to be missing trains and doing other silly things of that sort? One could hardly imagine Mark missing a train. He would never be able to understand how a sane person with a train to take could get so fascinated in a mere china shop, with a most interesting salesman to talk to, that time stole by unawares. And, after all, she'd missed the train by only a minute. That seemed the brutal part of it—only a minute! Mark could not understand how fascinating so many things were. She could see the line down his forehead, see him strike a nervous hand across his red head in angry despair, hear him bleat "But you never remember anything, Nan! Never anything!" A little chuckling went on within her as the bleat sounded in her mind's ear. When Mark was cross that way she wanted to hug him, because he was so like a jawing little boy. . . .

Jimmy must be delivering a regular oration upstairs. . . . Very dark and creepy out in the street. With no particular purpose or idea, she stepped out there and looked around. She had not noticed it when they came up, being then so excited about the dance; but she now perceived that the stairway to the dance hall was tacked on the outside of the building, between which and its next neighbor there was a paved area, very dim and shuddery. A door to an ill-lighted room must have opened down there, for a faint patch of light fell across the lower end of the area, instantly disappearing. She heard no sound. Not a soul in sight. Sort of Sherlock Holmes and bootleggy! She adventured a little into the dim area, three steps or so, keeping close to the outer wall of the passage and stairway. A pistol cracked twice, fairly in her ear. Two spits of fire in the dark behind the stairway seemed to stab at her. She took to her heels.

After a moment she heard a commotion behind her a shout, a confusion of sounds. It occurred to her that she shouldn't be seen running, and she moderated her pace to a rapid walk—in a panic, her heart hammering at her ribs, every nerve jumping. So she sped on, heedless of everything except to get away, with no idea where she was or in what direction she was going. It seemed a maze of dingy, crooked streets, made more sinister by electric lights at intervals. Which way should she turn?

She saw three rough-looking men approaching and bent her head, hiding her face in the fur collar of her coat, more afraid of the men than of the empty streets, hurrying past them with her heart in her throat. She read some street names at the corner lamp-posts, but they meant nothing to her. Thoroughly frightened and bewildered, she kept up her rapid walk. Little as she knew the city—knowing that section of it not at all—it seemed that she must presently come to a street name that would give her a clew.

She thought there was a stronger glow of light ahead, with the suggestion of an open space, so she hurried on that way and came out at a park. But surely this was Washington Square! There was the arch yonder, with a bus rolling through it. And over there was a bus standing at the curb. She hastened toward it. Something familiar about that coated figure pacing the pavement near the bus. . . . Why, it was good old Jimmy, evidently looking for her! She fairly threw herself into his arms, all a-flutter from the fright and the bewildered flight, laughing a little, hugging his arm, snuggling beside him. Good, solid old Jimmy! And Brewster, also sufficiently frightened when he couldn't find her, was patting her hand as a poor substitute for hugging her. It was good to have her safe beside him again.

"But what was it, Jimmy? Was it serious? Anybody hurt?" she asked breathlessly, just above a whisper, as they started to the waiting bus.

"Man shot, I guess," Brewster mumbled back. "But I was busy looking for you. Gee! You scared me out of a year's growth!"

He kept his voice very low, speaking hurriedly, for two or three other passengers were already in the bus; another was just behind them: the conductor stood by—and they felt instinctively that no one must know they had come from the scene of the shooting. In the bus she whispered to him, nerves still fluttering, how she had heard the shots in the dark and run away and been completely lost. And he mumbled to her how he had been on the stairs when he heard the shots through the thin partition, and hurried down, but couldn't find her, and had run around aimlessly in a great alarm, finally thinking she might have fled to Washington Square to take a bus. . . . Yes, it seemed from what he overheard that a man had been killed. Shocking, of course. . . . He hadn't asked anyone to help him find her, and now they spoke very low. Without discussing the point, both felt instinctively that no one should know they had been at the scene of the shooting. They parted in the hotel lobby.

In the morning Brewster looked at a newspaper and telephoned to her room, asking her to join him at breakfast. By the time a waiter showed her to a table for two, at which Brewster sat, he had read four newspapers. The news, so to speak, was in his glum face. In fact, it had been in his glum voice when he telephoned.

For the morning newspapers disclosed that those two shots in the dark beside the dance hall had been no mere

metropolitan, run-of-mill homicide, but front-page stuff. The dead man was Monte Monk, a famous underworld character. The papers said he had lately been to prohibition-enforcement headquarters with tales of bootlegging for the purpose, as they callously surmised, of ridding himself of some obnoxious rivals. However, prohibition-enforcement headquarters banked heavily on his testimony; so not only the city and local authorities but the Federal Government wanted very much to know all about his taking off. The theory was that a woman had lured him to the fatal spot. All the newspaper accounts made much of a woman in a blue coat with a white fur collar who was seen running from the scene immediately after the shots were fired. Nancy wore a blue coat with a white fur collar. The newspapers spoke disparagingly of that dance hall. The police, it appeared, had been thinking of shutting it up.

"I didn't really see a thing," Nancy was saying. "It was dark as a pocket. I just heard the shots behind the stairs, and saw the flashes and ran away. I don't see what good it would do to tell the police that, do you?"

She said it low, in a soft, tremulous little plea. And Brewster, frowning, heartily reassured her.

"Of course not! Of course not! It wouldn't do any good at all. You see, Nan, your telling the police would be all right; but you know what these rotten yellow newspapers would make of it. They'd make—a smear of it; make it just as ugly as they could. I didn't know it, and you didn't; but the papers say that joint is off color. I'm here without my wife, you're here without your husband, you missed the train, and so on. . . . Yellow papers making a rotten smear of it, you see. They always do. Lot of old blue-nosed Jim Crows, male and female, out in Cantona, would eat it up. It would make a smear." He found relief in growling, "I'd like to lick that pup Ely. He lives here. He knew he shouldn't take you there."

But Nan protested tolerantly, "Oh, no! I suppose he didn't think anything about it. The newspapers always exaggerate. Probably loads of perfectly nice people go there." She was always finding excuses.

"Anyhow, it's a smear," he repeated glumly. "Your going to the police would be all right, only they'd hand it on to the newspapers. . . . Certainly Mark would be all right and Molly would be all right."

But there was, perhaps, a gloomier touch in this assertion of his wife's all-rightness. Usually he admired Molly's competence, and often boasted of it; but in this present case, if the newspapers made a smear of it, her competence would express itself by telling him very frankly that he had made a great fool of himself by going with Nancy Spencer to a place he knew nothing about on the suggestion of a man he knew nothing particularly good of. There was gall in that. However, it was not of Mark or Molly that he was really thinking.

"I'd hate like the devil to see the anvil chorus out there start the hammers going—hate to feel that I'd let you in for a mess, Nan." He hesitated, lowered his eyes and added in dismal sympathy, "John Spencer is a fine man, and his wife's a fine woman in a lot of ways. But they're pretty strait-laced in their notions."

At that, Nancy regarded him with round, grave blue eyes. Her husband's parents were, indeed, fine people; but quite old-fashioned in their ideas of what was proper for a young woman—especially a young woman who was married to their only son and the mother of two helpless, innocent little children. In the six years of her married life she had carefully concealed from them the fact that now and then, in cigarette-smoking company, she smoked a cigarette.

She murmured, wide-eyed, and with a flutter of fear in her voice, "But the police might find me anyway. The bus conductor, or somebody, might have noticed my coat."

"Well—they might," Brewster admitted reluctantly, "but the chances are all against it. Must be a million women with blue coats. . . . Seems to me, Nan," he said judicially, "that you better sit tight. Course, if you really knew anything about the shooting it would be different—maybe. But you don't. You couldn't tell anything that would do any good. You better sit tight."

And it was so decided. She mentioned forlornly that she had no wrap other than the blue coat, and if she were to sit tight she should not display herself on the street in that garment. But at once she brightened up.

"Oh, it doesn't matter! I've nothing to do till train time. I'll get some magazines or a book and stay in my room." She smiled cheerfully. "I can while away a few hours catching up on the sleep I missed last night."

Brewster was unhappy about leaving her to herself that way, practically a prisoner in her room until train time. And they might trace her by the blue coat—pounce down on her and drag her off to police headquarters. Leaving her seemed a base desertion. But there was really nothing he could do to help her, and the business conference at half past nine was very important. He hovered unhappily around, writing down the telephone number at which he could be reached, enjoining upon her several times that she must telephone for him at once if anything came up.

He left her waiting for an elevator. The smile over her shoulder to him was so cheery that his conscience smote him afresh. Sort of rotten to leave her like that when some detective might be coming to nab her. But there was nothing he could do; she would telephone if anything came up; this nine-thirty conference was mighty important; already he was a little late. He hurried to the street door and, outside, gave an address and dived into a cab.

Unhappy about leaving Nan that way. . . . But she was such a dog-gone little blockhead, missing her train and then running off to a wop joint with a fellow she knew hardly at all! No use in anybody being so blamed heedless, he grumbled to himself. At her age she ought to have more sense. . . . For one thing stood out in his mind like a big red barn on a flat pasture: There would be no place in the inner council of the Detweiler Rubber Company for a man who got himself into a smear by being caught at two A. M. with another man's wife in a dubious dance hall where a murder was enacted. One might repeat until one was black in the face that Asa P. Detweiler was a Pharisaical old bigot, full of unreasonable prejudices that ought to have no weight in deciding a matter of business. But repeating all that till the cows came home did not in the least shake Asa P.'s strangle hold on the rubber company, or prevent him from disposing of the half dozen topnotch jobs exactly as he pleased. Brewster had set his heart on the general managership. It was the acid test to decide whether he should go on with the rubber company or pull up stakes. He had been very hopeful about it; but now it certainly did beat the devil how things fell out.

The rubber company had New York offices and a salesroom just off Columbus Circle. Brewster was five minutes

Continued on Page 53

Mr. Ely Had Suggested That They All Go Down to a Very Amusing Dance Hall He Knew of in Greenwich Village—a Name Which Alluringly Suggested Artists, Bohemia, Night Life, Color and Drama, With a Little of the Piquant Flavor of Forbidden Fruit

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 18, 1922

Back to 1890

MR. ROY L. GARIS, of Vanderbilt University, sponsors a plan for the rational restriction of immigration that is so admirably simple and equitable, and yet holds such large promise of effectiveness, that it is hard to understand why it was not long ago threshed out in Congress.

Even the most superficial student of immigration matters knows that between the years 1870 and 1910 the racial proportions of incoming aliens underwent the most sweeping changes. Those forty years marked the transition from the so-called old immigration to the new. During the first of the four intervening decades rather more than two million immigrants came to us from Western Europe. For the most part they were of strains that can be assimilated. During the same period the inflow from Southern and Eastern Europe was a scant two hundred thousand. Three decades later—that is to say, from 1901 to 1910 the arrivals from Western Europe were about the same, but the immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe increased more than thirtyfold, or to a figure in excess of six millions. It was the introduction of these refractory strains which began to overwhelm us in the 1890's that bore in upon us the fact that we had an immigration problem, and one not to be solved by the melting-pot process, in which we had come to put so much faith.

Our existing law of May 19, 1921, that was to expire by limitation on June thirtieth of the present year and was later extended to June 30, 1923, provides that "the number of aliens of any nationality who may be admitted under the immigration laws to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to three per centum of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States, as determined by the United States Census of 1910."

As a temporary measure, this law has been of inestimable value in meeting a grave emergency; but even its friends are free to admit that it is unscientific legislation, in that it establishes the numbers that may be admitted without setting up acceptable standards of quality for the persons so favored. Indeed, it was realized before the passage of the act that its logical operation would make it inevitable that a considerable proportion of its beneficiaries would be persons that America does not need and does not want, aliens that would almost certainly prove national liabilities rather than national assets.

Mr. Garis ingeniously proposes to remedy the weaknesses of the present law by the passage of a new act in which the percentage rule shall be applied to the body of aliens in the country at the time of the census of 1890. The merits of this proposal are obvious. In the year 1890 our population was still comparatively homogeneous; the immigrants living here at that time were for the most part of sound, assimilable stock. Taken by and large, they were the stuff of which Americans have been successfully made for the past hundred years. Given the same material, we can go on for another century making the sort of citizens we used to make thirty years ago. Measured in terms of racial values, any given percentage of our alien element of 1890 bears about the same relationship to a like percentage of our foreign population of 1910 as a bushel of dollar bills bears to the same bulk of ruble notes. Automatically such a law as Mr. Garis suggests sets a high standard rather than a low one, and at the same time fixes those definite numerical limitations that instincts of national self-preservation dictate.

The comparative remoteness of the year 1890 cannot be made the basis of any valid argument against adopting the racial values of that period. A practical advantage of going back to 1890 for our definitions and specifications for a really useful and beneficent inflow of foreigners is that such a measure may fairly claim the support of those who formed their opinion on immigration matters some thirty or forty years ago and have never seen the necessity of altering it to conform to utterly changed conditions. Then, too, such a law, in addition to being eminently fair and equitable, would be a fine and well-deserved tribute to those immigrants of a past generation to whom the country owes so much. It would be a fitting recognition of the sterling qualities of the Scandinavian peoples, who have done so much to build up the Northwest; of the Germans of the Carl Schurz type, who came to us in such numbers before the Civil War; of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, who, perhaps more than any other races, take to Americanism as a duck takes to water and are perfectly assimilated in a single decade; and of still other peoples who have materially contributed to our national health and vigor.

There is every reason to suppose that a measure drawn along the lines indicated by Mr. Garis would raise a storm of protest among the nationals whose quotas it would reduce. This is the invariable effect of any legislative proposals that are frankly framed for the benefit of America and Americans rather than for that of Europe and Europeans. And yet, as in the case of any bill, the character of the opposition may be the strongest kind of evidence of intrinsic merit.

During the past two or three years national sentiment upon immigration matters has undergone radical changes. From coast to coast many large employers have come to see the light; and to their credit be it said, many of them have materially modified their views as to the necessity for the sort of foreign labor that is cheap in dollars and ruinously dear in everything else. They have had the courage to swing around to Gen. Leonard Wood's belief that "the American cement has about all the sand it will stand."

The best thing that can possibly happen to American business is full employment for all labor at good wages.

Opéra Bouffe to Business

GREAT figures have appeared at various stages of European history. These map-changing supermen have generally fallen into three classifications—ambitious monarchs, powerful generals or astute diplomats—and they have played big parts in the advancing or the retarding of civilization. It has been the crisis or the opportunity that has created them in the past; and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that out of the muddle in Europe today there may yet emerge a great man. If he comes, or when he comes, let us hope that he will be neither monarch, general nor diplomat, but a superman of organization. Let us hope, further, that he will come soon.

Europe today is like an overcrowded industry at the close of a competitive war during the course of which everyone engaged has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. There are too many little countries with their own languages, their own currencies, their own customhouses and tariffs; and, worse still, their own antiquated customs, racial hates and reactionary policies. They could probably have gone along for another generation on the same crazy-quilt lines if the war had not come. But the war has served the same purpose as the inevitable price-cutting competition in any industry where conditions are bad and too many are sitting in. Now, if general bankruptcy is to be avoided, there must be sweeping Continental reorganization. The moment is ripe for the appearance of a Bismarck of business or a Frederick of finance.

It is impossible to treat any European country separately for the ills from which they all suffer. The revival of trade, the reëstablishment of credits, the rehabilitation of currencies and the improvement of transportation are problems that can be solved only by concerted action. It is an interesting speculation as to what the results would be if in the settlement of the European muddle national pretensions and racial antipathies were left out, and the determination to put things on a common-sense, businesslike basis governed the proceedings. Certainly, in the reestablishment of finances no nation would be left free to spend beyond its resources. The maintenance of armies would be in direct ratio to a nation's financial standing, if no better method of restriction were found. The boundary lines which crisscross Europe so thickly today would in time diminish. Trade would become freer and customhouses less numerous. Little nations would no longer shut themselves off fiercely from the rest of the world and let time and progress pass them by. Forms of government and methods of living would approach closer to a common standard. Finally, the revival of Europe from the effects of the war would be surprisingly rapid and sure.

All this could be brought about if common sense ruled in place of tradition, superstition, greed and racial distrust. Continental Europe must get out of *opéra bouffe* and down to business.

The Effects of Travel

ALTHOUGH much has been written on the broadening and civilizing effect of motor transportation, it is too early as yet to weigh the results of the increased habit of travel which the automobile has helped so much to bring about. No one knows whether national customs and ideas are being modified by the jitney touring and auto camps and parks of the West, or by the annual winter migrations of myriads of people, not alone the rich but those of very moderate means, to the Pacific Coast.

Offhand, it would appear that travel of any kind must rub off the sharp edges of provincialism. But in many cases it only appears to accentuate the narrow-mindedness of the sojourner. The American tourist in Europe has long been the subject of ridicule. The Easterner in the West, the Westerner in New York—both may be just as petty when their trip is finished as before. It is difficult to pour more into a bottle, and expect it to stay, than the capacity calls for. Men and women must have certain depths of character, a certain natural breadth of viewpoint and interests, to gain more than the most superficial enjoyment or benefit from travel.

Too much travel means practical disfranchisement and a total lack of interest in local affairs. It means nonparticipation in community, state and national activities. Travel is a great educator, but it cannot begin to teach so much as good hard work and live citizenship. These can be practiced in any community.

Like vacations, travel should not become a permanent vice. It can have no good effect unless the tourist starts out in the right spirit, prepared to learn and benefit, determined to find what is good in every community rather than to emphasize its inevitable shortcomings. Those who go in this spirit are sure to have a new and fresh revelation of the unity of their country, of the splendid quality of its people in thousands upon thousands of scattered places. Travel can teach no lesson of more value than the knowledge that everywhere, whether the climate be hot or cold, the towns large or small, men of upstanding character are spending their lives to make those communities better places in which to live.

EVERY ADVANTAGE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN my eldest son was born I took the new responsibility seriously. I was a professional man in moderate circumstances and I settled down grimly to increase my income. Up to this point I had worried along on very little. My wife was a good sport—a good enough sport to marry me when every cent I had in the world was five hundred dollars and the future all a gamble; but we had managed very comfortably. Now with the boy to consider I must have more. In this respect I was no more conscientious than the average American father, but I had a background that made me think a little more seriously about the proposition.

Up to the time I entered college I had led, with few interruptions, a pretty easy life. Sent abroad with a tutor for several years, I returned to carry on through a preparatory school, which I remember principally for the many good times it afforded. As I look back I see myself as rather indolent, somewhat conceited and decidedly self-centered. This was a comfortable old world and my future was well assured at least through college and the law school. All I had to do was to jog along at a pace calling for no special effort.

Early Struggles

THEN in my freshman year came a reversal of fortune that left me confronted with the necessity of earning my own living. This was no vague and general problem; it was as definite and pressing as hunger. It called for immediate action. And I was as ill prepared for the task as any five-year-old child. Except for a pair of good arms and a couple of stout legs I was quite useless to the world. At this stage I was neither fish, fowl nor good red herring; neither artist nor artisan. By a happy chance, however, I did secure a job, a plain, ordinary job of running errands in an institution that in return furnished me food of a sort, a room in an attic and five dollars a week. It was a humiliating position offering neither inspiration nor hope. I was surrounded by men who had lost themselves in this stagnant pool for years as in a prison. Dumbly, stupidly, blankly they went the round of their petty institutional duties year after year and year after year, separated from the men who were doing the live, interesting work by the impassable gulf of professional training. They were not so well off as the patients—poor, maimed creatures—for whom they cared.

These next few years were for me a nightmare. I could see what these other employes could not see and yet I was as helpless as they. Then, too, I reacted, as they did not, to the tragic scenes about me. My life had been sheltered from everything of the sort and I was sensitive. I was surrounded by sickness and death and the ghastly trappings of the operating table. The air I breathed was permeated by the aromatic but suggestive fumes of ether. I was in direct contact with wholesale suffering humanity, without any scientific training or interest to make this bearable. For two years in a mental turmoil I endured this.

I was still clinging to the possibility of completing my education as the only possible means of escape when my awakened imagination suggested another avenue. The newspaper field, like the army, holds open a hospitable door to everyone. It cares nothing for a man's past—or his future either—but takes him for what he is worth at the moment. A kindly city editor agreed to try me out on a salary of five dollars a week. It was all I was worth. I knew nothing of the game; nothing of the city; nothing of life. Within twenty-four hours I was in the midst of all three and my head whirling.

Perhaps it was because everything was so fresh to me that I succeeded. I saw vividly and wrote vividly. But I was paid very little and for years earned scarcely more than enough to keep going from week to week. For a decade my legitimate desires were unsatisfied, and it was this fact—the craving for a more stable and normal position in society that led me to make the final change in my work by which I have since abided. Many lean years followed, but in the end I won a fair enough measure of success to feel secure—some twenty years from the time I started.

I had tasted the bitterness of acute poverty, had experienced the terror of an apparently hopeless struggle, had suffered the humiliation of occupying an inferior position, and I did not propose that this son of mine should go through anything of the sort. As the first protective step I took out insurance—over fifty thousand dollars' worth. This, on top of the added expense that comes even in the early years of a child, called for a generous slice out of my income annually. It meant giving up a lot of personal ambitions to which I had looked forward. One of them was a brick house of my own, the plans of which I had long had in mind. Another was a leisurely trip abroad which my wife and I had often dreamed about. Another was the fattening of our private bank account so that we might eventually find ourselves enjoying an independent income.

Instead of for myself, however, I started a savings-bank account for the boy in order to insure his college education. I wanted this to be large enough to pay all his expenses, if necessary, through the four years. This called for a deposit annually of from two to three hundred dollars. I took this out of the velvet—little extra earnings—that my wife and I used to squander for the luxuries we could not afford out of ordinary earnings. We did not miss the money particularly, because we had less leisure now in which to spend.

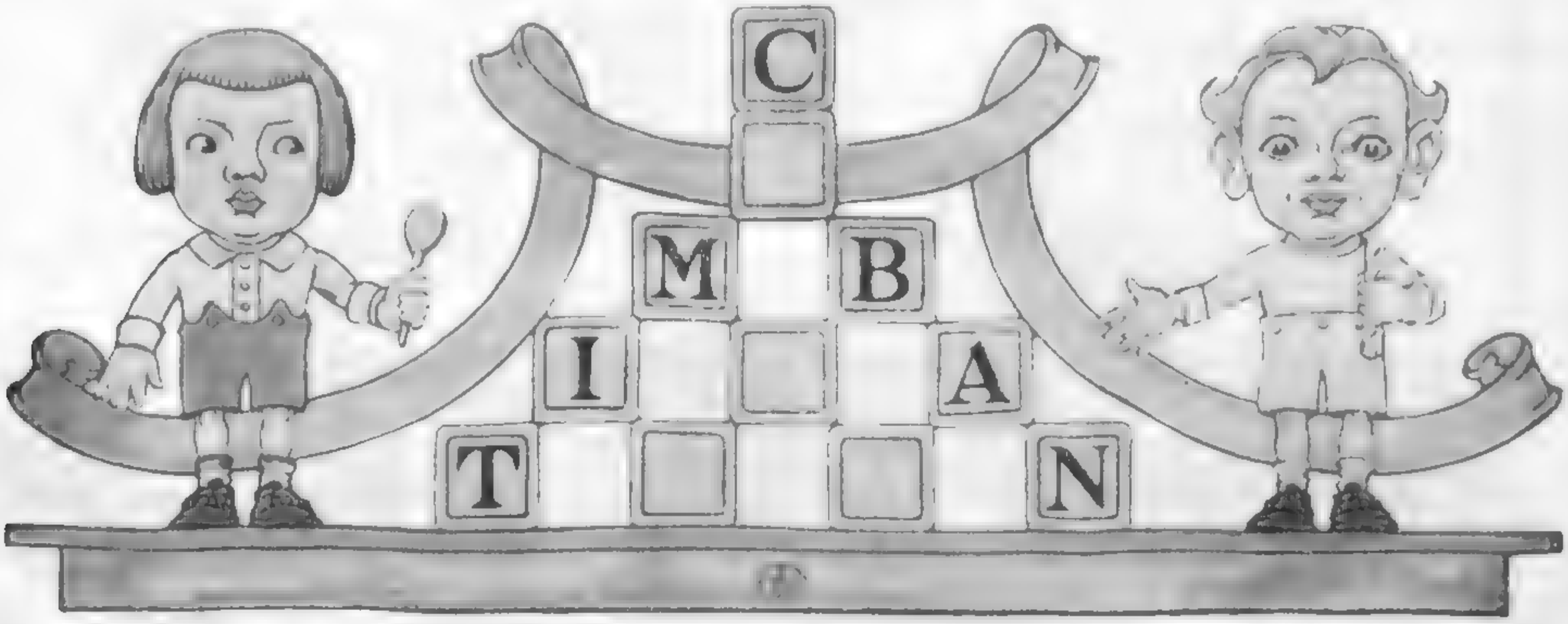
About the time we had these plans in good working order another child came. Two years later came another and finally a fourth. My income had in the meantime steadily increased and we welcomed each new arrival as enthusiastically as the first, for both of us believed firmly that only through children could we accomplish the orderly and complete development of our lives. Our idea was that only by leaving more and if possible better human beings in our places could we justify our own existence. If we were links in the progressive development of the race—if we were not that, what were we?—then our duty was clear.

Growing Responsibilities

I INCREASED my insurance and started a savings-bank account for each child as soon as he was born. This brought my fixed obligations, outside living expenses, to more than before our total expenses had been. This called for economy, but I do not wish to give the impression that we felt like martyrs. We did not. We were happier than we had ever been in our lives. But little by little we had almost completely given ourselves up to our children. We had turned over to them our time, our thought and our money. We were bent upon seeing that they should enjoy every advantage.

Each child in himself was a separate problem, but the development of the oldest boy was typical, and though the others varied with their dispositions they reflected the same general tendencies. This youngster was alert intellectually and rather high-strung. It was a pleasure to teach him and a pleasure to entertain him because he responded so quickly. He learned to read early, and at five I placed him in a small private school, principally because it was located conveniently near the house. The instruction was given by a retired public-school teacher and was without frills. She stuck to reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, and followed the old-fashioned method of making her pupils work instead of trying to make them believe that school was a novel kind of game. She insisted, too, on thoroughness, and under her guidance the boy

(Continued on Page 121)



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Song of the Conventions

WE'D dance, with grapes in our wind-tossed hair,
And garments of swirling smoke;
We'd fling wild song to the amorous air,
Till the long-dead gods awoke.
Our quivering bodies, young and white,
Poised light by the brooklet's brink,
We'd whirl and leap through the moon-mad night—
But what would the neighbors think?

We'd bid the workaday world go hang,
And idle the seasons through;
We'd pay no tribute of thought or pang
To the world that once we knew.
With hearts in ecstasy intertwined,
In languorous, sweet content,
We'd leave all worry and care behind—
But how would we pay the rent?

We'd roam the universe, hand in hand,
Through tropical climes, or cold,
And find each spot was a wonderland,
A country of pearl and gold.
Our hearts as light as the sunlit foam,
We'd voyage the oceans o'er,
With never a thought for those at home—
But wouldn't our folks be sore?

—Dorothy Parker.

Movie Statistics

From the Program of Any Superfeature Production

IN THE making of the palace set 4,678,936 nails were used and 575,000 square yards of supercanvas.

The noise of the supercarpenters putting the set together could be distinctly heard as far from Hollywood as Portland, Oregon.

For the lawn party of the duchess in Reel Two no less than 7000 quarts of supergrass seed were sown upon 15,000 cubic yards of superrich soil.

In the shipwreck scene of Reel Four 75,000,000 gallons of supersea water were used; also 3000 sealed oxygen tanks of high-pressure hurricane, bottled in the South Sea Islands.

The silk sweaters of Miss Flickerface, the star, represent the toil of 107,000 supersilkworms from Japan. A delegation of 75,000 silkworms, specially selected in Tokio by experts, provided the material for her stockings.

For the Alaskan blizzard spectacle in Reel Five 200 carloads of superrock salt were used as snow, driven by a ninety-mile gale generated by 250 electric fans, each seven feet in diameter.

Four hundred pine trees, totaling 964,982,239,006 pine needles, were used in the Alaskan set. On the Eskimo dogs there were 83,567,972 arctic fleas. *—A. H. F.*

Private memo. by director: Not less than 6000 barrels of superconcrete were in the heads of the cast.

Wanted: A Skipper

Letters of a Self-Made Burglar to His Son

Mr. Hogan, Sr., discusses with his son the present business depression, and the causes thereof.

June 9, 1922.

Dear Jack: I'm glad youre wise & are laying low while youre on bail. If things is slow you can grab off a little change by running over to Philly or Boston. Dont go and get impatient because you cant pull off a job every night.

As we used to say years ago, Jerome wasnt bilked in a day.

The trouble is that they's too many of them forrin elements crowding in the perfession. When I was a lad a good yegg was looked up to & the mothers used to point them out to their kids for an example & what they'd be if they was good & done their lessons & followed the paths of rightfulness. But nowadays them forrin elements has crabbed the game & what has become of the ambitious of them younger generations? They're growing up to be bootleggers & politicians.

Even the bulls is changed. Formly if you turned a trick you knowed just how much you knocked off for overhead expenses & just how it was split three ways. But now if you pull off a job its split so many ways that they aint enough left to pay for your taxi.

Steer clear of them forrin elements, Jack. America for the Americans, that's my motto. Yrs. respectfully, DAD.

—Newman Levy.

Our American Culture

THE culture of the plain peepul of America has recently come in for some rough handling at the hands of the satirists. The thought of an evening at the Jones', for instance, is enough to send our Swifts and our not so Swifts into screams of laughter. The intellectual level of such an evening, they say, reaches about this height: Mr. Jones relates how he would have broken his own record of 97 for the course yesterday if it hadn't been for that 14 on the tenth hole.

He doesn't know why, but he always seems to have one bad hole on every round. There was one other time, too, when, and so forth.

Mr. Boggs tells how he sold three gross of hairpins that had been on the shelves for two years by conceiving the idea of giving away a free hair bob with every two dozen hairpins.

The idea struck him like a flash, and he right away rushed into old Grimes' office, and so forth.

Mr. Smith describes his inside pull whereby he got coal when no one else in Frontlawn Gardens could. The Smiths were as warm as toast all winter while everybody else, and so forth.

Mr. Robinson contributes an analysis of the comparative merits of the rear ends of the Stuntz and the Puckered.

One of the women proposes bridge, and that really starts the evening. After the first six hands the dummies at each table dance to the phonograph.

Such, we are given to believe, is the culture of the typical American, and is why as a nation we are accomplishing nothing in the arts. As a typical, I hope, American, I have often winced under the severity of this indictment.

Judge, then, of my excitement when I was recently invited to spend an evening at the home of a writer friend. Somewhat in fear and trembling I immediately subscribed to three magazines and passed up an invitation to the Follies in order to read from A-Zym to Hoos-Gow in the encyclopedia. Primed thus for a real intellectual highball, I appeared at the appointed time.

And now that it is over, I come as an envoy bearing this message:

Fellow Joneses, there is hope for us. The next time a literary highbrow tries to show off, read him this digest of that evening's proceedings:

AUTHOR NO. 1: Saw Bill Cooper yesterday. Read his new book?

AUTHOR NO. 2: No. Any good?

NO. 1: Rotten. You been doing anything?

NO. 2: Only syndicate stuff. Moran wants me to do a book, but there's no money in it.

AUTHOR NO. 3: Say, anybody know why George Collumist left the Shriek?

NO. 2: I d'know. More money, I s'pose. What's he getting anyhow?

AUTHOR NO. 4: Fifteen-two, I hear.

NO. 1: Sounds like a game of cribbage.

NOS. 2, 3 AND 4: Haw! Haw!

AUTHORS NOS. 5 TO 19, INCLUSIVE: What's the big laugh?

NO. 4: Well, Art here was asking about George Collumist, and Jack here said, etc.

(Continued on Page 93)

"Don't You Know It's Saturday Night?"

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

Aiming straight. I'm here to state,
Brings you home the winner,
Just aim at health and you'll have wealth
Eat Campbell's for your dinner!

A hit every time!

Because it makes your appetite "sit up". Because it starts your meal off with a snap. Because it tastes so mighty good and meets your hunger more than half way. That's why you like Campbell's Tomato Soup. And remember it. And want it over and over again.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

has all the tomato purity and goodness. Skin, seeds and core fibre are carefully strained out. So the soup is a rich, smooth puree of luscious, tempting tomatoes, still tastier and richer because of the golden butter it contains and the delicate appetizing spices the famous Campbell's chefs blend into it. Order it from your grocer today and taste it! Taste it!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

This Cream of Tomato makes a great lunch!

See if it doesn't just "go to the spot"! It's a great favorite with the men—mighty good to eat, filling and very nourishing. Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

THE SELF-MADE WIFE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XIII

MRS. SATTER lived in a small frame house on the outskirts of Powderly. Her late husband had been the storekeeper for the mining company, so Mrs. Satter felt that her social position was better than that of the miners' wives, or even of the wives of the farmers in the surrounding countryside. She would not live on the farm which Mr. Satter had bought with his savings and on which he had hoped to spend his declining years; but after his death she rented it on shares, and was quite patronizing toward her tenants. For, like a number of Americans, Mrs. Satter was a democrat only when in the presence of her superiors.

She resented her son-in-law's rise to wealth and power as only such a democrat can. Tim the miner had not been a suitable match for the storekeeper's daughter. Now the storekeeper's widow found herself not a suitable mother-in-law for Tim. When Mrs. Satter had so hastily left Tim's house, after the first day's encounter with Miss Vincent, she had felt herself deeply injured and shockingly treated both by her son-in-law and by her daughter; but in reality she had been very glad of an excuse to go. She had not felt at ease in the dignified and beautiful old house, with its atmosphere of gentle people and a more gracious time. It had vaguely depressed her, seemed to belittle her, Mrs. Satter, one of the aristocrats of Powderly. She explained her feeling by thinking of the house as too old and dark, and the furniture too black and gloomy. And she had spent the ten days since her return in gossiping to all her neighbors about her daughter's domestic arrangements, and criticizing freely and exhaustively her son-in-law's terrible taste.

Mrs. Satter was entertaining a group of friends in this fashion on Wednesday night when Corrie arrived—a pale, tragic-eyed Corrie, carrying a sleepy baby, and followed by two travel-stained little sons and a great quantity of luggage.

"For the goodness gracious' sakes!" Mrs. Satter cried shrilly as she opened the front door into the narrow hall, which smelled faintly of kerosene and fried ham:

"Hush, mommer, please!" whispered Corrie, hearing the hum of voices from Mrs. Satter's guests, who were in the dining room at the end of the hall. "Haven't you got comp'ny?"

"Yes. But what ——"

"Please hush! Don't say anything until they've gone. Then I'll tell you."

"Why, Corrie Godwin! You haven't left Tim?"

"Oh, mommer, hush! Don't tell the whole neighborhood. Let me come in and lie down quietly. And please give the children some supper. After we changed cars there wasn't any diner on, or Pullman either."

"When did you start, to get here this time of night?"

"Seven this morning. Don't take the baby. She'll wake up and cry. Do I have to go in there and see those people? Can't I go up to my room?"

"She hasn't been home in ten years, and she wants to go upstairs without speaking to her old neighbors! Well, of all the stuck-up, purse-proud ——"

"I Know Now I Was Wrong—Because You're the Only Woman I've Ever Loved—You're the Only One I Ever Can"

"Oh, please don't fuss! I can't stand it," said Corrie, beginning to cry for the first time since she had left Dood's apartment at three o'clock that morning.

XIV

CORRIE had been at home a week, and Mrs. Satter, in spite of diligent daily cross-examination, knew nothing more than her daughter had told her in their first whispered conversation on the doorstep. If Corrie was anxious to preserve her secret from the neighbors she was equally vigilant in guarding it from her mother. And that lady felt the appropriate emotion at a child's ingratitude.

She would have been only too pleased to hear of some outrageous act on Tim's part, but Corrie would make no charge against him. Mrs. Satter felt provoked, both as a woman and as a mother; for there are few women, and no mothers, who will forgive another woman for not making a confidante of them. Mrs. Satter obeyed Corrie's wish in telling people that her daughter had come home only on a visit; but much may be done with a lifted eyebrow or a certain intonation. Soon all Powderly was looking at Corrie with sympathy not unmixed with satisfaction.

"Well, well, well! Money don't always bring happiness," clucked the good old ladies of Powderly, feeling comforted.

In her resentment of this atmosphere Corrie became more uncommunicative than ever. She and her mother had never been sympathetic. Corrie had expended all her childhood love on her father, a tall, lean, taciturn man, who liked to take his little girl for long walks through the woods and fields around Powderly. She was remembering him now more distinctly, and with greater regret, than at any other time since his death. She felt that she might have told her gentle and silent father of her trouble. At any rate he would not have interrupted her narrative with shrill screams of invective against Tim. That was what she dreaded from her mother. She would have liked to tell someone who would take Tim's part. Although, of course, there could be no excuse for him!

Corrie had gone away leaving no explanation. The chauffeur, who had bought her ticket and checked her baggage, would tell Tim where she had gone. And if he were guiltless, if he wanted her to come back, Tim would write, or he would follow her. But a week had passed, and there had been no letter, no Tim.

She was sure now that he had gone away with Elena. There could be no doubt. Yet Corrie could not bring herself to the point of putting all doubts at an end. She might have written to someone in her household or to Dood, or she might have employed a lawyer to discover whether her suspicions were correct. But Corrie could not do that. She could not tell anyone. She was too ashamed; more than that—too afraid. She felt in her heart that there was no doubt of Tim's treachery, but if she were sure of it—if it were proved—no! She could only wait in silence, trembling, expecting the inevitable blow to fall, but preferring the torture of uncertainty to the dreadful knowledge.

Unable to find any comfort in her mother, Corrie took long walks alone in the country every day, retracing the steps that she and her father had taken when she was a little girl. She thought of him very tenderly now, tried to evoke his gentle, tolerant presence as she followed the dusty road past farmhouses or climbed the narrow winding paths through the beech woods. How unhappy he must have been! She realized it only now that she was so unhappy, so out of harmony with the surroundings of her childhood.

For Corrie had come back after ten years to find that her native town was no longer home, and that nothing but the memory of her father remained to attach her to the place she had once loved.

Unconsciously Corrie had changed. Her standard of living, her estimate of people, her ideas of good taste and conduct and culture and beauty had been unconsciously but none the less deeply changed by all the years she had spent away—particularly by the experiences of the past year. Most violent reversal of all Powderly standards—the week with Elena! For Corrie, like most country girls, was extremely observant. Not a look nor a gesture nor a phrase of Elena's had escaped her, although she pretended indifference. Stubbornness is often only the outward sign of a very impressionable nature, eager to imitate and to improve; but impressionable people are sensitive people, and they must build up a shell of pride to protect themselves from the prying fingers of the world. If Tim had understood this he might have made of Corrie what he would by a method of indirect suggestion. But criticism.

(Continued on Page 30)

The owner of a Type 61 Cadillac not only regards it with profound satisfaction, but he cannot see how it would be possible today to produce a more nearly perfect piece of automotive mechanism.

He is willing to concede that he may be partial, but even allowing for his intense pride of ownership he fails to find any automobile anywhere that has proved its right to rank with the Cadillac.

Certainly not in sustained dependability. He experiences a clock-like regularity of performance in the car, on short trips and long, which he insists cannot be duplicated save in another Cadillac.

He knows that his car's power is amazingly vigorous and supple; that driving it is an almost effortless pleasure; that its acceleration is instantaneous.

He thinks of its incredible lightness of movement, so smooth that passengers have a sense of being literally winged on their way, and nowhere can he find the like of it.

Whatever phase or feature of it he turns to, whether its impressive beauty or its luxury or its extended endurance, his conviction is but strengthened that the Cadillac is a standard unto itself.

And in the correlation of these qualities, the union in one automobile of all desired features, there is no doubt in the Cadillac owner's mind as to his car's leadership.

He congratulates himself that in Type 61 he possesses the automobile which he desires above all others to own, and to his mind the fact that it is recording the most successful year in Cadillac history is the natural and inevitable result of its unequalled quality.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 28)

commands, ridicule had caused her only to withdraw still further into her shell.

Corrie, who had not realized the changes that had been going on in her mental attitude, was surprised at her reaction against Powderly and her mother's house. True, she had not expected either to be beautiful, but now they were actually distasteful.

She found the village hopelessly dreary, ugly, dirty; her mother's house too small, too stuffy, too crammed with furniture and ornaments. The little parlor with its jigsawed oak rocking-chairs, the cozy corner with its tentlike drapery and piles of eccentric cushions, the seashells and souvenir spoons and World's Fair handkerchief on the mantelpiece, the enlarged crayon portraits, the lace curtains tied back with blue bows, and that masterpiece of Mrs. Satter's creative instinct—the plaque made out of broken bits of china, tinted, and cemented together—all caused Corrie to feel as if she were being smothered. She longed for wide airy rooms, with restful open spaces of wall and floor and window.

Her own room—close up under the tin roof, smelling of straw matting and almost completely filled by a huge creaking bed—was almost unbearable in the heat, which had suddenly pressed down like a steaming sponge. Her mother's wedding certificate, wreathed in pink Cupids, hung over her bed. And on the wall above the bowl and pitcher was a passe-partouted placard with the neatly lettered words: "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone."

A horrid remark, Corrie thought. True—but cynical.

She was worried about the children. Little Corrie was not well. The hurried trip, the change of diet, and the heat had upset her. Her rosy color was gone, and her former lively interest in all the fascinating objects of this world, particularly eatable objects. She lay languidly staring at her mother, who fanned her through the hot afternoons; or pale and fretful, was taken out for an airing in a little red wagon by her brothers. The boys were well enough, but they were becoming more unmanageable every day under their grandmother's régime. Mrs. Satter's theory of dietetics was that a child had sense enough to stop eating when it had had enough; her theory of discipline, that the children should rule the house. They might race through every room, upset furniture, break china, shout, hammer, blow tin whistles, dictate the hours of meals and amusement and rest, monopolize the conversation—and Mrs. Satter, who was so easily irritated by adults, seemed only to be amused by her grandsons. Corrie was helpless before her obstreperous sons, backed by their stubborn grandmother. Her quivering nerves were unbearably upset by their noise and naughtiness.

"I'm going to put the boys in school," she declared one morning at breakfast.

Mrs. Satter clicked her tongue, and her face brightened and sharpened with curiosity.

"Oh, then! Well, then, you're goin' to stay," she said significantly.

"Yes."

"You left Tim for good, then, Corrie, have you?"

"Sh! Mamma!" Corrie glanced warningly toward the boys.

"Oh, they ain't listenin'," said Mrs. Satter, who shared in the usual comfortable delusion that children do not understand adults' affairs.

"Go and get ready for school," Corrie told her sons.

"Aw—mom —mer ——"

"Hush now. I've had as much of your disobedience and impudence as I'm going to stand."

"I wouldn't mind going to school if you'd brought Miss Glenn," said James. "Why didn't you bring Miss Glenn, mamma?"

"Humph!" cried Mrs. Satter. "Who's Miss Glenn?"

"Their governess."

"Governess! Well!" She clicked her tongue. "Listen to my young millionaire! Village school ain't good enough for him. Pity! Well, that's where your mommer went, young man. It was good enough for her. And as for your popper—" she laughed scornfully—"all the book learnin' he ever got could ha' been put in my thimble."

"Mamma! Please don't talk to the children that way."

"Miss Glenn says you ought to say mah-mah and pah-pah."

"What do you mean—about daddy?" Tim junior asked gravely. "Didn't he ever go to school at all, gran'ma?"

"He was nothin' but an ignorant coal miner."

"That's a great big black story!" James screamed. "My daddy knows a whole lot more than you do!"

"James! Don't you talk like that to your gran'ma."

"Well, she better not talk like that about my daddy."

"It isn't true, is it, mamma?" Tim asked.

"Yes," said Corrie. "Yes, it is true. And you ought to be proud of it! It's all the more credit to him now. He didn't have his education handed out to him on a silver platter.

"Your father worked for everything he got. And you ought to be proud to have a man like that for your father."

"Well, of all things!" gasped Mrs. Satter. "After the way he's treated you, Corrie!"

"What's daddy done?"

"There, mamma, I told you! Stop talking before the children like that."

"Oh, pshaw!" Mrs. Satter clicked her tongue. "No harm meant is no harm done. Besides, far as that goes, I don't know anything myself to tell 'em. I'm sure I don't know anything at all about your affairs, Corrie. Might as well be a stranger, for all I know."

"There's nothing to know."

"How long are we going to stay here?" Tim asked.

"Maybe all the time. Don't bother me."

"Will daddy come here to live too?" James asked.

"Don't bother me, I tell you. Go and get ready for school. Wash your hands, brush your teeth, get clean handkerchiefs."

When the boys had left the room Corrie said, "I know you think it's funny, mamma, my not talking any more, but I can't. I'd like to stay here for a while anyway, until I can decide what to do. But I just can't stay if you bother me asking questions."

"Far be it from me to force anyone to tell me anything they don't want to," said Mrs. Satter. "An' I never was one to devil a body with questions. Are you goin' to get a divorce, Corrie?"

"Oh! There you go again, mommer. After you said you wouldn't."

"Well, good gracious' sakes, if I can't even ask a simple necessary thing like that! Besides, he ought to pay you alimony, Corrie. Big alimony, I sh'd judge, goin' by all you see now'-days in the papers."

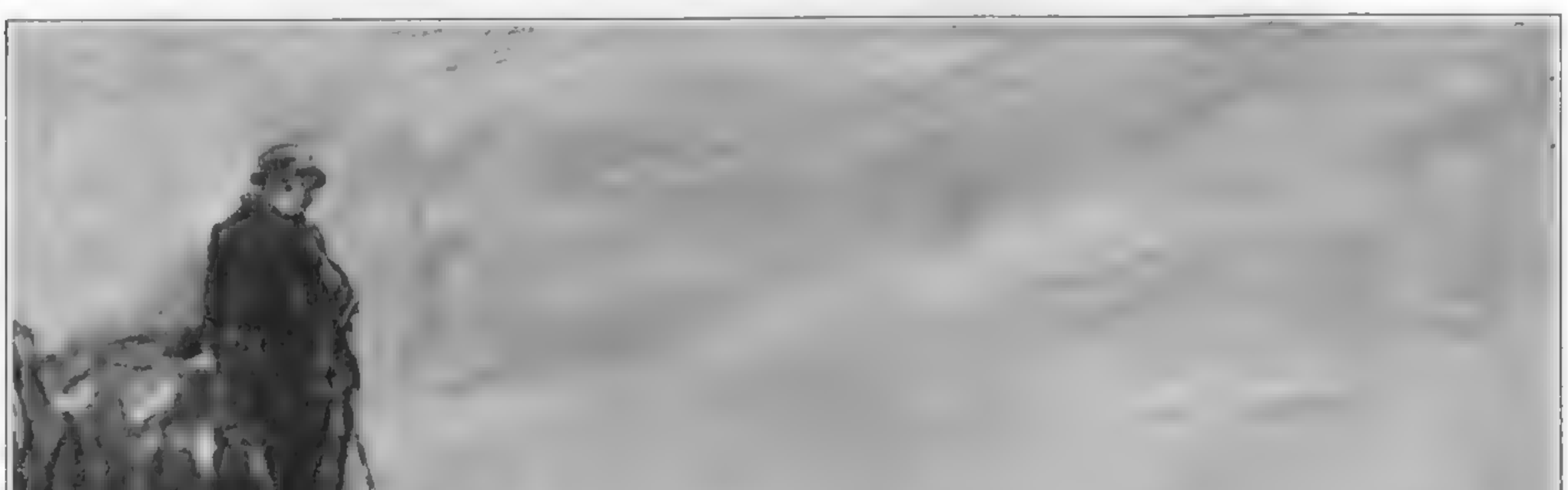
"I don't want alimony."

"How you goin' to get along without it?"

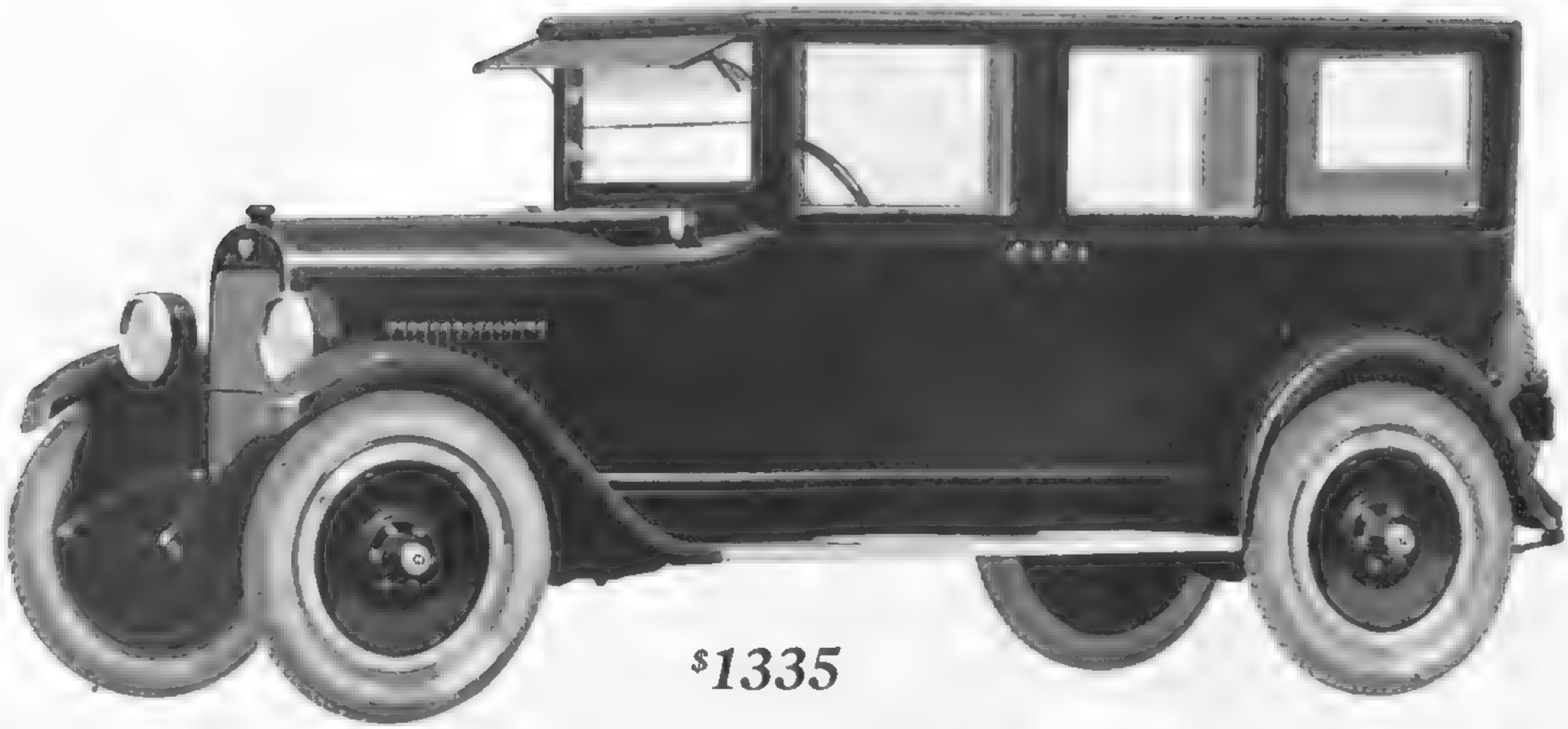
"I can go to work."

"Work! Well, of all the silly notions!"

(Continued on Page 32)



The Faint Smoke of Men's Hearth Fires Rose Steadily Into the Infinitude of the Sky. So Hopes Rose, Ambitions, Ideals



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Outselling because it deserves to outsell—because tens of thousands of people pronounce it far-and-away the best closed car purchase in the world's market today.

The good Maxwell sedan is a car of roominess and comfort. Long tours are completed without tiresome effect. Large side windows, all of which can be lowered, and the broad rear light, offer clear vision in all directions. Double ventilating windshield gives complete control of ventilation. Upholstery is broadcloth. Hardware is the new satin-finish. The quality equipment anticipates the desires of the owner. A windshield visor carries off rain without splashing the windshield. Rear-view mirror, heater, parking lights, dome light, windshield wiper, Yale locks on doors, steel disc wheels, and non-skid cord tires all around, are included. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added. Sedan, $1335; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1235; Club Coupe, $985; Touring, $885; Roadster, $885.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

The Good

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 30)

"I've got nearly ten thousand dollars in the bank; I can live on that for a good while in Powderly. You've got to let me pay my share of expenses, mamma—I won't live on you. Then, before that's all gone, I can find a job."

"Well, indeed you won't. Not here in Powderly!"

"Why not?"

"An' disgrace me before all the neighbors?"

"But, mamma, you've always told me it wasn't any disgrace to work."

"You're known as a rich woman. Everyone knows Tim is rich. I won't have such a come-down for my daughter."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Make Tim support you an' the children, as he ought."

"I won't take his money, I tell you!"

"Didn't he give you that ten thousand?"

"Yes—but that was different."

"Why?"

"He gave me that when—when he—when he still liked me."

"Oh! I knew it! I knew it! That's what I said right along! He's in love with another woman! Oh, I knew it! I knew it! After you've given him all the best years of your life. An' three children. Oh, men are deceivers ever! Who is it? That Miss Vincent?"

"Mamma—please! That's why I didn't want to talk about it—please don't go on so!"

"Oh, my poor child! My poor little daughter!" Mrs. Satter cried, clasping Corrie to her with melodramatic fervor, and thoroughly enjoying the scene. "Now, at las', she tells her own mother all. Cry all you want. Ain't it a blessed relief to tell your own mother all?"

"No, it isn't," said Corrie, pulling away. "And I haven't told you anything. And please don't tell the neighbors I have."

"Oh, sharper than a snake bite is an ungrateful child," said Mrs. Satter. "Well, anyway, Corrie, it wouldn't take long before you could get good an' even with Tim!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, as pretty as you are, and if you won't take alimony ——"

"What on earth ——"

"Why, marry again!"

"Mamma!"

"Why not? Tim Godwin ain't the only rich man on earth. And you, with your looks and those new clothes you got—I never have seen you look as well, even if you are down in the mouth. It wouldn't take long for you to catch another husband."

"Oh, please don't, please don't!"

"Corrie Godwin, you don't mean to tell me you're still in love with Tim!"

Corrie turned pale. Her lips set in a firm line. Her eyes were hard as she looked at her mother.

"I don't mean to tell you anything," she said.

XV

THE schoolhouse, which was at the extreme end of the village away from the mines, was a dilapidated boxlike frame building, set on a grassless patch of ground, surrounded by an unpainted board fence.

All around this ugly little space of man's contriving the hills rose in serene beauty. The thick woods began here—beeches and oak and heavy underbrush—laurel and ivy and scarlet flowering creepers. Outside, the air was cool and sweet with the breath of the woods. Inside the schoolroom, the air was heavy and stale, dusty with chalk, pervaded with the scent that Maupassant has named—and which he alone could describe—the odor of poverty. And an atmosphere of dreariness, thick as the chalk dust, hung over the whole place. The desks were old, battered, stained with ink, notched by knives; the blackboard was peeling; there were no curtains or pictures, colored maps, plants or any of the cheerful brightness of a modern schoolroom. Fifty or sixty children, ranging in age from six to sixteen, sat together in the one room. With only one teacher no division of classes was possible.

Corrie's sons looked at the ugly bare place in astonishment. Even in the days of their parents' poverty they had never known anything like this. For them a schoolroom had always been a clean, cheerful place, even though the lessons themselves might prove tedious.

Corrie, too, felt a sinking of the heart. She had forgotten how hideous and dreary the school was. This was the place to which she had condemned her children by running away from their father. These uncouth and unwashed children must be their associates.

Then a wave of pity swept over her heart as she looked at the children. In many of them was a pathetic attempt at cleanliness, and even adornment. Some of the little freckled faces were scrubbed until they shone. The careful bows of ribbon on the little girls' hair made Corrie want to weep. She knew how anxiously those bits of ribbon were cherished; washed, ironed, washed again, taken off, always, after school was over, and put away. She knew how one's gingham dress must be saved for school. The old calico, falling into holes, would do for home and play. Here it was that Corrie had learned to make the distinction to which Tim objected—that between everyday dresses and good dresses.

The teacher was coming down the aisle, between rows of curiously turning heads, to Corrie and her sons, who stood in the doorway. She was a slight, pale, worried-looking young woman, whose face held a constant nervous frown between the spectacled eyes.

"How do you do?" said Corrie. "I'm Mrs. Godwin, and these are my boys, Tim and James. I want to put them in school."

"Oh, I'm afraid there isn't any room," the girl said with a weary sigh. "We are so crowded already. There isn't a vacant desk. Have you just moved here?"

"Yes," said Corrie.

"Well; if you're going to stay ——" She looked at Corrie's pretty frock in surprise. "Your husband doesn't work in the mines?" she asked.

"No," said Corrie, "but he used to. And I came to school here myself."

"You did!" The girl looked more surprised than ever. "Well, of course if you want to enter your sons I suppose I'll have to manage somehow. We could put chairs at the back of the room. I hope they are used to our books; every child who comes here, seems to me, is in a different grade or hasn't got the right books. I'm hearing ten different reading classes now, and nobody does subtraction the same way; they've always got the excuse that another teacher told them to do it differently or that a page was torn out."

The girl sighed again. Her tired, anxious face touched Corrie.

"It's too much for you, isn't it?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no!" the girl cried, frightened. Then: "Yes it is," she confessed, lowering her voice. "But of course I don't want any of the trustees to know I said so. This is my first position, and I want to make good. I've got to!"

"Did you come from the Normal?" Corrie asked.

"Yes; I graduated last June. And I took the first position I could get. Because you've got to have experience, you know."

"I went to the Normal one year," Corrie said.

"Oh, did you?" the girl exclaimed, her face brightening.

"Yes. But I didn't learn much, I'm afraid. I wasted my time. And then—afterward—well, I just let everything go. Makes me ashamed of myself sometimes now."

"Oh, Mrs. Godwin, if you would help me!"

"Why, I—how could I help you? I don't know anything."

"But don't you see—you're the first person I've talked to since I've been here—who could understand. I know I haven't made much of a success of this. There's so much to do—too much for one teacher. And everything is so ugly! But I can't help that. The trustees won't give me any money. Of course the company ought—but then, they won't. And I haven't any of my own to spare. I've had to let all my normal-school ideals go."

The distressed teacher looked about the room with a pathetic smile.

"What do you want me to do?" Corrie asked.

"Just come and talk to me sometimes. It would help a lot. And maybe we could think of some way together to improve things."

"When is recess?" Corrie asked. "I'll wait. And then we can have a good long talk."

Tim Junior, who had been solemnly staring out through the open doorway into the bare schoolyard, now spoke with authority.

"If you'd plant some butter beans right up next to that ugly ol' fence," he said, "pretty soon the vines would cover it all up nice."

"And then, afterward, you could eat the beans too," added James practically. "Some of these kids look kind of skinny."

XVI

CORRIE stopped at the post office on her way back home from the school, after her long talk with the teacher. There was no letter from Tim—only a large pink envelope with a bold sprawling inscription.

Corrie tore it open. A newspaper clipping fell out. She stooped over to pick it up, and Elena's face stared up at her from the pavement.

HEARSAY OF THE HAUT MONDE

BY DOLLY DÉBUTANTE

From an intimate friend of the family we have the well-authenticated and exclusive rumor that an engagement of the keenest interest to society will soon be announced—that of Miss Elena Vincent to Mr. J. Sommers Winchelly II, the gifted son of Mr and Mrs. J. Sommers Winchelly, of New York and Newport. Miss Vincent, herself a noted beauty, is a sister of the equally beautiful Mrs. Morgan P. Digley, wife of the well-known financier and lawyer, identified with the famous old firm of Digley, Digley & Ives. Since the second marriage of her father, which, *entre nous*, caused no little straining of diplomatic relations between the various members of the Vincent family circle, and the death of the first Mrs. Vincent, her mother, Miss Elena Vincent has made her home with her sister and brother-in-law at their magnificent country estate at Rosedale Manor, the photographs of which were reproduced exclusively in our magazine section of Sunday last.

Corrie folded up the newspaper clipping mechanically and put it back in the envelope. She was too dazed to think clearly, to realize all at once what that gossipy newspaper statement meant in relation to her own happiness.

She did not even wonder who had sent it to her until she was back at her mother's house and had gone up to her own room. Then she sat down on the bed and looked in the envelope again, and saw that it contained a letter:

Dear Corrie: Sending you inclosed clipping as I thought maybe you might not see any papers in that hick town. (Would have written sooner but J. D.'s been sick.) I went out to your house but you were not there and they said you'd gone home if that's what you call Powderly. Didn't see Tim. But thought if I'd made trouble I better try and mend it. I was all wrong about that Miss Vincent as you will see per paper. And now you know why she acted so strange at the table that night and all, being Mrs. Digley's sister and it was her own mother I was talking about. Gosh! I got a talent for putting my foot in it, haven't I, kid? The gossip was this I started to tell. Her father made a pile of money late in life, and practically forced his wife to divorce him after they'd been married twenty years and the girls growing up, just so's he could marry some little chicken who'd vamped him for his coin. Well there's no fool like a old fool. Naturally her daughters took it hard, but seems like this Miss Vincent we know just couldn't get over it, she being a real young girl when it happened and crazy about her father and mother, too, and trying to stand up for her father and explain him all the time she was so sorry for her mother, too. I heard that later after this come out in the paper from Hotchkiss he knows all about everyone and everything more than if he was in the 400 himself. And it wasn't more than a year after before the mother died though they do say nowadays you can't die of a broken heart only I guess us women will always know better.

Now I got some news for you, Corrie. I and J. D. are going back home. New York life don't seem to agree with us somehow. J. D. got stung by a bootlegger he trusted—got hold some kind of poisoned whisky and was awful sick for a while and thought he might die but he's all right now but seems to have kind of lost his taste for it. I nursed him and seems like he thinks more of me now than he's done since we came East. We are both sick and tired of all this running around believe me Corrie you and Tim take warning by our bad example and don't try it—fun's all right but this wasn't much fun when you came right down to it. (I got a six e foot and I been wearing five a shoes you know what I mean.) However we 'll both be happier for having got it out our systems I guess and sown our wild oats, those that don't do it early got to late and the sooner the better, it's like love or measles not so dangerous when young. Now we're going home and settle down and be comfortable I gave Celeste my hundred dollar corsets and she was Irish like I thought all the time we got real chummy over the corsets and some of the lingerie I gave her and confessed. Lovingly, DOOD.

P. S.—What do you think about my robin? Well Corrie I got to hand it to you you were right. See, it was like this, the day after you left I mean the same day because you left early that morning anyway it was Wednesday—Mr. Allerdyce came in to tea that afternoon. And I guess the maids hadn't got those pearls all swept up good yet. Anyway he found two or three that had rolled down into a corner next to where he was sitting but he didn't say anything and put 'em in his pocket when he thought I wasn't looking but I saw him in a mirror. Well of course they aint worth anything at all ten or fifteen dollars apiece maybe but then he didn't know that thinking of course they was my real strand in the bank my not having told him. So straws show which way the wind blows and I'm leaving without telling him good-by only I wish I could see his face when he takes those paste pearls to a pawn broker anyway I'm out of it and cheap at the price.

"Oh, Corrie! Cor-rie! Cor-ree!"

Mrs. Satter's shrill voice broke into Corrie's troubled thoughts. She dropped the letter on the bed and went to the head of the stairs.

"Yes, mamma?"

"Come down here, Corrie Godwin, for the gracious heaven's sakes. I been yellin' my head off for the last ten minutes. What's the matter—you deaf? A lady wants to see you."

Corrie ran down the stairs. Miss Kelly stood in the hall, a blue cape over her white uniform, a bag in her hand.

"Well, I've come, Mrs. Godwin," she said, smiling. "Where's my room?"

"Did you send for this woman, Corrie?" demanded Mrs. Satter. "There's nobody sick in my house."

"I knew one who would be soon," replied Miss Kelly. "As soon as that hot wave struck us I made up my mind to come take care of my baby. And a good thing, too, judging from her looks. What've you been feeding her?"

"Why, I haven't given her anything but milk, and cereal, and soft-boiled eggs, and orange juice," Corrie defended herself. "I've been careful, just like you told me. Honestly I have, Miss Kelly."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mrs. Satter. "All this talk about diet makes me sick. I gave Corrie snap beans when she was only eight months old."

"Oh, mamma! You haven't been feeding baby! After all I told you."

"Of course I have! I'm not going to let the poor child cry with hunger. Not in my house."

"I knew it!" said Miss Kelly. "Something told me to come. Now don't you worry, Mrs. Godwin, I'll take charge."

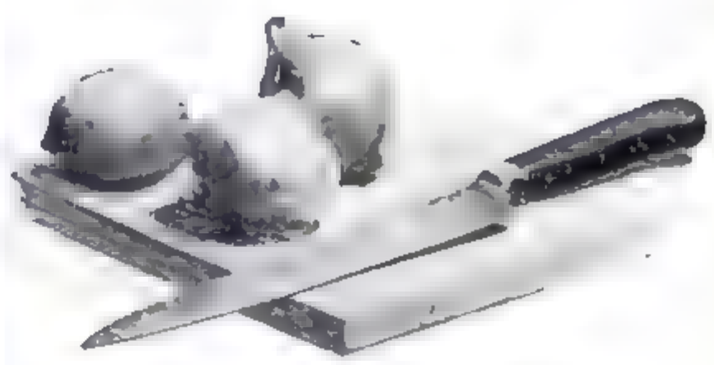
"You'll not take charge in my house, young woman!" Mrs. Satter said.

"Oh, yes, I will," replied Miss Kelly good-naturedly. "Hate me all you want to at first; pretty soon you'll like me. Mrs. Godwin couldn't bear me, once. And now I think she's mighty glad to see me."

"Oh, Miss Kelly!" Corrie exclaimed. "I just can't tell you how glad I am!"

(Continued on Page 50)

Double action *yet costs less*



Wash the knife with which you have cut an onion, with soap suds, then cut an orange or apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! Cleanse and scour the knife with Sunbrite and it is not only brightened but the onion odor is gone

NOW! *A double action cleanser*

1. To clean and scour
2. To sweeten and purify

CLEAN and scour, clean and scour! And yet there are a hundred places and utensils in your home that keep you guessing. Clean? Well, yes—but still, for all your work, you wonder if they are *perfectly* clean.

Your bread board and chopping bowl, porous wood, soak in impurities and retain odors. Your refrigerator absorbs food flavors. Your kitchen sink, the pans you use in cooking fish or onions—how near sanitary perfection are they, really?

But household cleanliness has another ally, developed by the chemists in the great Swift laboratories. **Sunbrite!**

Sunbrite is a *double action* cleanser. It not only cuts the grease and scours, but *in the same process it sweetens and purifies.* For **Sunbrite** has in its composition a mild but effective purifying element that eradicates every odor taint and sweetens every surface.

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This new way of writing has gone round the world

VIA DUOFOLD

Surprising results from Parker's 25-year Point
Smooth as a polished jewel bearing · Set in extra thick gold

ONE vital effect of the Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is to give full freedom to your stroke, full play to your skill, full action to your mind.

For here is no misplaced weight; but scientific balance that steadies the hand and gives it writing-swing. No unruly point that cramps the fingers and distracts the thought; but a polished point of native Iridium—the hardest of metals—whose easy glide, unimpeded by paper, beguiles you into doing *all* your writing with this classic of pens.

These welcome results have made the Parker the talk of America. England, Europe, Egypt, India, China and Japan have now acclaimed them. For almost from the moment you grasp this big symmetrical barrel, your hand becomes master of its penmanship.

Here, too, is Luxury and Beauty *with a Purpose!* For the Duofold's lacquer-red, black-tipped shaft is not only handsomer than gold—but it flashes your eye a reminder not to leave and lose your pen when you lay it down.

Its Over-size ink capacity makes it a Long-distance writer; its "Press-button" Filler is as easy to work as a Kodak is to snap.

At $7 it's the most economical pen on earth because its super-point is guaranteed for wear and mechanical perfection 25 *years!* And this *by a company* 30 *years old!*

To avoid disappointment be sure the name "Geo. S. Parker, Duofold—Lucky Curve," is imprinted on the barrel.

Step up to the first pen counter today and take one away on 30 days' trial. All dealers are authorized to refund your money if you're willing to part with your pen at the end of this test.

To Salesmanagers—Start Contests for Duofolds. This 25-year prize never fails to call forth men's supreme endeavors.

Parker "Safety Seal" between cap and barrel prevents ink from seeping out regardless of position or jolting. No other pen has this two-piece cap, machine-tooled with micrometric precision and air-tight fit.

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE **$7**

The 25 Year Pen

Lady Duofold with ring end for chatelaine and handsome gold band, $5, and Duofold Jr., $5, are like the Over-size Duofold in everything but length and girth. Both have the 25-year Iridium point.

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THE SECRET PEARLS

(Continued from Page 21)

"You've got your word for the combination?" asked Diamond Mike simply, in reply.

"Yep."

"Well, let's put them up till tomorrow then."

They placed them in the old high safe and set the new combination on it.

Flynn had put it over—the second trick he had reserved for emergency. The phony pearls, in their expensive box, were locked carefully away. By 6:30 he was out again, ready for action, for his get-away with the real pearls and the girl that had them!

XII

FLYNN was under no illusions. His first trick with his pearls was done for, with the death of the Italian. Geegan might promise until he was blue in the face; might even believe he could hold that gang back. He might as well try to whistle back a pack of wolves.

They ran together, those Italians, in regular natural packs—brothers and cousins, old-country relatives and friends. They just went crazy, that was all, with the smell of the blood of the quarry in their nostrils. No one alive could hold them back. Much as he hated to—like many a labor grafter before him—the time had come, for the present anyway, for Flynn to leave town for the benefit of his health, and disappear.

And now that he must go, what a fool he would have to be to divide up with Smiling Jack Geegan! He had seen that at once the night before. The moment that he got the news that Black Hand Joe was dead he understood that he must work that second trick of double-crossing with the pearls and get out. And going this way, with no notice, he would have to take the girl with him. He couldn't separate her from what he had put on her right off, at a time like this, without a scene and a noise, when secrecy and suppleness must cover every movement. Later, of course, the situation would be entirely different.

It was lucky for him he had laid his plans already and had her fixed up in advance for what he wanted. He was working at that all day, while he was holding off Geegan. In the afternoon, while he was supposed to be out getting the pearls from some hiding place, he was really getting the girl on the telephone; and she had agreed to go right on with that line he had started the night before, and get married at once, as he knew she would. And after that he had called up a place in the suburbs that he had known about in other cases, where they gave a nice little imitation of a marriage ceremony for not too much money.

It was all fixed. They were going out there after she had gone through her act at Rose's for the first time. That would give Geegan a chance, too, to get his warning to the Italians to hold off—which might possibly hold them back the first night or two. At any rate they wouldn't operate in the early evening in the center of the city if they thought they could get him later and more safely farther out. So Flynn occupied himself in the first of the evening with the last details of the plan to double-cross them all—getting the taxi for the suburbs, the cash he would have to have, the tickets for the late Western train from the junction point outside the city.

It was 9:30 when he got around to Rose's place. The Gay girl was on with her stunt. The other girl would be on next, and then they would be off. They should get started anyhow by 10:30.

As Flynn went in and sat down he saw Rose coming toward him.

"Well, how are you tonight?" asked Diamond Mike good-humoredly.

As long as he had to go, he had decided to make the best of it. It might be worse, at that.

"Fine," said the restaurant keeper, his shifty eyes shifting more than usual.

"Where's Mary?" asked Mike.

"She's gone!"

"Gone!" Flynn echoed, thinking he had misunderstood.

"She Was Too Busy Getting Ready, the Last I Saw of Her, to Think of You or Anything Else"

"Ain't you got the news yet?"

"Gone!" cried Flynn. "Where to? Who with?"

The unexpected shock had broken through the unvarying smoothness of his manner.

"With that hospital case—that dead soldier!"

"How do you know?" asked Flynn sharply.

"How do I know? I don't—except she slipped me. All I know is what I get from Gladys; how she decided tonight to jump town and take him with her, back to the old home in the country where they both come from—all at once—on a sudden! They'd been fighting over something, so Gladys claims, and they made it up in here tonight, just as the evening was starting in, and they beat it for the train and left me flat!"

"What train?" demanded Diamond Mike.

"I dunno. Gladys'll have to tell you that," said the proprietor. "She's coming off now. She'll tell you—if she knows. But say, Mike," he added, staring a little at the labor grafter's face, "what's the idea? I didn't know she had you as bad as that."

"Never mind the idea! Never mind how she's got me!" Flynn directed. "Get me to that Gay thing right off, now!"

When she came to the usual table behind the lattice she was smiling.

"So you wouldn't believe me," she said, "when I warned you to look out for them."

"What's happened?" Flynn asked her.

"Mothering's happened, and singing to sleep. Just what I told you all along. She's taken him away, out of the wicked city, back home to the dear old farm, where the mother songs go; to mother him up and kiss him well again."

Flynn watched her, letting her go on.

"The way I get it is," she continued, "they had a quarrel over something and they made it up here tonight, and fell over into each other's arms, sobbing and decided they couldn't wait. They'd end it all at once! Go right away together!"

"What's the hurry?" asked Diamond Mike, getting control of himself again in spite of that new idea that was edging into his mind now.

"That's what I was going to ask you," she came back. "Were you forcing her someway—pushing her too hard? Was it you that hurried them off so?"

"Hurried them!" repeated Flynn, staring absently, that new idea growing on him, looming bigger and bigger. "Why? She didn't leave any word for me, did she?" he asked, thinking, staring at her.

"She did not," said the other one. "She was too busy getting ready, the last I saw of her, to think of you or anything else but going."

"Then what do you mean—I hurried her?"

"Why must they run off, then, like they did tonight, without even being married?"

"Not even married?"

"No; not till tomorrow, at an old aunt's of his in the country, by the old family parson. So you've still got time yet, maybe," she said, looking up at his red face, jollying him at what she thought she saw there.

"Where was it she went, do you know?" Flynn went on, letting her think what she wanted to.

"Sure, I know," she said. "I was with them while they were telephoning and arranging about the trains." And finally she told him where they had gone, and how. "They'll blow in there toward dawn sometime. They had to change and wait somewhere at some junction: The nuts! But there was no reasoning with them. They must be gone—be gone tonight," she said, getting funny again, "out of the wicked city, fleeing probably—from you!" she said, feeding up again that suspicion of his with that josh about fleeing, trying to escape him.

"So they get there toward dawn!" said Diamond Mike slowly, his voice easy and his mind as clear as usual in spite of what she had started in him. "What time toward dawn?"

"At 1:30," she told him, "if they're in luck and the train's on time."

"Ah-hah," said Flynn in his usual calm, emotionless voice again. "Well, if that's the case, what's the use of my hanging around here? Why don't I go home and go to bed?"

"Well, I sure like that!" said the Gay thing, doing the petulant act. And Diamond Mike went along out.

The dancing was on. He could see one and another of the small labor grafters here and there, guiding their highly painted young friends, giving him a glance and nudging the girls. The eyes of the labor grafters and the underworld in general were on him—too much—now the news of

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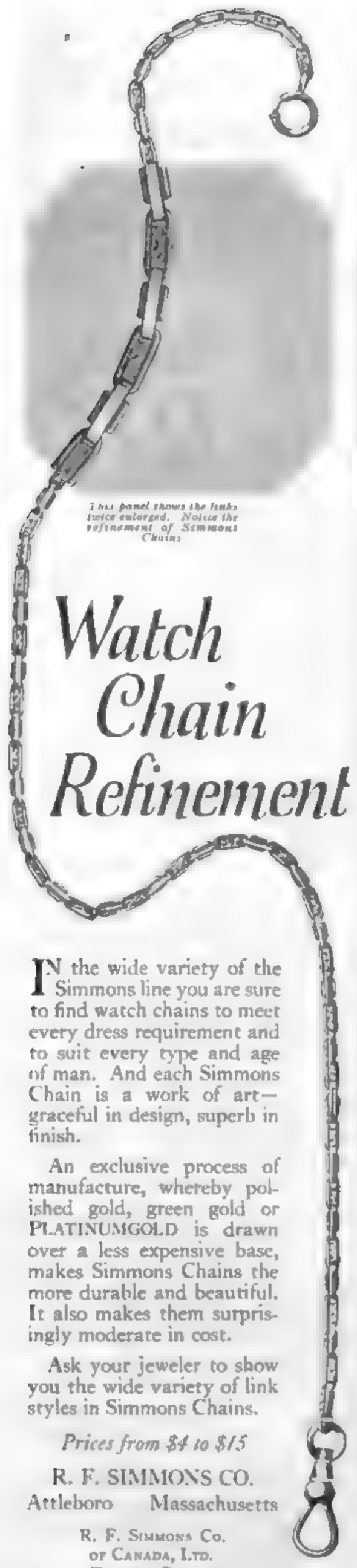

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the death of Black Hand Joe Cattaio and the talk of another war in the big three was around everywhere.

And just then, following the glances of one and then another, Flynn saw that Smiling Jack Geegan was there now—through with the Italians, perhaps; dancing with a bobbed-haired kid he had been after lately.

Catching his eye, Flynn nodded his head to him with the confidential upward nod of intimacy. Smiling Jack Geegan smiled back his most comical smile, the smile of understanding of the underworld, of mutual knowledge that all things have been reduced to their ultimate absurdity.

Flynn walked out, smooth, still-faced, outwardly unmoved as ever by adversity or fortune, and thinking as rapidly as possible of what he must do as soon as possible and of the deadly suspicion which had now definitely overtaken him: Had he, Diamond Mike Flynn, the best in the labor game, been double-crossed by a woman?

He was out of luck, that was sure. When every cheap crook could hang his winnings on his woman and trust her, tie to her love or loyalty or fear, and come through always safe, here he, the master in his line, had fallen down the very first time he had tried it.

Could this thing be an accident? Or had he been deliberately double-crossed? The girl knew nothing about pearls or any other gems. She had never had the price to shop for them outside a ten-cent store. Nor was the man, the soldier, any different. They were a pair of country boobs, transplanted for a minute in the city—that was all! He had counted on that, of course, from the first.

But suppose, after all, either one of them by some accident had got wise—come out of that ignorance he had counted on so certainly in the transaction. He might have known it, he thought, his anger and suspicion growing, with that innocent-faced doll who made her living on simplicity and innocence and mother songs. He had seen others who had sold innocence before.

His face hardened. The light of real anger, of murder, shone in his eyes. If she had double-crossed him, robbed him with that ex-soldier, when he caught up with them they would know it!

He was on the street now, maturing his suddenly changed plans. He knew the place the Gay girl had told him they were heading for, or just about where it lay. He had been through there before by automobile. It was some seventy or eighty miles out, over first-class roads. The thing to do was to drive out there at once. He looked at his watch—1:30! He could make that well enough with any good car.

His eyes wandered up the street as he considered his next turn. He had that taxi ordered for the other thing. But that wouldn't do. And besides in the business he was on now he wanted no driver, no unnecessary witness.

He stopped. His eye had fallen on a familiar object—the new high-powered, robin's-egg-blue car of Smiling Jack Geegan. He had driven that make of car before. Geegan, in his first pride in it, had let him run this one. Moreover, if the Italians should be after him the last thing they would think of following would be just that car.

Looking around and seeing no possible witness, Diamond Mike Flynn walked deliberately to the curb, entered the big blue roadster with the tan top, and starting the motor moved slowly southward. As he did so a slight man with an awkward stiffness on the left side ran hurriedly from a doorway to a dark-curtained car around the corner in a less-frequented side street.

XIII

THE business of the city gunman, abnormal as it may seem, is far from being outside of business conditions. It is subject to competition, for instance, to a great degree, especially when highly commercialized, as it is among the gunmen of the labor terrorists. Being hired to inspire terror, these men can scarcely cease to appear formidable personally. The moment that they do they are gone, both commercially and physically, and other hidders for their positions take their places. For this reason the city gunman, like the half-extinct and much-overadvertised gunman of the rural West, generally dies fighting, with his boots on and at the hands of a rising rival.

Black Jack Coogan, in his time, died that way, in a labor-grafter's saloon. Butch Wasserman killed and succeeded him. Foggy Grogan did the same to Wasserman, and was himself shot to death in the soiled hallway of the unsavory office building of the labor grafters—the so-called morgue.

It was not mere recklessness and viciousness that caused this chain of deaths of labor's bad men; it was the driving necessities of competition, with the slums and politics and newspaper circulation wars continually throwing up new aspirants to a profitable profession as certainly as new challengers for the championship in commercial pugilism. And if anyone not accustomed to the underworld of large cities should think that the police would follow up and stop this succession of murders, let him reflect how much it assists the police in their daily work to have these professional criminals put out of their way, to say nothing of the practical impossibility of convicting a labor-terrorist's murderer, with the highly paid staff of retained lawyers always at hand and every labor grafter who sees a crime ready and anxious to swear his head off to free the guilty man—compelled, indeed, by both the ethics and the necessities of his profession to do so.

Smiling Jack Geegan was having a hard time to hold back this one-armed man who did his dynamiting for him from settling his personal account, after that trick put over him by that slipperiest of labor crooks, Diamond Mike Flynn, who had made him ridiculous; who had laid him bare to that deadliest of all torments, the laughter of the underworld. An insult of that magnitude cries unceasingly for vengeance until it gets it—from any gunman. And this man was always on edge by nature; had all the sensitiveness of the spirited cripple, continually looking for slights and insults in his never-ending purpose to show the world that he needs no handicap in the fight for existence.

This Feeney was all for going after Flynn the moment he left the hospital. The best that Smiling Jack Geegan could do with him was to get him to hold off until Geegan had a chance at least to get his hands on that crooked money that both knew was somewhere in Flynn's possession. When he had this chance, once he had his hands on that loot, it was too well understood to be spoken between the two men that the dynamiter was free to take his revenge. And when he took it, God help the man he was after! It would be something to be remembered—Geegan could see that. The man's mind, during his forced waiting, was never off his comeback for a minute, and the consideration of how to make it memorable when it came.

Flynn had scarcely left the council headquarters at 6:30 and parted from Geegan entering his roadster, when Geegan, driving slowly in the opposite direction, had picked up the one-armed man around the next corner, as he had arranged to do beforehand. He saw at once, when they started, that he was going to have his work cut out for him to hold this man off any longer.

"Did he come along through with the stuff?" demanded the dynamiter, the tense lines in his face, the expression of bitter and almost ferocious alertness of the maimed fighting fiercely for existence, cut deeper than ever on either side of his sharpened nose.

"What do you think? Will a man with a gun at his head pass over?" replied the smiler with the comical look which came upon his long face when the game was running right. He felt good, and quite naturally he showed it. "Oh, no! He didn't come through," he said with an unrestrained tone of triumph in his voice.

"Then I'm loose, am I?" asked the one-armed man promptly, an ugly satisfaction showing in his voice.

"You are not! Not yet!" replied Geegan, recalled sharply to the present situation—the loot not yet delivered, the jewels in the doubly locked safe.

"Why not?" came back the tense, suspicious voice.

Geegan told him of the circumstances—his talk with Flynn and the arrangement they had made about the jewels.

"Well?" said the dynamiter's hostile voice when he had finished.

"Well, what?"

"You mean to say you're asking me to hold off still?"

"Till I get my hands on it."

"Are you crazy?" asked the one-armed man's bitter voice.

"Crazy!" repeated Geegan, looking around at him from his driving.

"Or has he just got you buffaloed?"

"What's on your mind now?" asked Geegan, getting a glimpse of him, his bright vindictive eyes and sharp nose.

"You say it's all in there—in that office safe?"

"And the combination split up between us!"

"Combination!" said Feeney. "To that thing! You could open it with a can opener. Are you crazy?" he repeated.

"You tell me," said the other man, getting his drift, seeing suddenly but vaguely the chance of a compromise between them.

"When'll you get it all fixed again—like it is now?"

"Like it is now!"

"Where it's all yours!"

The comical look stole faintly to the silent mouth of Smiling Geegan.

"All of it! Or don't you want it all?" asked the dynamiter, looking up at him from the low seat of the roadster with eyes as bright and hard as a bird's. "When all you need to do is reach out your hand and take it!"

The comical look grew upon the face of the tall man at the wheel, guiding the big fancy-colored car through the traffic.

"Do you get me?" asked the sharp voice of the man beside him.

"We'd be a fine bunch of safe breakers," answered the man driving.

"We could get plenty."

"Maybe we could; maybe we couldn't," Geegan argued—"tonight!"

"Tonight," said the dynamiter. "Why tonight? What's the hurry?"

"Hurry, you poor boob! What do you expect—to wait and blow up a bank tomorrow? Don't you know this is the only night it'll stay there?" asked Geegan, stopping his machine short for a crowd around a street car.

"What makes you think so?"

"What would I think?" asked Geegan, not looking now, his attention set on his levers in racing by the street car.

"Suppose," suggested the dynamiter, regaining his position on the low seat when this had been done, "that he didn't show up tomorrow morning."

The comical look died from the face of the smiler.

"None of that!" he said sharply. "We've got enough murder charges hanging over us now!"

"There'll be no murder charges in this."

"Why not?"

"Suppose," said the one-armed man very slowly, "that he should just disappear."

"Disappear!" echoed Geegan, watching him, with a faint, uncertain return of the comical twist to his upper lip.

"Yeah," said the other man very deliberately. "Disappear altogether tonight!"

"Altogether?"

"That would be a natural thing, wouldn't it, about now?"

"What would?"

"For him to drop off the face of the earth."

"How? Where to?"

"Where do the last year's newspapers go?" asked the gunman with ironic humor.

The comical smile grew stronger on the supple lips of the driver as he turned from his driving to the speaker.

"Where do they?"

"Up in smoke, huh?" continued the dynamiter.

"Smoke!" said Geegan, watching the man's face.

He did not answer him in words. He merely snapped his fingers upward as Geegan stared at him. A full smile curved the lips of Geegan.

"Soup!" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Who'd recognize him, if you did it right—what was left?"

The comical smile waned.

"What—here?" asked Geegan.

"No. Out a ways; out back in the sticks; out among the farmers."

"And how'd you get him there?"

"What about the wops and that old black bus, with me holding him for them to tie?"

"Naw," said the big labor grafter, the pleased smile fading from his face. "Never in your life! That's too wild."

The dynamiter's hostile eye met his.

"What do you think," he asked—"that he's got a monopoly on double-crossing?"

The face of Smiling Jack relaxed again to a faint amusement.

(Continued on Page 38)

Things in Which Peerless Excels

There is not an eight-cylinder characteristic in which Peerless does not excel.

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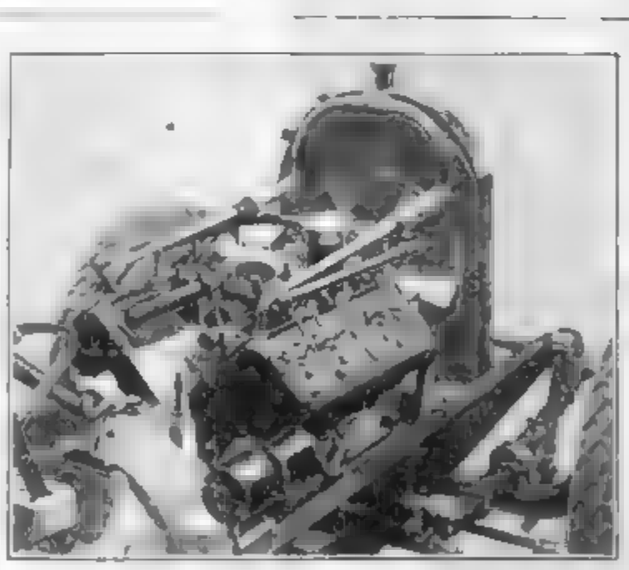

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Esterbrook

(Continued from Page 36)

"Will he trust me," asked the dynamiter, "now I've just saved his life, or not?"

The smile of the smiler indicated a suspense of judgment. The face of the other grew suddenly more rigid.

"Will it be that?" he demanded quickly. "Or will I just croak him some night and lay him on your doorstep?"

Looking at him, Geegan knew it was settled. The hunger for revenge—a comeback unusual, unnatural, horrible—shone from his eyes, spoke stridently in his voice.

The smiler accepted the inevitable. His smile shone out both cordial and comical.

"Go to it, boy!" he exclaimed, and slapped him with his right hand on the knee. "Only don't let your fingers slip and have it fall on us!"

"Don't lie awake nights," Feeney reassured him. "This is no new idea. I've been after that same cute old bird for some days now, to show up just how cunning he is. And I've got it all laid out for him—the little lesson I've got to hand him."

"Go to it!" said Geegan, smiling with friendly humor, and left it there, knowing that he had to in the circumstances.

A lesson—that was what it was to be; a novel and spectacular lesson, the vague, exaggerated whispers of which, when they came drifting through the usual underground communications, would make even the jaded nervous system of the underworld jerk itself to attention. A total disappearance by dynamite!

"About a three-stick job, that's all!" said the dynamiter.

"Say, look!" said his employer, always looking on the humorous side of life. "You don't expect pay for a three-stick job, do you—on this?" he asked, alluding to the basis of piecework on which the labor grafters pay their dynamiters, according to the amount of the explosive used.

"Why not—at that? It ought to be worth at least that much to you," said the dynamiter, his tenseness now turned into the casual offhand manner which he displayed to the observing underworld before he started on his special and highly paid work of terrorizing or destroying the enemies of the labor grafters—the jobs with high explosives which had made his services so valuable. For there is nothing, as is well known, that has been used by the labor grafters against their enemies of all kinds in the past twenty years so much as dynamite.

Starting with the miners, where it is such a common instrument of daily work, it became the natural instrument for destroying capitalists' property and terrifying, maiming and killing nonunion workmen, almost entirely without danger to the labor grafters who hired its use but could never be legally proved to have done so.

After the miners, the bridge builders took it up, quite naturally, and other crafts working about the railroads. And it came with almost equal naturalness into the excavating and building trades of cities. Once there, it found a great variety of uses among the labor grafters, against the capitalists and employers, the nonunion workman and his family, the rebels inside the grafters' unions and the rival labor grafters in other crafts.

Always easy to steal—under the loosely administered city ordinances for its safeguard—from unguarded excavations or quarries; easy to lay at night from an automobile and get safely away; far more terrifying than beating or even shooting, it has grown continually as the favorite and most efficient tool of the labor grafter and terrorist.

Used to its limit there is nothing like the lesson that can be taught with a few sticks of dynamite. It is now almost a universal terrorizer employed by labor grafters—used continually to teach their enemies and the world at large what cannot be safely done against them, in some such manner as the head dynamiter of Smiling Jack Geegan now proposed to use it on this slippery double-crosser with the pearls.

XIV

THE big curtained car swung out of the dim side street and started slowly following the long blue car on the better-lighted thoroughfare southward. On the front seat were Feeney and Angel-Face Angelo, the seventeen-year-old brother of Black Hand Joe. In the back seat were Fingo the Wop, whom Flynn had tossed in the morgue hallway, and the other dago they called Curly the Wolf, each one with his sawed-off shotgun, if they had to use them, behind the curtains. All of them were dressed up as if for a party, as they always were at night. The wops were all in new belted leather coats.

"Let him go along," said the one-armed man to the brother. He was running the expedition. They'd agreed to let him when they heard his proposition. "Slow up!" he said to the kid, who was getting over-anxious already, chewing his gum, staring. A clever little driver, up to seventy-five miles an hour, but a kid just the same. "Just keep tailing along after him in the block behind."

For there wasn't much of anything passing on that street at night. There was no danger of losing him there.

The car they were after turned left and then right into the boulevard, where there were more machines, and let out a little. But it was better for them out there, at that. He wouldn't be so likely to look back and notice them. And they could see him plainly enough—that bright-blue color every time it flashed in and out a street light.

"But what the hell's he doing with that car?" asked Angel-Face, stopping chewing.

Feeney had nothing to say. He himself was watching, trying to understand, with all his wits, this new move of that old crook.

"And what does that mean?" the kid driver asked him again. For instead of turning left, to go toward his flat, the man they were after kept straight on down the boulevard. "He's letting her out," said the young Italian, getting excited again.

"Hold on, you fool! Wait!" said Feeney, keeping him back, a block behind.

He was better than this generally, on an ordinary dynamiting job. But this was paying an Italian debt—for the death of his brother—and it had his nerves jumping.

"He's got speed to burn in that bus!" said one of the two in back, leaning forward in their leather coats, staring.

"No, no! Not more'n this. They don't make them," said Fingo, the one straight back of Feeney.

"Shut up!" said Feeney. He wasn't going to have them start their chattering so early.

They closed up and drove on, all staring out ahead. The car before them kept going straight on south still, moving faster, picking up every minute, as they got away from traffic and traffic cops.

"Say, what the ——" said the child-faced driver, the sentence stopping before the unexplained mystery of that hurrying car ahead, the unknown destination of its slippery driver.

Feeney had no more idea than anyone else.

"Hold him, that's all!" he directed.

"When are you going to draw up on him?" asked Fingo, getting anxious again for fear he would slip them.

"Draw up, you wop!" said Feeney. "Why should we draw up now when he's doing everything we want him to, getting out every minute deeper into the sticks?"

They chased along, over good roads still, faster and faster every minute now; by clumps of cheap, flimsy suburban stores, their dark shiny windows mirrors for their headlights. Between them square miles of cheap new bungalows lay scattered through weedy lots, and billboards staring vacantly across empty streets under the white street lamps. It was moonlight, but the moon was back under the clouds—thin clouds—and almost down.

"Snap off the lights! Drop back!" Feeney directed the young driver in the leather coat beside him. "He'll be less likely to see you, looking around."

He hated to do it. They were all scared to death for fear they would lose him once more.

"Can we do it?" asked that Curly Wolf thing back of Feeney.

"Sure, we can do it!" said the other one—that Fingo—before Feeney could come back at him. He was responsible for the car. He had been the one that had stolen it and had it made over in the first place. "They'll never beat this one. Never on this earth!"

"Shut up!" said Feeney to them both.

They had been going only about forty-five miles an hour up to date. But the man ahead was gradually speeding up. He had plenty of power, when he got ready to open it up, in that fancy new car of Smiling Geegun. It had been picked out for speed as well as its flashy looks. It was one of the cleverest makes in the country.

More billboards flashed by; more flat acres of dark bungalows, smaller and cheaper and sparser every mile on the wide, weedy countryside. Dim smokestacks began to appear, separate, in rows like pipes of strange huge organs; and brick factory walls, pink under lonely street lights; and a smell of smudge and a blear of fire. Then more blank pinkish brick walls, under the white loneliness of the street lamps, more billboards, sparser street lights, country darkness—immersion in the unlighted night.

"We'll be losing him yet," warned the voice of the Wolf, back of Feeney.

"Shut up!" said Feeney, still keeping him under control.

They were eating up the road now—fifty and fifty-five miles an hour. The big car was getting down to work. Angel-Face, the kid brother of the dead man, stopped chewing now, set his teeth down into his gum, staring with the rest of the pack after the man they were chasing. They watched the lights of the car ahead—a great yellow fan on the road and roadside, the intense red light in the rear. The wops were getting anxious, starting talking Italian to one another. Feeney shut them up.

They flashed by the picket fences and black-windowed houses of a country town; under the street light on the yellow-brick pavement of the vacant business square; switched around the corner and bolted after the blue car, leaving the rigid shadow of a country policeman on the corner staring after them.

The Italians were starting their chattering, cursing now in the excitement. They had snapped on the lights again after leaving the ironworks section. The speedometer registered over sixty miles as they roared forward, pushing their flood of yellow light before them. On either side trees hissed by, a continuous hissing now from their leaves. Then the trees fell away into bare fields. They bumped along, taking most of the road. If anybody met them—let them crawl over!

"Gee, he's got speed there!" conceded Fingo, the thief and champion of the car they were driving. Even he was getting anxious.

"Say, what's that you've got against my neck there?" Feeney asked him, turning their minds off, keeping them under control as much as he was able.

It was the barrel of one of their sawed-off shotguns where the crazy guinea had been leaning forward with it.

"Hold it away, you chattering fool!" said Feeney viciously, and the two behind broke into crazy laughter.

He was out there banging along over sixty miles an hour—almost sixty-five now—in that thing, with a cargo of wild Italians and loaded pump guns and dynamite. Good Lord, suppose they shot off the road somewhere and hit something hard! The roads were getting worse too. Bang—they hit a hole in the roadbed and swayed all over the right of way!

The Italians chattered in the dark seat behind. The face of the kid at the wheel grew set, desperate, worried. The car ahead was drawing away—rather more than holding them. The man driving it had seen them, of course, long ago. Whatever he had been doing at first—now he was running, thinking without a doubt that he could lose them.

Bang! They hit another hole as the kid stepped on the gas full weight, forced the old beast forward. They swung almost over into the ditch before they straightened out again. The Italians, mixed up with the other stuff, cackled in the dark behind like a crate of chickens overturned in a wagon. The race was on!

He had no end of speed in that blue car. He held them mile after mile, always gaining a little. It was like a greyhound—long, rangy, as finely adjusted as an aeroplane—almost too finely. That was their hope. Behind him they came roaring in that other type of machine—heavy, burly, bull-nosed, good for almost any burst of speed and endless punishment.

For miles—ten, thirty, forty—they kept after him, holding, with no gain, but with only a trifling loss, through the long straight stretches; the Italians cursing, calling out their fantastic versions of the English names of the Deity, gone back in their excitement to early half-broken talk.

Little towns came and went, more hissing aisles of black, round trees. Skeleton-white fences suddenly started up, went by. They skidded corners, bumped ruts, threw the jabbering Italians and the guns and

(Continued on Page 40)

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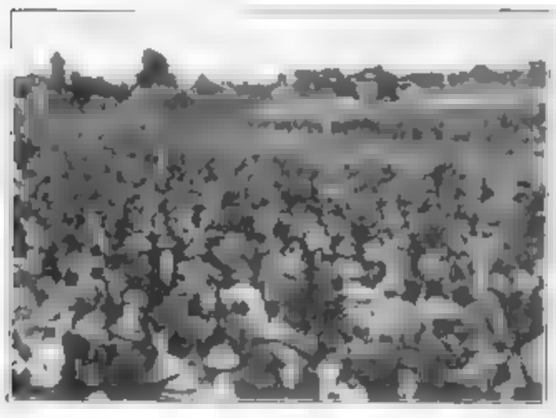
Watch This Column

"The Kentucky Derby"



THRILLING with sensations on land, on sea and in the air, UNIVERSAL'S great moving-picture, "The Kentucky Derby," with Reginald Denny in the hero's rôle, will grip old and young and keep them on their toes until the end.

"The Kentucky Derby" is an adaptation of Chas. T. Dazey's famed stage play, "The Suburban," which ran riot and broke records in nearly every theatre in this country many years ago.

Doubtless this is the most thrilling of all the turf dramas, and the action is laid in the blue-grass country where men love their horses almost as much as their sweethearts. The romance surrounding it will appeal strongly to everybody. It is one of the finest pictures UNIVERSAL has ever made.

You will recall REGINALD DENNY as the young star who made such a hit in "The Leather Pushers." The picture was directed by King Baggot, who invariably believes in the all-star cast. In my opinion he certainly selected one for this picture.

By the way, here are some other new pictures you'll enjoy seeing —Gladys Walton in "The Lavender Bath Lady"; Edward (Hoot) Gibson in "Ridin' Wild"; and Ralph Graves in "The Jilt"—all Universals.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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dynamite in back into heaps, and straightened out and roared on again. The wops, crazier and crazier at each bump, were cursing Feeney now, together with everything under the sky and above; a pack in full yell, in fury over their escaping prey. Looking over at the face of the driver beside him, Feeney saw now the tears start, roll down his smooth cheek—tears of rage and disappointment. He had forced her to the limit! He was still losing on the other car a little.

"He's slipping us! He's slipping us!" called the two in the back seat at Feeney. "You done it! You done it!"

Feeney did not answer them, but talked to the driver, steadying him.

Suddenly they seemed to be gaining, he thought. They were! Then ahead of them, a half mile or so, the lights of the other car died out; the yellow fan upon the road, the ruby spark in the rear.

The Italians started cursing more and more wildly. They had lost him, lost him, lost him! He had slipped them once more. Feeney had done it! They were weeping, cursing, chattering all the wild fantastic noises into which the low-class Italian twists the various English names for God.

"Close up, you damned guinea blackbirds!" said Feeney, checking them, staring ahead to see what this new trick, this new move of that slippery thing ahead could be.

Before them they saw for an instant the glare of their own lights dance in the back window of the fleeing car, then suddenly disappear. The Italians were gone crazy now.

"What what the hell! You lose him! You! You!"

That Angel-Face, that kid brother of the dead man, was weeping, great tears of rage and disappointment flooding his cheeks as he drove. The whole pack had gone wild, lost their minds entirely—all but one!

"Slow up, you fool! Slow up!" Feeney yelled. For he thought at once that there could be one thing only.

The brakes bit and squealed.

"There!" said Feeney, pointing out the little crossroad to the right.

They pulled up, pitching, grinding, squealing, back to the crossroad. There it was—what Feeney's eye had got already the blue car down the side road about fifty yards or so, standing still!

"Keep down! Get out the other side!" directed Feeney. "He's all loaded!"

He knew Diamond Mike couldn't be so far away. The country was all just open fields, as bare as your hand. He didn't think he could run, for it wasn't so very dark. The moon was going—almost gone in the west. But the sky was good and clear now, all over.

"Here! Back around! Turn in after him!" he directed.

And they threw the headlights on the blue car, covering it with their guns, expecting a shot from him every minute. But nothing came. It stood there empty, apparently.

"He ain't there," whispered Angel-Face to Feeney, and the two with the guns worked around it.

"Gone!" they yelled.

The side door was open. The car was empty. They stood now by it, the brother weeping, the other two cursing Flynn, Feeney, the universe, in their gibbering English; a city pack at fault on a strange and unaccustomed trail.

In the middle of the three, with their belted leather coats, stood the sharp-faced Feeney, trying to direct them.

"Go on! Go after him! You take this side and you the other, and watch the fences!" he said, pushing them out.

The two with the shotguns ran off down the dim yellow road.

"You know what it was?" asked the kid driver, with his head and shoulders poked into the roadster, watching a gauge upon the dash.

"What? A tire?"

"His gasoline's run out!"

"Ah-hah," said Feeney. "Say, look! You see that little clump of trees over there?" he asked, pointing to it, the only cover in sight. "You run and take a look at that."

He moved cautiously toward it, a dim figure against the faint green field. Feeney was alone.

XV

THE one-armed man stood back behind the roadster, considering what he had just seen. He was no more of a hunter of the woods or fields than they were, but he had brains; and, besides, he had had that experience of the other man hunts in France.

He stepped back to one side of the touring car, reached in, got the materials he was seeking and stepped back behind the roadster again, arranging them, elaborating the thing he was making with those sticks of dynamite. His eyes were never off that spot he was watching—the two ends of that hiding place.

He saw the Italians working on up the road, dim black spots; heard again the silence of the countryside at night. He let them go. He let them go purposely. It was his intention to be entirely alone with his quarry.

The insects in the grass, which they had silenced, started their rasping again. A barn owl in a tree back on the state road, reassured by the stillness, started filling it with his whimper.

One-Fin Feeney, his pistol in his good hand, the fuses and the sticks of the explosive pressed against his side by his false one, walked over to the small culvert that passed under the road ahead of the first car; to the fresh footprints at the bottom of the ditch at one side of it which he had seen under the rays of the first car's headlight.

They hadn't seen it—the crazy wops; or thought that a thing like Flynn, soft as he was now, couldn't run any distance through those open fields—wouldn't even try, if he had the slightest chance of hiding. The most natural thing in the world would be for him to take the first cover he saw and duck into it.

It was dry, the channel through the culvert, as all the small streams are in that country at that time of year—all dry except that one place, that little damp depression at one end that Flynn had had the bad luck to step in.

Feeney stood over that end and could see plainly enough the broken weeds where that old fool had pushed in through them. He stepped to the other side and saw that there were no broken weeds there, and smiled.

The whimper of the little owl from the tree on the main road, which had stopped again when he started moving, recommenced. The moon was gone now—entirely. But far off, on the southwestern horizon, came very faintly the suggestive, sinister flashes of heat lightning—a very distant thunderstorm.

Feeney stepped back to the side of the culvert which he had first examined and looked down into its opening from above. It reminded him of those days in France—the filthy trenches, the dugouts where you tossed in the noisy stuff after the Heinies. He stooped near, but not too near the opening of the little culvert, and spoke in a low easy voice.

"You're the crafty guy, huh?"

No answer.

"That always slipped away!"

No answer.

"High and dry, huh?—with no gasoline! In a hole in the ground!"

But still no answer.

"What a joke all around! What a fall-down after all these years! In a hole in the ground! Probably," he jested, "it was just the crawler in you. You had to crawl in—by nature, you poor old human snake!"

The whimpering owl stopped again. He thought perhaps one of the Italians might be coming back, circling around that way. He looked west, but heard nothing, saw nothing but the faint intermittent flickerings of the far-distant storm.

"Well, come on, Mike!" said the low jeering voice of the dynamiter finally. "It's time to come out and take your medicine!"

He stooped and laid down the material in his awkward artificial hand on the yellow-clay roadbed and started deliberately to light a match.

"Bumping scabs was never like this," he observed while he was doing so. "Never such a snap."

The match was lit on the box in his false hand.

"Won't you come out, Mike, please?" he asked in a mocking, wheedling voice, shading the match in the cup of his good hand, drawing it toward the long black object like a stiff string in the other. "Oh, all right for you," he continued in his mocking falsetto.

No move, or answer—yet!

"All right then," said the dynamiter in a harder voice, "you poor old stiff, if you've got to have it!"

Lighting the short unattached piece of fuse, bending down, he tossed it fizzing into the black mouth of the culvert.

The sudden sound of imprecations came from the interior, and of a body crawling, scrambling to the culvert's other mouth, above which One-Fin Feeney, alert as a cat hunting in a meadow, had sprung and stood waiting, his heavy automatic clubbed in his right hand.

"Take that! And that! And that!" he said, striking repeatedly on the sleek defenseless head below.

"You're so fond of that," he asked, looking down after he was done, "how do you like it?"

He neither expected nor got any answer. And now he called aloud to the Italians.

"Come back here!" he cried with sharp satisfaction in his voice. "I want to show you something!"

The pack came running in, calling one another, back to where they saw him working leisurely, placing something about an object lying in the shadow of a ditch at one end of a small culvert.

"He's got him! He's got him!" cried Angel-Face Angelo, the kid brother of the dead Italian, a happy boyish smile dawning on his young, smooth, tear-stained face.

"Look out! Look out! Stand back!" cried the big Fingo.

"Soup!" remarked the curly-headed one, seeing what the one-armed man was doing.

The leather-coated figures, with their firearms, stood back, watching the maimed man preparing for the thing for which for days his soul had hungered—a revenge such as no city bad man in his time had ever had—that would insure to him for all his brief days and nights the whispered respect and envy of the world he lived in.

"Wait! Hold up!" the young Italians were telling him, understanding fully now what he intended to do. "We've got to move back the autos first, and put some gas from our car into the blue one—ready!"

"Sure! Take your time," said the one-armed man, bending over, working on the prostrate figure in the dry bed of the little channel out of the culvert.

Now that the tenseness of the pursuit was over, the ostentatious nonchalance of the city bad man was back on him, more marked than ever.

"Plenty of time," he said, standing up and then bending down, watching the man below, rearranging the dynamite.

They hurried, pushing away the cars, getting ready to start at once when the thing was done. The glare of the headlights grew dimmer, lighted one side of the tense, sharp-nosed face of the dynamiter, left the bottom of the culvert before him in deep shadow. Occasionally, far off, the light of the distant storm danced on the black horizon, more distinct now in the half darkness. The maimed man straightened up again, lighted a cigarette, tossed the match away, waited.

"When you get ready," he told them.

They hurried, anxious to get through and go.

"All right, One-Fin! All right!" one called at last—that big Fingo—in a voice of deep respect.

The young Angelo came nearer than the rest, his smooth boyish face transformed with happy expectation, his jaws working feverishly on his gum.

"Go on back, you!" commanded Feeney.

"They won't know him much after that—after the three sticks, hey?" said that Curly Wolf, that cheap phony one, showing off how bad he was.

"I'll say they won't!" echoed Fingo.

"Go on back!" said Feeney quickly, and made them go and leave him with his job.

"So I'm half a man?" said the dynamiter to his prostrate enemy before him in the shadow. "I wasn't enough for you?"

He stooped down still more.

"What do you think now? How do you like this?" he asked, and rubbed his glossy artificial hand insultingly across the unconscious man's face.

The Italians, staring from behind him, breathed out short ejaculations in their strange jargon of English blasphemy, impressed by the theatrical gesture, the acme of melodramatic vengeance staged by the paid killer.

"You don't say anything," he continued in his monologue to the unconscious Flynn beneath him, and waited for the raw, nervous laughter of the Italians.

They stopped again, intent on his next move, watched him in the now fainter light from the cars, outlined now and again when the flashes of the silent storm lighted and threw back the silhouetted west into

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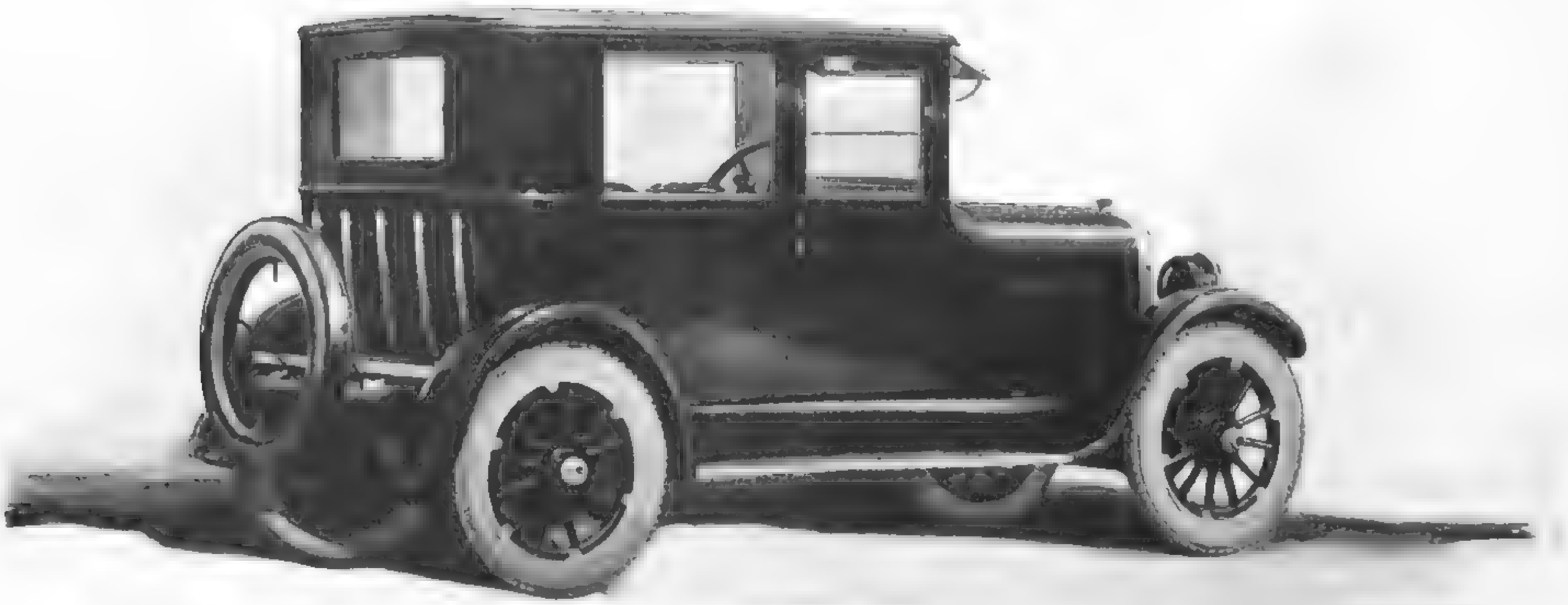

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darkness. Drawn back, they heard him speaking down into the dark before him, where he knelt at the edge of the little bank.

"Well, here goes, Mike," he addressed the unseen figure under him, "for what I promised you!

"I told him that I'd get him before I got through—with this!" he explained to the group behind him, now lifting his pale pink hand. "Watch this one," he called back to them where they stood gazing, his spirits risen again to the jesting point. "Watch this!" he called back to the half circle arranged, in their sleek, belted, tawny coats, like a chorus of some fantastic minstrel show—and as serious-faced.

"Now then, watch me closely, ladies and gents," said the maimed man in a mimicry of the barking of a street faker about to begin a performance. "Keep your eye closely on me, on what I am about to demonstrate, without apparatus or para-phen-alia or any trick or subterfuge of any kind to deceive!"

Raising his pink hand deliberately to be seen, he lowered it again. He then reached a match from the safety-match box in his right hand to the slow-closing thumb and first finger of the artificial one. They closed painfully over it as the Italians' sudden laughter rose—and ceased!

"Without apparatus or para-phen-alia—to deceive!" said the voice once more.

Advancing the safety-match box he held it nearer to his stiff hand with the crookedly and insecurely held match. He struck it on the box. Poorly held, it escaped the semirigid fingers and was lost unlighted on the ground. An excited laugh came from the leather-coated Italians, and died into another silence as he tried again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated, "without apparatus or para-phen-alia of any kind to confuse or deceive!"

With slow and careful fingers he closed upon a second match with his unnatural hand, conveyed it against the side of the match box in perfect silence. The faint, steady light from the car lamp struck one side of his crouching figure. Far off the soundless thunderstorm flashed like some infernal fire below the last black rim of the earth. The light of the match came up. The Italians stood breathless. Slowly and gradually he lowered it toward the ditch before him.

It was time he did. The man below him moved slightly, muttered something, like one trying to rouse himself from a sleep.

"Just a minute!" said the maimed man to him. "Just a minute—and you'll have it!"

He held the match to the end of the fuse, the Italians drawing back as he did so. Back of them, in the roadway, the little barn owl, encouraged by their stillness, gave another whimper. They crossed themselves, half consciously—all the three in the yellow coats as they heard it—yet kept their fascinated eyes straight ahead.

The fuse, lighted, started its moving flame. The Italians jumped still farther back. The man with the explosive against him moved again in the ditch, babbled in his returning consciousness. It seemed to Feeney, bending down, looking him over for the last time, that he was trying to say something: something about pearls—pearls—half the pearls. Feeney remembered now that he was saying something—it must have been that—when he first came crawling, his voice smothered, out of that culvert.

"Yeah," said the maimed man, watching the moving trail of fire with exaggerated calm. "Pearls and diamonds—and golden harps for you!"

He looked back.

"Get back! Farther!" he called to the Italians, and walked back deliberately himself. The fuse was pretty short.

XVI

THE two—man and girl—came out from the dimly lighted old passenger coach of the branch line, from the uncomfortable dozing figures, the smell of oranges and cinders and human bodies, into the night air, onto the deserted country station platform, with its three clear, lonely, incandescent lights; stood watching the train go out.

"It's some different out here," observed the man's voice, a voice with the high pitch of illness.

"It's wonderful," said the slow, deep voice of the woman, after a moment without speaking.

"Yes, it's great."

The train was disappearing, yellow and black, into the night. There was no one at the station to take them and their hand baggage.

"The nearest way is down the track—if you think you can walk it," said the man.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the girl, looking back at him in the night. "I'm good for it."

They started down the track, their unaccustomed feet on the cinders and railroad ties. The smell of the night, the clean smell of the ripened year, followed the passing of the soft-coal smoke of the engine.

"Isn't it wonderful?" asked the girl. "So big and still and clean, sort of."

"That's it," said the man's nervous voice. "Clean! Clean!"

"So different from everything back there!"

"That sty!" said the man, and stopped as if reminded of something.

"Mary," he said after a minute.

"Yes, dear."

"You know the first thing I want you to do for me—out here?"

"No. What?" came the voice of the woman whom he had by the arm, guiding her, in her fancy shoes, over the roadbed's roughness.

"You've still got those pearls?" his voice sharpening.

"I didn't think!" returned the girl quickly. "I didn't have time—to get them back. I couldn't—before I started!"

"I don't want you to give them back," he said deliberately.

They both stopped now, facing each other in the dimness. The moon had just gone down. Far over, below the horizon in the west, there was a distant thunderstorm.

"I don't want you to send them back," the man's voice repeated slowly. "That wouldn't fix it "

"I know," said the girl humbly. "I know. I shouldn't have taken them in the first place. But it seemed so different back there! But never in the world ——"

"Don't! Don't! I'm not blaming you, Mary. Not a bit. I know better. You're wonderful! Everything that's straight and good! You're perfect!" said the boy. "And I always want you to be—just that!"

"What?"

"Perfect."

"Oh!" said the girl with a little note of disquiet in her voice.

"That's why I want you to do that—just what you showed me yourself must be done to square yourself, to make everything all right; to start clean, entirely, without owing anybody anything. I want you to do just what you showed me so plainly had to be done—to fix it up all right."

"I showed you?"

"Yes. How we must pay him back everything they cost him. Square it absolutely!"

"Oh!" she said faintly, recognizing at once her own argument, the specious excuse she had invented on the spur of the moment in the restaurant to defend her keeping of the pearls.

"I knew right away," he said with the conviction of a boy in love, "that you had the only answer; that that's what we must do—pay him back, the whole thing, owe him nothing, start all square."

"But—but we have so little money now—to start on."

"Don't, Mary!" he reproved her. "Don't go back now on the one thing we've got to do—to start right! That you know we have!"

"But if we have to have doctors—for you?" she suggested anxiously.

"We'll get one somehow."

She was silent for a minute; overargued out of her own mouth.

"And we'll send him the check for it just as soon as we can get his address."

"What'll we do," she stammered finally, "with—with the pearls?"

"That's it," said the boy admiringly. "I knew you'd think of that too."

"What?"

"Will you give them to me—now?" he asked her.

"Why—why—yes."

"To get rid of?"

"To get rid of!"

"Yes," he said, his voice sharpening. "To get rid of—now! To start clean! Right off!"

"But," she started—"but ——"

"I never could bear them," he broke in, his voice hurrying, sharpening. "I never could see them. Every time I'd see them against your flesh I'd think of that ——"

"Don't!" she said. "Don't!" and took them hurriedly from her neck.

"Here," she said, holding them to him. "But what ——"

"You hear that?" he asked her.

She listened through the night, more silent, it seemed, for the glimpses of silent fire beyond the horizon—the distant thunderstorm. She heard the sound of water.

"It's the river," he said to her. "It goes beneath the railroad, up here just a hundred yards or so."

"Oh!" she exclaimed again.

"Come on," he told her, his voice hardened clearly now into a new purpose, and led the way to a trestle over the little rapid stream.

"Here—on this side," he told her, holding her arm, steadying her feet on the board that went across the trestle for the track walkers. "Get it?"

"Yes."

He stopped in the middle of the trestle, putting down the larger bag—the suitcase that he was carrying.

"The damned things!" he said with a sharp shrillness in his sick-man's voice. "How I hate them! Just to touch them!"

He tugged at the tough silk string. She stood watching him. Before her came and went the fitful light of the far-distant storm, the alternately lifted and concealed horizon. He broke the string finally, turned toward the unguarded side of the trestle, threw the first pearl down to the black water underneath. There was a physical satisfaction in it, now it had started, like crunching, in a way, the man who had given the things! He tugged at the string again with straining pleasure. There were knots upon the silk between the pearls. He forced them by.

"There! There! There!" he cried as he let one after the other fall into the water.

She stood silent until they were all gone, every one, into the unseen blackness of the stream.

"There!" he said for the last time, with the accent of a man who has satisfied to the full a great hate.

Looking, she could see against the faint glow of the intermittent lightning his face grow less contorted, calmer. "Now we'll start—clean—all clean!" he said triumphantly.

She said nothing.

"Kiss me, Mary!" he commanded her now, putting his arm about her. "Why—why—you're trembling," he said, "all over! What makes you?"

"I'm so glad, that's all," she told him; "so glad it's all over; that we'll start all clean—like you say."

He held her close to him, folded strongly in his arms, crying softly. All at once he felt her start.

"Listen!" she asked. "Did you hear that?"

"No"

"Like an explosion! Far, far off!"

"It must have been that storm over back yonder."

"It didn't sound just like that—someway."

"It was, though," he told her. "It must have been. Come on. It may be coming over this way—you can't tell. Besides, she'll be waiting for us," he added, "wondering where we are."

They picked up their hand baggage, walked along, the man steadying his companion in her fragile shoes.

"It will be different, won't it?" she said to him earnestly, her shoulder warm against his. "All different."

"Absolutely!"

"I'm glad you did it," she told him—"about those pearls. I'm glad they're gone. We'll start new and clean—in everything!"

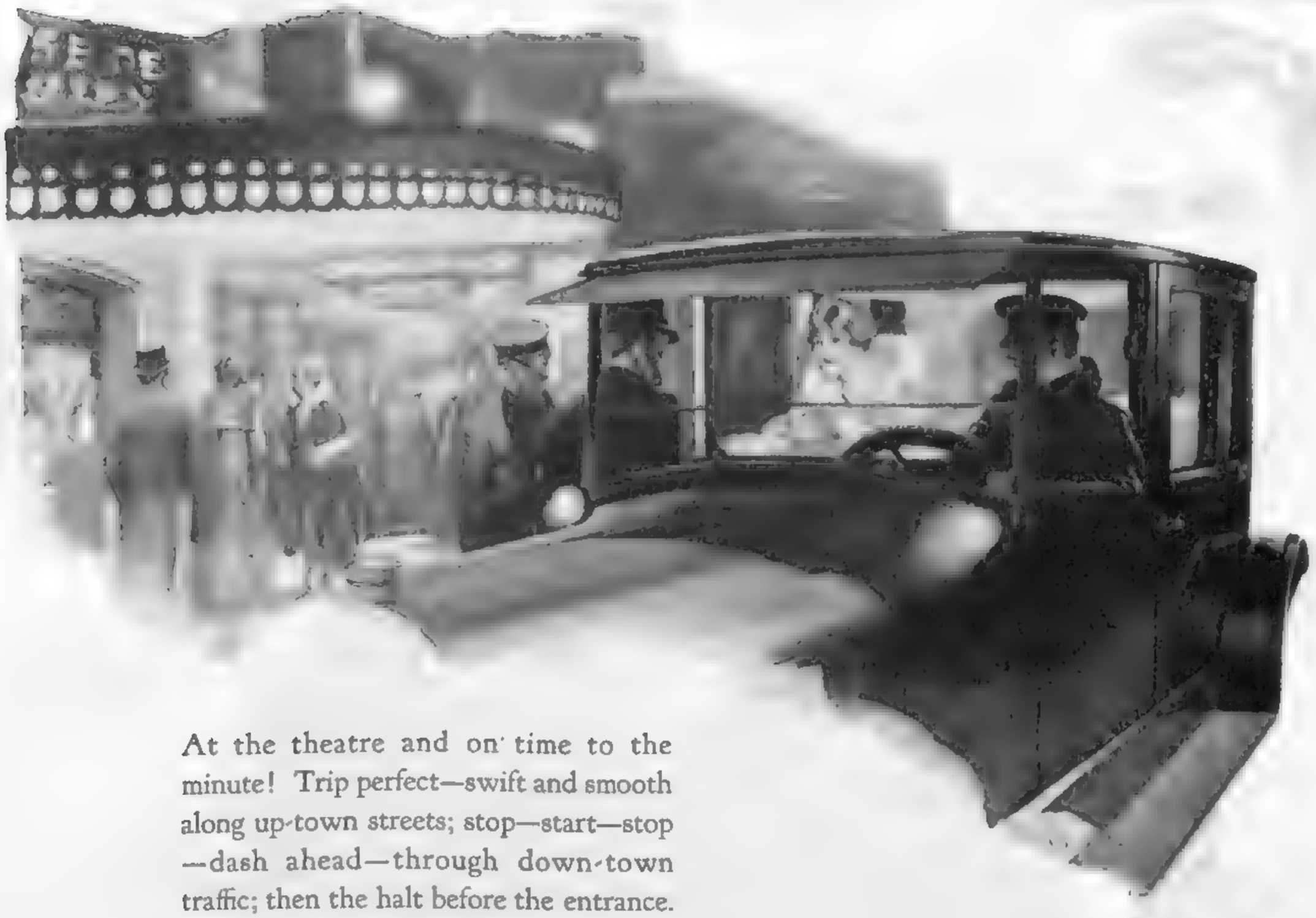
"You bet we will!"

"And you'll get well—all well again."

"You bet I will! Everything goes right from now on!" said the man.

The two dark figures, with their suitcase and hand satchel, went down the track through the sweet, clean-scented country night.

THE END



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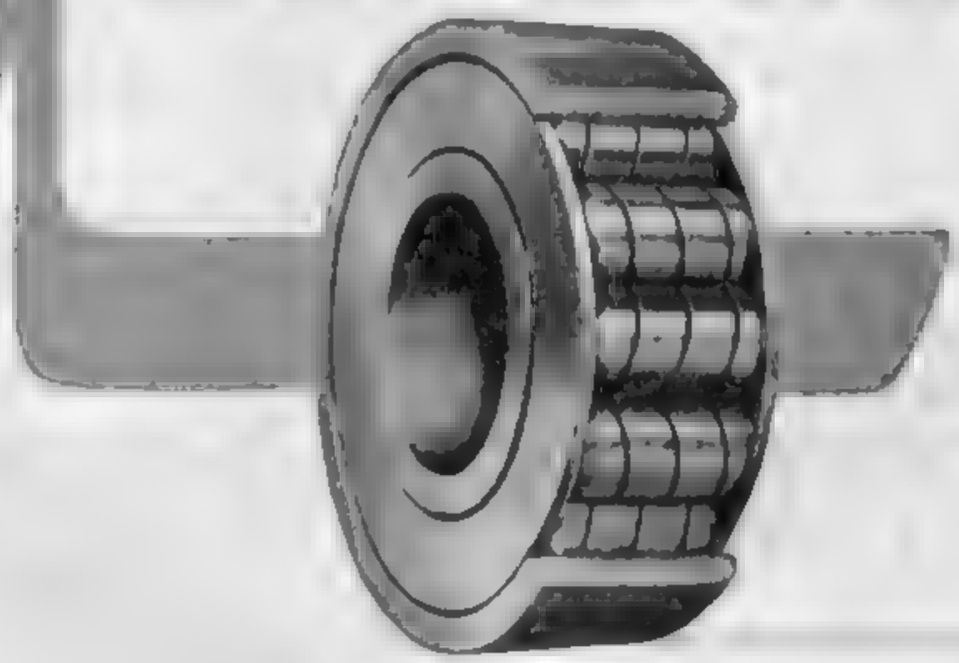

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ETHELDA AND THE HONEYED TONGUE

(Continued from Page 7)

The man in the worsted coat allowed that the lady on the pinto was sure a thing of beauty and grace and a joy forever, and had a little the edge over the Queen of Sheba and Lillie Langtry and most of the ladies in their class.

"But as for being the beautifullest I ever seen," says Tice Bradway, "I'm here to declare that she ain't a patch on you. She's all right, and even more so, a ways off from where you happen to be; but stack her up alongside you and she's shy about three-quarters of a stack."

"You're forgetting something I told you," says Ethelda sort of reproving; and then she looked around and seen me and told me howdy with a smile that would have made it plain to anybody that she'd just been a-pining for me. To make it plainer yet, she ast Tice to change seats with me.

"I'd do even that for you if I thought it would be for your happiness," says Tice, "but the fact is I've got a bad case of rheumatism in my changing-over knee."

"I'd lift him over so's the rheumatism wouldn't hurt him a particle, only that I've got a friend here with me that it wouldn't be polite to leave," says I. "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Virgil Breslow, Miss Duke," I says.

"I'm pleased to meet you," says Virge, solemn and polite.

"Honest, you don't look it," says Ethelda, with her best dimple and giving him a nod.

"You can't always tell," says Virge. "Hello, Tice! Enjoying yourself?"

"I should orate I am," says Tice, beaming joyfully. "Mighty poor excuse for a show though, ain't it?" He winked at me.

"It certainly seems like it was, so far," Virge agrees.

"I allowed it would," says Tice. "Haw-haw!"

"But I'm sure glad if it's any diversion to your mind," Virge continues. "You've got it set too hard and steady on work. If you'd sort of relax and rest up oftener, and take more sleep in the daytime than what you do, I wouldn't worry about you so much."

"That's your great weakness, worrying about us boys losing sleep and overworking," says Tice with a grin.

Then he turns to Ethelda, who had faced about to watch the performance in the ring. To tell the truth, it wasn't no great shakes as a performance, and I didn't blame Virge for what he said about the various acts; but all the same you never seen two people who had a better time than what Ethelda and Tice had, to all appearances, and Virgil's remarks was far from being a wet blanket to their rejoicements. Every once in a while Ethelda would turn around and give us a radiant smile, and once she offered us some of the peanuts that Tice had been lavishing on her; but Virge got gloomier and gloomier with every smile, and when she offered the peanuts he shook his head and frowned.

"I didn't know but what you was hungry," says Ethelda, smiling bright as ever. "Just eat a few. You'll feel better, maybe."

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't choose any, thank you kindly," says Virge. "I et my dinner a while ago."

Tice whispered in her ear and she giggled. I don't say but what it was a kind of an aggravating thing to witness, and it wasn't the first time Tice had done it—closer than was necessary, seemed to me, so that one of those little wisps of shining hair brushed his cheek. Virge got right up.

"I've had about enough of this here," he says. "You don't need to move. I can get apast you."

Ethelda turned around.

"Why, you aren't going already, Mr. Breslow!" she says in her sorrowfullest tones and making her eyes big and coaxing.

Virge allowed that he'd got to 'tend to something he'd forgot.

"It's a date with the Circassian lady," says Tice. "She promised him she'd give him her photograph."

Virge gave him a look that was real unfriendly, and then stumbled and squeezed along the row to the aisle and the exit. His intentions was to go to my barn, where he had left his horse in charge of my deputy, and then ride back to the ranch, where it was good and quiet and free from silly giggling girls with little curls on the napes of their necks and wide, innocent eyes; and where, by ginger, if any no-account, loafing Smart Aleck got gay and gave him lip he could take such a person and cuff him to a peak and then knock the peak off without being considered rough and ungentlemanly and making public disturbances. Them was his intentions.

Well, there wasn't any vast crowds outside the tent; but there was a fair sprinkling of folks that was either figuring on taking in the evening performance and wanted to start in gradual with the side shows and other allurements, or them that was broke or didn't approve of circuses and wouldn't encourage them by spending money on anything more sinful than pop corn and lemonade. A small mob of these folks was blocking Virge's way, and as he pushed into it he seen that the center of attraction was a big putty-faced feller with a little table. He was wearing a panama hat that he had forgot to have cleaned that year, and a thick mustache that was black where the red didn't show through. He must have been wealthy, because he sported a large-size diamond in the bosom of his green-striped shirt, and he had been offering all kinds of money to anybody in the crowd that could locate a pea that he had got hid under one of three shells on the table, when it was as plain as the nose on your face that he had put it under the middle shell.

Virge elbowed up close and made out that there was a sort of an argument betwixt this feller and a little dried-up old man with long chin whiskers similar to an aged billy goat. The feller behind the table was evidently getting peevish, and wound up by advising the old man to shet his fool mouth and go home to his cows. Virgil thought that was mighty good advice, too, even if it wasn't give in a tackful manner.

"Pardner," says the old man, sort of mild and gentle, "I reckon you'll have to excuse me pestering you; but I don't feel to close my mouth until you pay me that fifty dollars that's a-coming to me. If I went home afore that I couldn't look my cows in the face and feel that I had their respect. That pea was under the shell that I said it was under when I made the bet with you. What you done with it after that ain't no concern of mine. Consequentementally, you lose, and when a true gentleman loses he pays. I hate to force my views on you thisaway, but them's my views."

There was a tough-looking hombre standing alongside the old man and he put in right there.

"Chase yourself, grandpa," he says, catching the old man by the arm and giving it a jerk. "I seen that play, and that gentleman win and you lose, fair and square, and if you want any more than that you'll get it, but you won't like it. This way out!"

He gave the old man's arm another jerk and swung him around. Grandpa swung awful easy, but he somehow got a clutch on the fellow's collar and one of his spindling old legs got tangled up with the feller's legs and tripped him so's he hit the ground right hard and sudden with his back. Grandpa followed that up by stumbling so's the toe of his boot brought up against the feller's head; then he whirled just in time to see Virge Breslow grab the man with the panama, who had been trying to make a sneak.

"I'll take care of him!" squeals grandpa. "Let him go and watch out for that lad with the club."

He came up like a little whiskered whirlwind and took charge of the sport with the panama as Virge let him go to dodge a tent peg and land a haymaker on the jaw of the man, who had made a pass with it. From that on things was too mixed and sort of complicated to keep track of. Virge got a glimpse of grandpa and the panama going to the ground together, and then he was too busy with his own occupations to notice anything else. There was a mess of the circus hands come up on the run, and clost behind them was Bert Ames, the town marshal, and a few public-spirited, two-fisted citizens of Blueblanket that he had yelled to; and, as the feller says, the scene that ensued beggared description, the more so because they wasn't quiet about it; and the ruckus attracted the attention of the folks in the big tent, who wasn't long in deciding which show promised the most entertainment. Being left more or less without an audience, the most of the men performers trailed along after, and was no sooner outside than they was reco'nized and treated according by the belligerent Blueblanketers. It was the generalest kind of an engagement, even the ring master and the two clowns taking part and striving to gain in glory what they lost in wardrobe. It was sure a demonstration that fleshings and spangles is a poor costume for fighting where no holts is barred. The Z Bell and the Keystone outfits was both represented in the mealy, and the boys fought alongside of the Flying V as if there hadn't never been no differences betwixt them for years. Nobody pulled a gun, as it happened, but there was some lively swinging of various blunt instruments in that five or ten minutes or half an hour, whatever it was, and there was considerable contusions and loss of cuticle and front teeth, to say nothing of three or four stretcher cases. It all might have been worse and lasted longer; but somebody hollered that they was turning the animals loose, and the Blueblanketers promptly and unanimously decided that they would give the animals all the room they needed to roam around in.

Virgil Breslow was one of the last to leave the lot. He got up from his comfortable seat on the strong man, who had freely admitted that he had aplenty, and resumed his journey to the barn, avoiding where the gory warriors was having excited reunions with their womenfolks. He hadn't gone far before Gene Baker and Henry Walsh, two of the Flying V boys, got a sight of him and came up a-whooping. They was a whole lot flushed with victory, and they was proud of their boss, the way he had handled himself in the fracas, and they aimed to let him know that they was. He might be a this, that or the other on the ranch, with no bowels of compassion for his men when there was work, necessary or unnecessary, to be done; but he was sure a number-one, gilt-edge, ramping, raging, curly-tailed wolf when it came to a rough-and-tumble free-for-all. They assured him of that.

Virge cut the congratulations short and made inquiries concerning the Flying V casualties. Not that he cared a darn, and it might be better for the community if they all got killed, only there was them beef cattle to be gathered to ship on the eighteenth and this day's lost time to make up.

"Bill Joyce is out gathering beef right now—to put on his eye," says Gene. "Joe Hopkins, though—well, Joe got a bad crack on the cabeza and the boys carried him to the Eagle Bird ——"

"Why ain't you two there looking after him?" Virge snaps out. "Leaving him to die?"

He turned sharp around and set out for the Eagle Bird at a gait that made them hump to keep up with him. He stopped at the door and told Gene and Henry to hustle and get Doc Graling on the keen jump, and then he pushed inside, to see Joe Hopkins with his head tied up, standing at the end of the bar and holding up a glass of something as if it wasn't no exertion for him whatever. What was more, everybody in the place was lined up similar; and in the middle of the row, with his head bare and his coat and vest tore half off of him, and no shirt to speak of, was the little old man with the whiskers who had started the trouble.

"Hold on!" shouts this venerable scarecrow. "Here's another friend just in time. Belly up, pardner. Everybody drinks on me today. I'm the local branch of the U. S. Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and —— Why, dog my cats if it ain't the noble young man that prevented me from getting robbed!" He dropped his glass on the bar, liquor and all, and came at Virge with both hands out. "If folks wasn't around I'd kiss you," he says. "I don't know your honored name, but it's one that's a-going to be wrote on my heart in letters of enduring marble a foot high."

"My name's Breslow, of the Flying V, Mr. Duke," says Virge. "I'll just take one with you and then I want to talk with you a spell."

"It's perfectly mutual and agreeable," says grandpa. "I've got li'l' business to talk over with you. All set, gentlemen?

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

Then here's happy days and success to the pea crop! Skoll!"

He tossed it off and then reached up and put his arm around Virge's shoulder and zigzagged him over to a table at the far end of the room.

"Breslow, I got back my fifty dollars," he says. "That tinhorn let me have it back."

"That's good!" says Virge. "And now how about you and me going home?"

"It's good, but there's better still," says the old man. "When I took it, it was in a roll and I didn't make no deductions nor refunds. I figured that any sum or sums left over the fifty was due to me account of personal injuries and internal shock and libel damages, not to mention that I got a suspicion that his money wasn't come by honest, and I felt it was my duty as an honest citizen to deprive that pea-shifting robber of his nefarious working capital and devote it to relieving suffering and sech-like good works. I've give drink to them athirst three times in the last ten minutes, and I got this left."

He went down into his jeans and commenced hauling out greenbacks by the handful.

"Deducting my fifty, half of this here is yours," he says to Virge. "I'm a just man, and I figure I wouldn't have got a cent if it hadn't been for you. And don't you think it's because I'm full. It's my justness; it ain't my deplorable condition."

"You put that money right back into your pocket," Virge told him, "and then if you'll tell me where is the rig you come to town in we'll go get it and I'll side you a part of the way home while we figure what's best to do with this here wealth."

Right then and there Rodney Duke and Tice Bradway come in, both of them showing signs of battle. They looked around until they seen the old man and Virge, and then they made a bee line for the table.

"Hello, paw!" says Rodney. "Paw, maw's looking for you."

"You go tell your maw that I'll be around pretty soon," says the old man. "I've got business on hand now."

"If I was you I'd rather let the business wait than let maw wait," says Rodney.

The old man looked kind of worried.

"Well, mebbe I'd better," he says. Then he cocked a fighting eye on Tice, who had sort of sniggered. "You in on this, young feller?" he inquires.

"Miss Ethelda asked me to help Rodney find you," says Tice. "She and Mrs. Duke is both real anxious about you, Mr. Duke, sir."

Mr. Duke made a few remarks and looked around for his hat, and then remembered that he'd left it on the circus lot. Then he noticed that the rest of his apparel wasn't in no condition for ladies' company and concluded he'd stay right where he was and let Rodney take the folks home. Rodney explained that he'd got a rig of his own to drive and a previous engagement to drive it. Then Tice proposed that he'd go out and try to break into Walt Knowlton's clothing store and get Mr. Duke a new outfit; which, after some argument, he done, expending the whole of the fifty dollars the old man gave him. Even then they made a late start. First off, Mr. Duke objected to the pattern of what Tice had brought him and abused the young man something shameful; and when the boys got him pushed and pulled into the garments he was bound and determined he'd climb up on the bar to look in the mirror and see how the pants set, and they finally had to let him do it. Then when they got him outside he wouldn't go a step without Virge going along. He said he needed Virge's good right arm to support him, account of a dizziness that sometimes struck him when he went out of a hot room into the cold air, it being as cold as eighty-two in the shade just then. Tice offered his good right arm, but the old man turned on him real savage, intimating that a man that had Mr. Bradway's poor taste in gent's suitings and didn't know a decent fit from a third stroke of paralysis was the rottenest kind of a reed to lean on. Furthermore, Virge was his friend, his preserver and his benefactor, and he allowed that Mrs. Duke and his daughter Ethelda would want to embrace him with tears of gratitude.

Well, they didn't shed a single tear. Particularly Mrs. Duke didn't. She told Virge that she thought he was in big business, leading a poor, weak-minded old man astray, and she'd thank him not to talk to her, because she had eyes in her head and a nose to smell with and you couldn't fool her. She didn't want to hear anything more out of Mr. Duke either. She wanted him to climb right into that wagon and — no, she wasn't going to trust him with the reins; she'd drive herself.

She started to get into the wagon, with Tice Bradway helping her every pound that he was able and with tender care. Virge was turning to go when he felt a hand on his arm, and, looking round, seen Ethelda, with her blue eyes just a-dancing. She couldn't hardly speak, account of her emotion getting tangled up with her language, and Virge wasn't any too well pleased about it, not seeing anything particular amusing; but he stood still and stiff while Ethelda wiped her eyes, tried to speak, and then at the sight of his face broke out again.

"Oh, me, oh, my!" she says at last. "Mr. B-B-Breslow, don't mind maw, p-please! She—she's just mad at paw. Don't you get mad too. We're all m-much obliged to you, and ——"

"Ethelda!" says maw.

"And—and you come and see paw like he wants you to. Yes, maw."

She gave him her hand, and Virge was real surprised at the way it felt to hold Ethelda Duke's hand, even for a couple of seconds. He was sorry to see that she shook hands with Tice Bradway, too, and when she kissed her brother Rodney good-by Virge felt—well, he didn't exactly know how he felt, and when the wagon rolled away he was still studying on it.

"Well, boss, what do you think of my girl?" Tice Bradway asked him.

Virge woke up.

"Are you right sure she is your girl?" he asks. "Does she know it?"

Tice was honest about it.

"I wouldn't say for sure," he answers. "She may have an inkling of it. But I'll tell a man there isn't no serious opposition on my side. What do you think of her?"

Virgil's lip went out.

"She seems to be all right as far's looks go," he says. "But you can't tell from that, and looks ain't everything."

"How true that is!" says Tice. "You ain't bad-looking, yourself. . . . Say, that was a peach of a scrap down on the lot, wasn't it? But on the other hand, and all said and done, I don't s'pose it come up to the Battle of Gettysburg."

Most of this here filtered through to me afterwards, but I'd seen and heard enough then to start me to meditating. First off, I wondered whether Virge hadn't took a big notion to Ethelda Duke. I reckoned he had; and then again, I was dead sure that he hadn't—no more than the interest that any man would naturally take in a dog-goned pretty girl. The way he'd turned his back on her right at the start looked as if it wasn't scarcely as much as that, and the way he'd made for the bench to sit behind her at the show looked 's if it was more than that. The strict attention that he didn't give to the performance might have been nothing more than the contemptuousness of a feller that knew what good riding—the real thing—was, and then he may have looked so hard at Ethelda's neck because it was plumb in the line of his vision. The way he'd got up and quit us like he did might have been account of the mush and taffy that Tice Bradway was feeding Ethelda, which was sure disgusting to listen to—and then whispering ain't good manners. But Virge himself wasn't extry polite, the way he'd pulled his freight out of there right while Ethelda was talking pretty to him.

Then I wondered about Ethelda forgiving Tice right away, like she done. It didn't seem natural. And she didn't discourage him none, or act as if the mush and taffy disagreed with her. On the other hand, she'd forgave Virge, seemingly, right up to when he turned his back on her for the second time. It looked like long-suffering and forgiveness was her strong holts.

Well, about three weeks after that, Tice Bradway come into town with the Flying V wagon for supplies, and while we was putting up the team I got the most of my doubts settled. First thing I noticed was that Tice was kind of glum and short-spoked; and finally, when I made inquiries after the health and well-being of his boss he said a bad word.

"If all the outfits around here wasn't full-handed I'd quit him cold," he says. "I'd beat him up a mess first, and then I'd ask him to give me my time, and let the Flying V go a-hurtling down to bankruptcy and ruination."

"Has he been trying to get you to work?" I asked him.

"That ain't nothing," he says. "I'm used to that outrage, and I've got ways and means of circumventing it when it gets more than flesh and blood can bear. What makes me want to bite into his dripping heart is that I can't ride out to Beaver Creek no time whatever but I find him there at Old Man Duke's, monopolizing the conversation."

"I didn't think there was a conversationalist breathing that could do that when you was around," I told him. "And Virge Breslow never struck me as being a right gabby person."

"I didn't say he was. I said he monopolized the conversation. He sits there like a bump on a log and lets the family talk to him exclusive," says Tice. "Someway he's made himself solid with the old man and Mrs. Duke. They both act like they thought the sun rose and set in Mr. Breslow."

"He's an oily scoundrel," I says. "Them smooth, pleasant ways of his ——"

"That's the funny thing about it," says Tice. "He's just about as genial and honey-tongued there as he is with us boys at the ranch."

"Excepting with Miss Ethelda," I suggests.

"He ain't no different with her," says Tice. "That stony-eyed stoughton bottle ain't got no conception of what's beautiful and lovely and sweet and amiable and elegant mannered and highly accomplished. Honest to gracious, sometimes when she speaks to him he just grunts—grunts! And when he does say anything to her, nine times out of ten it's something that ain't complimentary. I'm waiting for the time he goes far enough to justify me in hauling off and pasting him on the jaw."

"If he's acting thataway, why worry, son?" I asked him. "I'd think you'd be pleased."

"Well, it's her I'm worrying about," says Tice. "Why does she talk to the son of a gun? What makes her so meek and mild? Why not let the old folks entertain him?" I didn't like to tell him what I thought was the reason. "Besides which," he goes on to say, "I hate to see anybody not appreciating her. I don't claim that it gives me joy to witness Mat Rutherford and Bert Brady and Chris Blevins and the rest of them ornery coots acting loony about her and horning in where they ain't desired, but I can't find it in my heart to blame 'em. They've got the right idea about her anyway. They reco'nize the fact that when the good Lord made her He put in His finest licks and done a job to be proud of, and that's to their credit. Why, there simply ain't nobody like her, and when I hear with my own two dependable ears a fiddle-faced fool having the nerve to tell her that her biscuits ain't done in the middle—well, I had to hold tight to my hair to keep myself from rising out of it."

"You don't mean to say that he told her that!" I says.

"Just that," says he. "She says, 'Are them biscuit done right through, Mr. Breslow? I'm afraid I didn't leave them in long enough,' and he says—what do you think?—he says, 'No, ma'am, you didn't. They ain't.' Well!"

"Was they done through?" I asked.

"They was done through aplenty," he replied. "The biscuits that she bakes are the dog-gone best biscuits that ever come out of an oven. I said so then and I say so now; and I et seven of 'em and none the worse for it this minute. Anything she puts her little hand to is done right—every time."

"Why don't you tell that to her?" I says.

"If you think I don't, every chance I get, you ain't the deep, profound thinker that I've took you for," says he.

"Have you ever happened to mention or allude to her eyes and her hair and her other strong points, such as her dimples?" I asks him.

"Oh, shut up!" says he.

"Because," says I, "that sort of thing may not have the charm of novelty for her. Just think that over before you roll into your bunk, son. Think it over good, from all points of view, and then sleep on it."

He looked at me for a full minute, and then nodded and went off about his business.

The next time Tice seen Ethelda to talk to was at a dance at Jack Bean's on Horsehead. He had put in an application

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DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

There is really nothing surprising in the thing Dodge Brothers have done.

They have simply applied to closed car design the same independent common sense which has characterized their methods from the start.

They have made the most practical car in theory the most practical car in fact.

To all-year protection they have added everyday usefulness and all-road sturdiness.

In order to accomplish this, they have been willing, as manufacturers, to pioneer boldly and without regard for precedent.

It was found advisable, for instance, to cut the use of wood to a minimum, and create the main body structure entirely of steel. Greater strength at less cost has been the result. And a steel surface on which Dodge Brothers permanent lustrous enamel can be baked.

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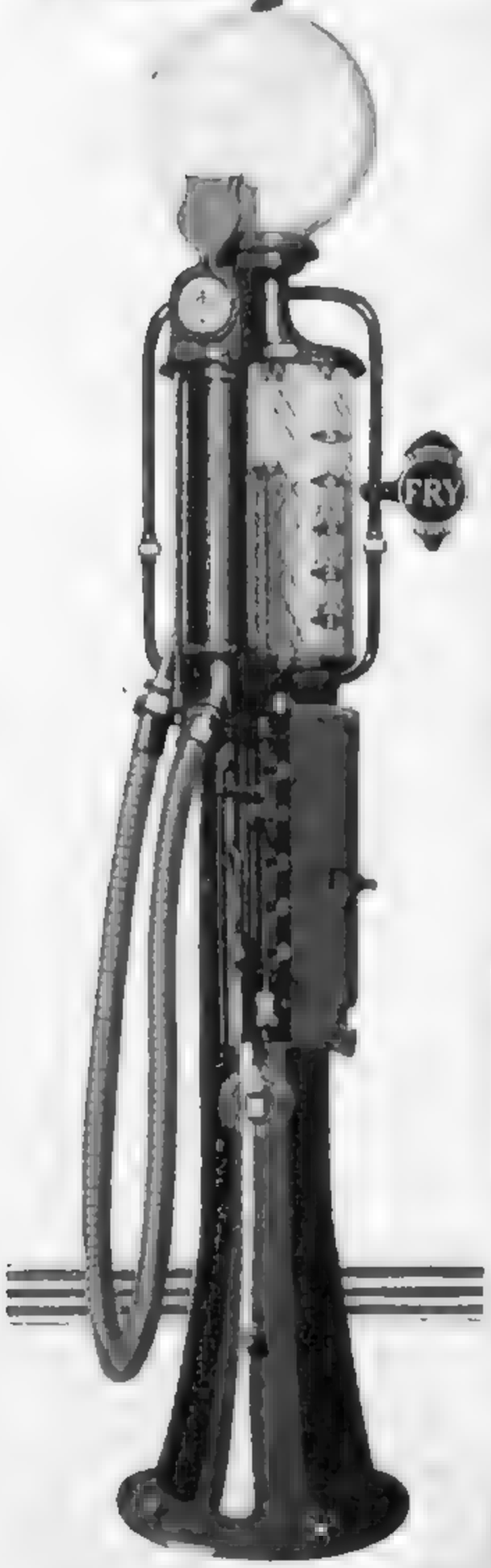

There is a great source of satisfaction in buying your gasoline from a Fry Guarantee Visible Pump—the pump that is always automatically accurate under all circumstances.

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Fry Guarantee Visible Curb Pumps approved by Underwriters Laboratories.

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to take her; but Chris Blevins had filed ahead of him, and she had told Chris that he might have the honor and pleasure requested, so Tice had to stag it. He wasn't much uneasy about Chris, him being clost on to forty and running to fat all over, not excepting his head; and then he had found out that Virge Breslow had offered, sort of casual, to squire Miss Duke to the festivities, and Miss Duke hadn't had nothing for the gentleman but thanks and regrets. So, while he was some disappointed, Tice felt about as cheerful as was natural. All the same, he didn't push into the mob that surged around Ethelda when she come onto the floor, and it wasn't until after the second quadrille, when she beckoned to him, that he spoke to her, and then she spoke first.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Tice?" she asks him. "Are you mad at poor little Ethelda about something?"

"Me?" says Tice, trying to look at her like she wasn't nothing out of the way. "Me? Why, no! Why would I be mad at you?"

"You never asked me to dance, and I'm ready to cry about it this minute," she says. "My heart's just about breaking."

She looked up at him with a smile that made him dizzy, but he kept his face straight and sober.

"I'm willing to dance with you if you want me to," he says.

"Oh, goody, goody!" she says, clapping her hands with joy. Then she took out the program that she had tucked into her sash and looked at it. "Isn't that too bad!" she says. "There isn't a single, solitary dance left for you—and good enough for you too!"

"Well, I reckon your heart will stay together then," says Tice.

"There's something the matter with you," she says. "What is it? Don't you like my new dress?"

She held out her skirts with her finger tips and made her dimples come.

"No," Tice answers her.

He had hard work to say it like he meant it, but he done pretty well. Anyway, it made her bite her lip so's when she let it go it sprung out from between her white teeth like a ripe cherry.

"It's too late to change it now, I'm afraid," she says. "I wish I had known in time that you would have objections to it. I could have thrown it into the rag bag and wore the old one. I'm almost scared to ask you if you don't like the new way I've fixed my hair."

"It might suit some tastes, but it don't mine," says Tice, not batting an eye.

"Oh!" she says. "In-deed!"

"You asked me," says Tice.

"I wonder why I asked you," she says. "It couldn't be because I cared a particle whether you liked it or not. I'm beginning to have a suspicion that you don't like me."

"Oh, I like you well enough, for the matter of that," says Tice, at which she drops him a nice little curtsy and asks him, with a sweet smile, if he likes spinach.

"I like spinach well enough—once in a while for a change," Tice answers. "Why?"

"Because," she says. And then she says, "Turn around for a minute and let me look at your back."

Tice done as she asked.

"What's the matter with my back?" he inquires, and then he faced about and seen that she wasn't there.

The next thing, Matt Bingham called pardners for a waltz, and shortly after Tice seen Ethelda a-winding in its mazes under the misguiding hand of Virge Breslow, and I understand that when he seen that he blamed me in terms that I'd have sure felt it necessary to take notice of if I had heard them.

Seemingly Ethelda was enjoying herself to the limit, although, as the feller says, it was patent to the most casual observer that Virge was what might be termed a tyro or a novice, with no sort of control over his feet or regard for what was under them. He seemed to have got some sort of a hazy idea that this was billiards and him and Ethelda was the cue ball, considering which, after a round or two he took Ethelda to a seat and sat down beside her and wiped his forehead.

"You did well, for the first time," Ethelda told him. "After I've given you a few lessons you'll be able to dance as well as anybody."

Virge give one of the grunts that Tice Bradway had objected to.

"Thank you kindly, but I'd sooner take lessons in something sensible," he says. "I never did hold with this capering around, and now I've tried it myself I'm more opposed to it than ever."

"Maybe if you had a better pardner you'd have got on better," says Ethelda.

"Maybe so," Virge agrees; "but, be that as it may, it's foolishness, grown people milling around the way they're doing. Look at 'em!"

"I did my best to keep from tripping you up," says Ethelda, "but I reckon I was sort of awkward."

"Well, I'm awkward myself when it comes to this," says Virge forgivingly. "I know how it is."

Right then Jimmy Burke comes skating up, and before Virgil realized it he had Ethelda out on the floor, making up for lost time. Virge sat where he was and watched her for a minute or two, and then concluded that Jimmy was having better luck keeping step with her than he had had; then he got up and made for the door, where I was standing at the time, looking on. I'd been shaking a lively leg myself up to then, but I never was much on the waltz, never having got the hang of the reverse.

"I'm going out to get a breath of air," says Virge. "Don't you feel a mouthful of oxygen would do you good?"

"It might," I told him. "I've got a packet of breath lozengers in my vest pocket, too. Lead me on to your cache."

We went out, but Virge didn't lead no further than the woodpile, where he sat down on a cottonwood log and rolled him a cigarette. All he handed to me was his tobacco sack and papers, but I filled my pipe and lit it, noticing by the flare of the match that Virge was looking mighty thoughtful and troubled. After we'd set a while, I gave him his chance to ease his mind.

"Certain rumors and ondits around town has it that you are getting to be a common and customary spectacle around Old Man Duke's place on Beaver," I says. "Is there any truth in the report, Virge?"

"I drop in there once in a while," he replies. "I've been buying some hay from the old man, and—oh, shucks! I'd just as soon tell you, and it ain't nobody's business but mine, anyway. I took a sort of a notion—well, it seemed to me that if a man was looking around for a wife he might do worse than—than drop in at Old Man Duke's once in a while and look around, and ——"

He come to a stop.

"Yes?" says I, encouraging.

"I'm not right certain," he proceeds. "In some respects I think that I couldn't do better—much. They're a nice family, taking them one with another and making allowances. The old folks are favorable to me and the two boys ain't hostile, and Ethelda ——"

He come to a stop again.

"Well?" I says after a while.

"She's been kind of spoiled," he says. "She's been made too much of and told that she's this and that and the other until she believes it. Believing it, she can't help but think she's abused when a person is honest with her. She doesn't let on that she thinks so, but I've been noticing, and it wasn't but a little while ago that I was dead sure she took exceptions to something I said that wasn't no more than the honest truth."

He went on to tell me about his dancing with her, like I've just told you.

"Whereas," he continues, "that slack-mouthed Tice Bradway, a man that ain't got no conscience nor regard for the truth, he don't hesitate for a holy second to tell her that she's the champion all-around pink of perfection—which no woman ain't, and no man, 's far's I've seen. And she likes that. I ain't sure but she likes Tice too. I mean more than she had ought to do if she had sense."

"There's this about it," says I: "In this here round, rolling world there's a heap and aplenty girls that's pretty enough and smart enough and fair-to-middling cooks, and some of them is cavorting around right on the same floor with Ethelda inside there. And they ain't been spoiled."

"Granted," says he. "But there ain't none of them I want."

"In that case, and if you think you ain't progressing none in being honest and square and flat-footed and wooden-headed, why not humor her vanity a little and give her the sort of talk that she craves and is used to?" I suggested.

"I've just been a-wondering whether that wouldn't be a right good idea," he says. "It come into my head a while ago—that very thing."

I followed him back into the house, not being able to keep up with him, and I saw him hanging around in Ethelda's vicinity nearly all the rest of the evening, waiting for a chance to speak to her, which she took care he didn't get. She'd smile at him once in a while, and give him a nod now and then; but she kind of managed to have one or two of the girls or a few of the boys with her whenever she wasn't dancing. Virge wasn't the only one that acted as if he'd like to have a word or two with her in private either.

Tice Bradway wasn't never more than a few yards away from her, and the way he looked at her, trying to catch her eye, would have drawed pity from a heart of stone; but she didn't even give him a smile nor a nod; maybe if she had he wouldn't have got desperate and took her away from Will Kerr the way he done.

They had just got through the Sicilian Circle, and Kerr was escorting Ethelda to where Rodney Duke and his girl had just sat down, when Tice cut in between and stopped them.

"Billy," he says to Kerr, "your horse has broke loose and you'll find yourself afoot if you don't hustle out and catch him. You can take my plug to head him off if you like, but you'll have to hustle."

Kerr made a break for the door and Tice turned to Ethelda with a sickly grin.

"That was a lie," he said; "but I just got to talk to you, Ethelda. Say, you ain't mad at me, are you, Ethelda?"

"Me?" says Ethelda. "Why should I be mad at you?"

"About your dress," he answers, talking fast. "Say, I think that dress is the prettiest dog-gone dress I ever seen in all my born days! It just took my breath away as soon as I set eyes on it. Maybe it wasn't the dress so much as the girl inside it, because I never seen you in anything that didn't look like royal robes on you. It's my belief that you'd make gunny sacks look stylish and becoming; but, all the same, this particular one is a wonder, with all them beautiful little tucks and ruffles and all, to say nothing of the colors in it. I lied when I said I didn't like it, and I lied when I told you I didn't like the way you've fixed your hair. Any fool would like it! Just the way them little waves—like the ripples on water when the sun is a-rising at the far end of it in gold and glory; and the way you've got it sticking out behind, curving in to your neck—mamma! I lied like a Piute when I said I didn't like it."

"You're a considerable of a liar, seems to me, even by your own tell," says Ethelda, mighty cool.

"That's true," says Tice. "I am. You're right about that, like you're right about everything. As a general thing, I hate to hurt folks' feelings by telling them the truth about themselves. But there ain't no need of me lying to you about yourself or about my feelings with regards to you, and tonight was the first time I ever done it, Ethelda. Think of me saying that I liked you well enough! Well, take it one way, which wasn't the way I said it, and that isn't so far from the truth. I sure like you too well for my own peace of mind, I tell you those! But you know darned well it ain't just liking. I love every ——"

Ethelda opened her mouth as far as it would stretch, putting her hand before it out of politeness.

"Every leaf of spinach in the bed," she says, sort of sleepy. "Yes, I know, Tice. You've said all that before. Excuse me, but I want to speak to Rodney."

"Wait a minute," Tice begs. "You seemed to like the way Breslow talked and acted—and if he don't quit goggling at us in about a minute I'm going to take him out and knock his lip back to where it belongs, so ——"

Ethelda shook his hand off.

"If you make any trouble here you'll be sorry for it," she says, and starts for Rodney, leaving Tice gaping after her.

She didn't get far, because just as the fiddle and accordion started on the Home, Sweet Home, Virge Breslow checked her up.

"Enjoying yourself, Mr. Breslow?" she asks him kindly.

"No, I ain't," says Virge. "I mean I ain't been up to now."

"Up to now?" she repeats.

"It's always an enjoyment to talk to you," says Virge, bringing it out with a jerk.

"Mercy!" says Ethelda.

"I want to apologize to you," says he. "I've been studying on what I said to you

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How Essex Views the Closed Car Question

Until Essex brought out the Coach, a closed car on a first rate chassis could not be had at a moderate price.

Buyers took to it by the thousands. Nothing like it was ever experienced in closed car sales. And in consequence other makers added closed cars to their lines.

But their bid for a share of the trade is not based upon the principle which gives the Essex its distinction.

Mark how different it is

Elaborate fittings intended to lend an air of luxury are not featured in the Essex. It is sold strictly on its merits as a complete and superb motor car mechanically. It established itself as one of the leading four cylinder motor cars of the world in performance, endurance, reliability and economy.

One stock car under official observation traveled 3,037 miles in fifty hours. Four stock cars each lowered all previous time records between San Francisco and New York.

Essex cars that have traveled 50,000 miles are still giving satisfactory service. Owners will tell you one after another their next car will be an Essex.

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the last time—the last time I had the enjoyment of conversation with you. And I want to apologize "

"Whatever about?" she asks.

"I intimated that you was maybe a little mite awkward when you was dancing with me—I mean when I had the honor and the pleasure of dancing with you. Well, you wasn't I've been watching you since, and it don't seem reasonable that you was awkward "

"It's right nice of you to say so," she says.

"And it wouldn't have been no different with no other lady, because I think you come mighty nigh being the best lady dancer there is here; as good as any of them, anyway "

"You're just fooling," she says. "You're saying that just to make me feel good."

"And maybe dancing ain't as foolish as I think it is," says Virge, gulping. "I wouldn't mind having you give me a lesson or two. Maybe if I happen around tomorrow ——"

"I'll see," says Ethelda. "Was there anything more that you wanted to say to me?"

"Yes," says Virge, "I wanted to say—— "

"Because here's Mr. Blevins, and this is the last dance," says she. "All right, Chris. Much obliged, Mr. Breslow. You've made me very happy by what you said."

And at that Virge Breslow backed out of the way and Chris whirled her off.

Virge Breslow rolled out of his downy couch the next morning at about the same time as usual. Not because he wanted to and wouldn't have just as soon snoozed for another hour or so; but after his alarm clock went off he didn't hear no sounds of activity from the kitchen or the bunk house, and he hadn't no intention of letting the boys waste good daylight in idle slumbers that they was paid for working in. His own conscience wasn't any too clear respecting the company's time that he had lately been putting in on Beaver Creek, and he knew that he was going to pass some more of it during this same morning; so the least he could do was to make everybody else hump. Urged by this reflection, he broke the peaceful silence with a rough, loud voice, and kept on a-breaking of it and generally making himself a disturbing element until breakfast, when he proceeded to give his instructions for the day.

"Henry," he says to Walsh, "I reckon you and Harvey might throw a bale or two of wire into the wagon and jog over to Witch Creek and fix that south fence, if you'd just as soon and ain't too fatigued. Jackson, you look so plumb tuckered out I just naturally hate to ask you to take a little ride over to Tupper's and bring up them mares he's got for us, but I don't see no way out of it. You'd better take Gene Baker with you if you think you can persuade him to keep going and not lay down and go to sleep. Tice ——"

Tice Bradway looked at him sort of red-eyed, over the rim of his cup

"You can leave me out," he says. "I've got a previous engagement, and I want to tell you right now ——"

"Tice has got a previous engagement," says Virge, cutting in on him, calm and easy. "He's a-going to tell me the rest of it when he comes into the office to get his time. That puts me to the sad necessity of requesting Bill Joyce —— You don't really feel much like moving, Bill, do you? Still, I'd like to have you haze them cows of ours out of the breaks at the Fall River crossing and throw them onto Shep's Flat or thereabouts. It's a shame and sort of imposing on you, after them exertions of yours last night, but it's got to be done."

He finished up finally and went into the office, where Tice Bradway joined him in a few minutes with his hat on his left ear. Virge passed him out his money and told him to count it and see that it was all right, but Tice shoved it down into his jeans without looking at it.

"It's right, all right," says Tice. "I don't like the color of your hair one bit, but I reckon you're honest, as well as being sober and industrious and saving and good-looking and smart and well educated. With all them advantages, besides having licked the living skeleton at the circus, single-handed, to help Pa Duke commit highway robbery, it looks like you've got a cinch."

"Is that what you said you wanted to tell me a few minutes ago?" asked Virge, looking at him steady.

"No," says Tice, "that just occurred to me spontaneous. I wanted to tell you that I didn't like the way you talked to us boys. Never did. And that's one of the reasons why I'm quitting you. The other reason is that I seen you had got yourself all prettied up like you was going to ride over to Beaver Creek, and I figured that I would try to unpretty you a few before you started. It's sort of crowded in here, but I reckon we'll find plenty of room out behind the barn."

Virge got up and put away the time book and closed the safe, smiling pleasantly while he done it. Tice didn't like his smile.

"No use spoiling a good coat and a clean collar," says Tice. "Better take 'em off and leave 'em here until I carry you back."

"That's thoughtful and considerate of you, but I don't think it will be necessary," says Virge. "I don't aim to roll on the ground with you none. I'll work on you standing, and as it's a cool morning I'll keep my coat on, it being unlikely I'll get enough exercise to keep myself warm."

"Excuse me," says Tice. "I'd forgot what a fighting wonder you was. I reckon it's too late for me to beg off now, though, so let's meander forth."

Well, there wasn't no doubt about it that Virge was a fighting wonder; but Tice wasn't no slouch, either, although shorter in the reach and weighing about twelve or fourteen pounds less. He wasn't in Virge's class, nohow, although husky, active and filled brimful of enthusiasm to carry out his program.

He made a good start on it by making an early closing movement effective on Virge's right eye, and Virge retorted by hitting him simultaneous, or nearly so, on his nose and the back of his neck and the left ear and the jaw. When Tice got up he noticed that Virge still wore his smile, and after trying two or three times he succeeded in knocking it off, sustaining injuries that was more or less serious, but seemingly not discouraging, in and during his efforts. There wasn't no rounds and not much science. They both went at it hammer and tongs, Tice getting the big share of the hammering. One thing, he wasted a lot of good breath talking

"Woof! Nearly—got you that time! Huh! Why—don't you bring your flower face nearer to me—and give—huh!—me a chance? Don't—be bashful. Hah! Never feazed me! All—you done was lose—more skin off your knuckles. Yip! What's making you sweat? Want—to take your coat off now, damn you? Watch out, I'm a-coming!"

Virge side-stepped, and tripping over a stick of wood fell over backwards. Tice gave a whoop of joy and jumped astraddle of him.

"Won't roll on the ground with me, won't you? Too high-toned to roll, are you?"

He bumped Virge's head a couple of times, mussing the clean collar considerable; but Virge heaved and got his knee up, and Tice turned a half somersault and took a roll all by himself. They both got up at about the same time, and Virge's nice coat was all ripped across the shoulder and one sleeve.

Up to that time Virge had been fighting cool and ugly. Now he went for Tice like hell beating tanbark with a double stint to finish before noon, smashing right and left and straight out. Tice stood up to it like a little man, but he was just about played out when he made his last charge, and all he could do was take what was given to him in the spirit it was offered, and the last he got took him on the point of the jaw, putting an end to all his troubles and anxieties for the time being.

Virge asked him if he didn't want to get up and have a little more, but for once in his life Tice didn't talk back. It was ten minutes or more before he had a word to say, and by that time Virge had gone into retirement, and the cook was the only person to tell him that he was in the bunk house of the Vermont Land and Cattle Company, owning the Flying V, the X Bar 7 and Half Circle Bar brands, with range on Upper Horsehead, Witch Creek and south to the mouth of Red Cañon.

"Have I been in swimming?" Tice asked.

"That's where some of the water fell short of your head," says the cook. "You was such a horrible sight the bucket slipped in my trembling hand. What for did you want to irritate the boss by wallering him in the dirt? Didn't you suspect he wouldn't like it?"

Tice studied a minute or two, recalling events. (Continued on Page 53)

PAIGE

THE man or woman who appreciates the really fine things of life is irresistibly drawn to the Paige 6-66 Sedan, not only because it is a rarely beautiful creation, but because it offers the fullest and most satisfactory expression of motoring comfort.

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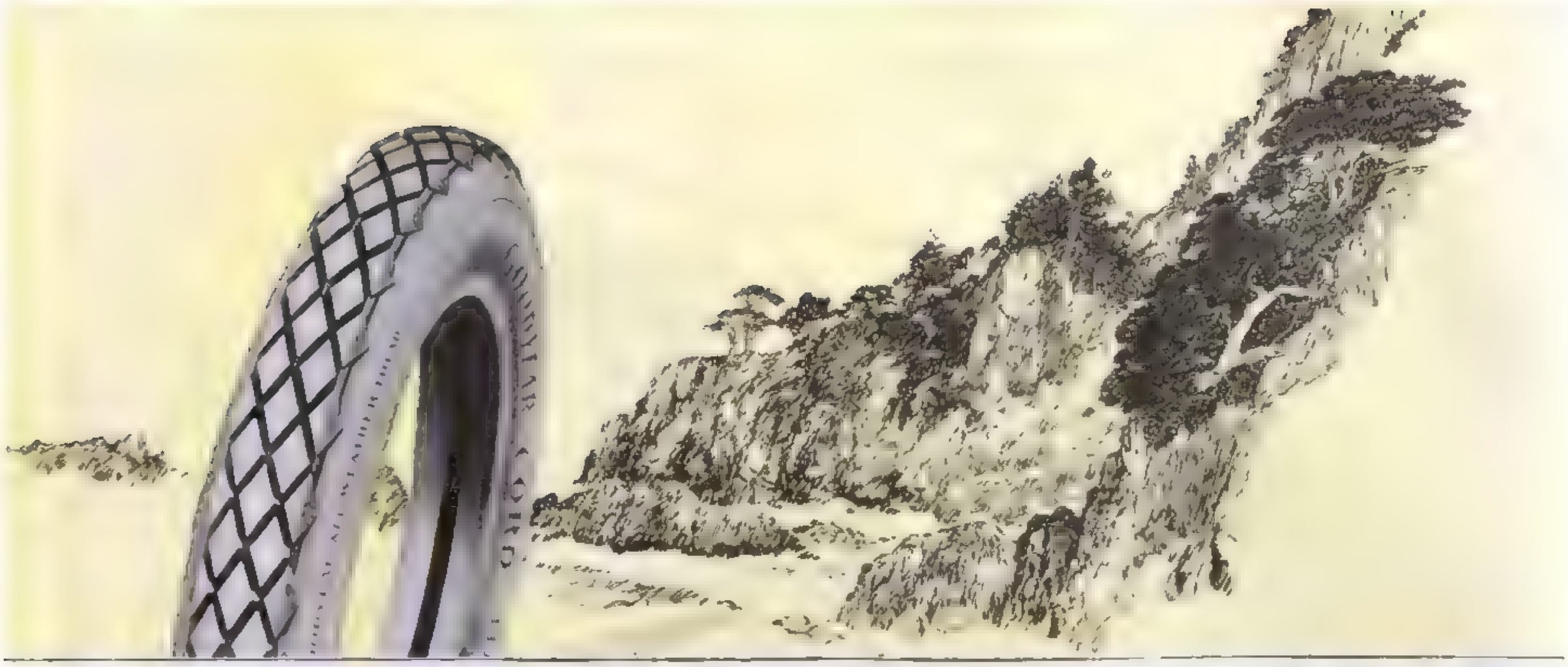
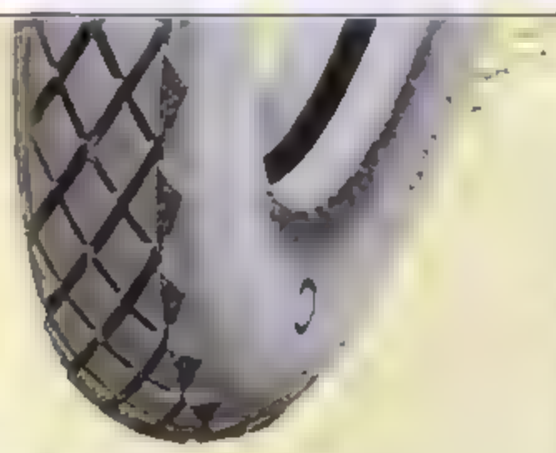


GOODYEAR MEANS GOOD WEAR



Wherever you see on highways or boulevard the signature of the strong, long wear All-Weather Tread

If you have ever cut into a worn automobile tire you have seen that the foundation of tire construction is cotton.

So little a difference as an eighth of an inch in the length of the fibre of this cotton can make thousands of miles difference in tire performance.

Some tire makers think cotton of extremely long staple is too expensive to use, and are satisfied with a less costly grade.

But Goodyear puts into its tires only the long-fibre kind.

Goodyear means good wear.

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The obvious way to build up a cord tire carcass is to lay one ply of cords alternately crosswise upon another.

This method gives a reasonably satisfactory result.

But Goodyear learned years ago that cord plies laid in alternate *groups* insured a better result—less internal friction, less heat in the tire, longer life.

No other tire maker can use this construction, for it is patented.

But Goodyear puts it into every cord tire it builds.

Goodyear means good wear.

There are on the market literally hundreds of non-skid tread designs.

But one design stands out clear and unmistakable in the minds of motorists everywhere—the clean-cut pattern of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

The rugged, sharp-edged blocks of this efficient tread wear long and grip tight, giving maximum traction, security and economy.

No other tire maker can use the All-Weather Tread; it is the property of Goodyear alone.

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For nearly a quarter of a century, now, Goodyear Tires have been serving the public.

Through all that time they have steadily and surely gathered to themselves an increasing number of friends.

By the force of their goodness they have won to a leadership in the tire industry that has never been seriously challenged.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Goodyear means good wear.

GOODYEAR

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(Continued from Page 50)

"I reckon the Hon. Virgil Breslow has gone for a little *pasear* on horseback somewheres," he says.

"Not any," replies the cook. "It was as much as he could do to make it to the house. I'm gambling he doesn't ride for a week."

"Then I die happy," says Tice with a grin, and lay back on his bunk.

"He said for me to do anything for you I could, and give you what you wanted, whatever it was," the cook told him. "He stayed until you begun to come to."

"Dog-gone him, he's pretty white after all," says Tice.

"That's him hollering for me now," says the cook.

He went to the door and hollered back. Virge's voice came, kind of muffled and queer, but it carried.

"Ben," he says, "I wish, when you get the time and can spare a minute or two from your patient, you'd saddle up old Blue for me. I've hurt my wrist and I'm kind of left-handed."

Ethelda Duke was a-setting under the wild-cucumber vine on the back porch of her happy home, snapping string beans into a pan for dinner, when she seen a little dust arising on the river trail that forked over to Beaver. It was mighty slow-traveling dust, so she concluded that it wasn't what she thought it might be at first, and went on with her beans. Presently her mother called from the kitchen that Mr. Breslow was a-coming up the road, and she looked again and seen that sure enough he was. He was humped over on his saddle, sort of, and not hitting his usual gait, but it was him; and when Ethelda seen that she bent over her pan and didn't look up no more, even when she heard spurs, slow and dragging, on the path.

It was only when Virge spoke to her that she raised her head, and there wasn't no make-believe in her look of surprise or the little squeal that she let out at the sight of him.

"My gracious goodness!" she cries out. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing," replies Virge. "It was done to me, against my wishes. I'll set down if you don't mind."

"Did your horse throw you?" she asked, looking at the white bandage around his eye and his swelled mouth and the sticking plaster on his cheek. "Maybe you'd better come into the house and lay down on the sofa. I'll call maw."

"I'd rather you didn't," says Virge. "This chair's comfortable enough. I ain't hurt bad, but it certainly feels good to set down. I aimed to let you give me a dancing lesson this morning, but I don't feel a heap like dancing, to tell the honest truth."

"But how did you do it?" she asks him again.

"Tice Bradway done it, but—well, I reckon Tice ain't feeling like dancing either. I don't reckon he'll be around for a few weeks, and I doubt if you'll reco'nize him then; but, according to my idea, any alteration in his face is in the nature of an improvement. I left him in his bunk, doing as well as could be expected. The cook's looking after him and thinks that as soon as his ribs mend up he'll be about as good as ever he was. Maybe I didn't break but one of his ribs."

"Oh!" cries Ethelda.

All the color that had been in her face left it. Virge turned his head to bring his one available eye to bear on her.

"But you're all right?" she says quickly.

"I'm a considerable sore all over, and I reckon I'm some disfigured; but it ain't nothing permanent," he tells her, making her feel as easy as possible. "You don't need to worry about me."

"I'm real thankful," she says. "Go on and tell me about it. How did it come?"

"I won't give you no details," says Virgil. "All is, he picked a fuss with me. I reckon—he seemed to think I was going to see you and—I hope he was right in what he said."

"What was that?" she inquires.

Virge thought he might as well tell her.

"He thought that I had a cinch," he explains, "with you. I mean he thought that if I asked you to marry me you'd—well that you'd marry me all right."

"What do you think yourself?" she asks him, setting the beans on the bench.

"Well, I'm pretty well fixed for a young man, and I've got a good job," says Virgil. "We would live at the ranch and the company would fix it up suitable the way you wanted it. I spoke to the president about it when I took that last shipment to Omaha, and he said they would be glad to do it and foot the bills. Seems to me you might, Ethelda. I'd sure be glad if you would."

"I don't believe you think enough of me," says she, twisting her apron.

"I think a heap of you," says he.

"But you ain't crazy about me. You don't think I'm the loveliest, adorablest angel of a girl ever stepped in shoe leather. Tice Bradway thinks I am. He told me he did. He allowed that life wouldn't have no charms nor attractions for him without me—and a lot more." She looked at him sideways.

"You can't always tell from what a man says how he feels," says Virge. "It ain't always to be depended on, that kind of talk."

"But if an honest, straightforward, truthful man told me so I could believe him, couldn't I?"

"Certainly," says Virgil. "And I think all them things about you—honest!"

"Then say them," says she.

"Say them?"

"Yes. Are you crazy about me?"

"In a way—er—yes, certainly I am. I'm crazy about you, Ethelda."

"Go on and say something about my hot biscuits and my hair. Tice told me my hair was like the ripples on water when the sun rises, all gold and glory. You say it, too—if you honestly think it is anything like that."

Well, to make a long story short, she got Virge started and kept him going for quite a spell, prompting him when he got stalled and mentioning something else about herself when he seemed to run out of material.

"And that's that," she says at last. "You certainly do flatter me, although I'm bound to believe you are honest about it. But I'll tell you, Mr. Breslow: it come too hard, and I don't believe I want to marry you and have you being perfectly honest and straightforward for the rest of my life. I'd sooner have a liar like Tice Bradway that wouldn't have to strain hard to be complimentary. A girl likes to have an honest, plain-spoken man think the world and all of her, as long as he doesn't take it out exclusively in thinking and she doesn't need a corkscrew to get a pleasant word out of him. Do you think you feel able to ride back to the ranch, or shall I ask Rodney to drive you over?"

"I'll ride," says Virge, lifting himself out of the chair. "And as a plain-spoken man I'll tell you ——"

"Tell Tice Bradway I want him to come over and see me," she says, the color all back in her face. "Tell him I want him to stay here with us if he can be moved. Tell him that I'll take care of him. Tell him, with my love ——"

"Here's Tice, if you want him," says a weak voice, and the most and completest bunged-up and forlorn-looking spectacle that ever rode fifteen miles with a broken rib lurched and stumbled forward and pitched right into Ethelda's arms.

"Was that all there was to it?" inquired Tip Yoakum of Hat Creek.

"That's all there was to it," replied the old bullwhacker. "Excepting, of course, that Tice and Ethelda got married, Tice's father staking them to a bunch of cows to stock their claim over to Cinnamon Butte. They've been married about twenty years now, and he still calls her Light of My Life and such. The women for miles around bring their husbands to hear him talk to her."

"How does she talk to him?" asked the stock tender.

"Well," said the old bullwhacker hesitatingly, "she's honest and straightforward and truthful with him, as a general thing. But then she's improved a heap on her hot biscuit."

THE BLACKGUARD

(Continued from Page 23)

late; the other men were waiting for him, and very soon he almost completely recovered himself. In this man's world, milling through a day's work with the give and take of business—and no women around to bother about—he naturally would recover himself. And up here in the offices he felt sort of secure, as in a fortress, or as though he had got back to his own country.

Back at the office after luncheon he was going to call Nancy up, but one thing after another intervened until, about a quarter to three, a card was brought in to him. It read: "Vauxhall. Journal of the Boudoir, the Studio and the Greenroom. Published Weekly. Mr. Arthur Ely, Editorial Representative." The bit of engraved pasteboard gave Brewster a shock. What the deuce could Ely be wanting of him? Naturally, he thought of the night before. One of the small private offices was vacant at the moment, and he directed that Mr. Ely be shown in there, going in himself a minute later.

Mr. Ely was standing, waiting for him. As Brewster appeared he smiled and extended his hand, asking, "Got home all right last night?"

Surely that was an innocent question, amiably asked. But what with Mr. Ely's long, bony, colorless face, near-set eyes and prominent teeth, that smile disagreeably suggested a horse trying to simulate human geniality. Ely's hair was too long, his necktie too conspicuous. Altogether there was something about the editor this afternoon that made Brewster's back bristle—something cadaverous and hungry and inimical.

So Brewster remained standing as a polite intimation that the interview need take only a moment, and replied without warmth, "Oh, yes; we got home all right."

Naturally, Ely noticed that he was not being asked to sit down, and his smile seemed to become mechanical—like an artificial horse whose lips are pulled apart by a string. The near-set eyes appeared to regard Brewster warily. He was carrying a heavy walking stick with a knobby handle.

"I'd like to talk to you a few minutes," he said.

Well, there was no use going off half-cocked. Brewster replied "Sit down."

Sitting down, with the heavy walking stick upright in his hand, Ely looked longer and bonier than ever. "I've had poor luck since I left Cantona," said he, mechanically smiling. "I'm in the hole. I'd like to borrow a thousand dollars—for ninety days."

So there it was! Brewster reacted vigorously.

"Why the devil should I lend you a thousand dollars?"

Presumably Ely might have alleged various reasons, but he had made up his mind before coming here and nerved himself to it. So he now answered plumply, with the fixed smile, "Principally for keeping my mouth shut."

So there it was again! Some way Brewster had smelled it from the moment that card was handed to him, and the mere smell of it had set up a smoldery, sulphurous fire deep down. He had never before been invited to pay blackmail, but he held very pronounced opinions on the subject. Blackmailers ought to be shot at sight; and a man who submitted to blackmail was a poor fish who really deserved all he got; a man ought to fight every time! And this was practically blackmail in respect of Nancy Spencer! A hot temper was one of his business liabilities—mitigated, however, by rigorous schooling. The thermometer of his blood swiftly mounted to boiling. As, with square brow and dented chin, he looked over at Ely one could hardly have had a doubt as to what was going on inside him. He was yearning, like a dog in leash, to have this bony person for a couple of minutes where he could deal with him properly. But he was in the offices of the Detweiler Rubber Company. And he was remembering the important fact that this bony person did have power to do him—and Nancy Spencer—a great injury. He tightened the leash.

"You've lived in Cantona—unless you're an idiot—if you've got any sense at all—you know Nancy Spencer—I've known her since she was knee high—we were next-door neighbors when she was a kid—her husband's one of my best friends—you're a fool if you think ——"

But what should he suggest that Ely was thinking?

This was, in fact, Arthur Ely's third adventure in blackmail. The two other

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men had talked much the same way about the lady in the case.

He merely reminded Brewster, "She missed her train yesterday let Mr. and Mrs. Spencer go home without her."

So foolish Nan had blabbed that to him last night!

"Anybody can miss a train," Brewster growled.

"There's a train to Cantona at seven o'clock and another at 9:55," Ely remarked. "She didn't try to get either."

By an effort Brewster held his tongue.

"Every newspaper in New York had it on the front page this morning that the police wanted to question a woman in a blue coat and white fur collar," said Ely. "She reads the newspapers, but she has kept away from the police."

That point seemed intolerable. The leash slipped and Brewster raged.

"Why should she go to the police? She knows nothing that'll do them any good. She didn't see anything—just heard a shot and ran away. Go to the police and get her name all smeared up with this thing for nothing! Nobody with sense would have gone!"

Ely smiled in that mechanically horsy way, and observed, "I'm only suggesting to you how a cynical world will look at it. You brought Mrs. Spencer's name into this discussion, I didn't. I merely asked for a small loan. The net of it is she doesn't want her name mixed up in this thing. You don't want your name mixed up in it. I want a loan of a thousand dollars. No need for anybody to go beyond those simple points." The smile seemed to have fixed itself permanently on his long face. "I'm pretty well acquainted with Cantona. I don't like it. They treated me very shabbily out there. I was going to give them a high-class publication that would have been a credit to the town. Half the citizens that might have given me decent support were too busy making money and flirting and playing poker to pay any attention to me. The other half are sanctimonious tightwads. I'd like to hand both crowds something. I'd like to hand them this front-page story, with my compliments. But you're a pretty decent sort, I think. Mrs. Spencer is a charming lady. I'm willing to forget what I happen to know about last night, but I need a small loan." He looked very pointedly at Brewster. "Old Asa P. Detweiler would almost pay me a thousand dollars to know that his sales manager was down there at two o'clock in the morning with Mark Spencer's wife. But I come to you. I only ask for a small loan—a thousand dollars for ninety days."

One unbearable thing about this situation was that all the arguments seemed to be on Ely's side. The more plausibly Ely stated it the less Brewster could bear it. The reference to Asa P. Detweiler flicked him on the raw.

Brewster swallowed and wetted his lips with the tip of his tongue, and said, in a choky sort of voice, "It was you who got us there."

"Nobody compelled you to go," Ely reminded him. He then gave a cackling horsy laugh and added, "Mrs. Spencer jumped at the chance; she was hot for it."

That horsy laugh, with what it appeared to insinuate, was the last straw. A temper may be held in leash if too much fuel is not added to the fire. Brewster quickly arose and took three steps which brought him in front of Ely's chair. He had gone pale. Upon Ely's upturned bony face an alarmed expression wavered.

"Now listen, Mr. Ely," said Brewster, making an obvious effort to speak very distinctly. "You're a lousy dog. If you go to the police with this—no, if anybody goes to the police—if it gets to the police at all—I'll give you the damnedest licking a white man ever got. I'll pulverize you. I'll stay over and make it my business. I'll do it if it's the last thing I ever do on earth. You're a lousy dog! Now get out quick before I kill you! I'd rather smash you than eat! Get out quick or I'll do it now! Remember!"

Ely's face had changed, also, from mere lack of color to something pasty and lardlike. His near-set eyes were startled as a frightened rat's. The air smelled homicidal to him. He edged up out of the chair, as far as possible from Brewster, and slid toward the door, Brewster following.

"Remember, I'll give you the damnedest licking a man ever got!" Brewster was saying; and Ely slid through the door, glad to get outside with a whole skin.

The sales manager stood alone in the small room, shaking, and put a hand up to his brow. There was a dim idea in the back of his head that he had just missed murdering a man. A lousy, blackmailing dog! He was thinking, "I'll do it, too, if it's the last thing I ever do on earth. I'll beat him to a pulp!"

But a man oughtn't to give way like that. It was foolish—bad business—man ought to control his temper. The hot surge was subsiding, leaving him sort of cold. Had he made a fool of himself? Probably he had made a fool of himself—got blind mad and bungled it. Probably Ely would go to the police now, and then hide from him. Man ought to control his temper. . . . It presently occurred to him that he had got into a worse mess than before. For no doubt Ely would go to the police, and then—yes, then he'd have to find Ely and give him that licking. He'd said he would do it and he must; his self-respect required it. He contemplated the prospect not with a vengeful relish, but very glumly. That would make the smear all the worse.

What a fool a man was to let himself go that way! It got him into all sorts of trouble and upset him so he wasn't good for anything. He wasn't good for anything now; impossible to get down to business again. Fortunately the conferences were over; other things could be put off. He made an excuse and left the office, dismally reflecting that he'd made a great fool of himself all around.

Of late years in New York he'd had a pleasant sense of belonging. These heaps of buildings, this clutter of traffic, connoted something imperial in which he played a part by no means despicable. The Detweiler Rubber Company, though far overtopped by many commercial enterprises, was a concern to be spoken of with respect. Its sales manager was no mere supernumerary. For several years he'd had that pleasant sense of belonging. But this afternoon, sitting aimlessly on a park bench, he felt as idle and detached and outside as any hobo. No doubt he ought to go to the hotel, but he didn't want to. He didn't want to see Nan.

But this was the merest cowardice. He couldn't change the march of fate by moping lumpishly on a park bench. Might as well face the music. So he arose with a sigh and clumped toward Fifth Avenue, and down it, and came to the hotel. When he asked for his key at the desk a notice was handed to him—"Call up Mrs. Spencer. Room 1247. Urgent." The last word was underscored. The time stamp showed that it had been put into his box twenty-five minutes before.

So something had happened! Presumably Ely had gone directly from his office to the police. The roughnecks must be upstairs with Nan now, or perhaps they had already taken her away to headquarters. He didn't wish to lose time in telephoning to the room, and started briskly for the elevators. But there was no briskness in his mind. The beans were spilled! He'd have to lick Ely now, which would about finish him. Cantona would have the story, with many details, over its morning coffee. Large as a red barn, and very fateful, loomed Asa P. Detweiler.

He was sorry for Nan—sort of. But for the first time in his life he didn't want to see her. Nan was jolly, of course; good company; meaning to be a good fellow; meaning well all around; but such a heedless little blockhead. No use in anybody being so brainless. . . . Too bad for Nan—in the hands of those roughnecks; and all this stuff about her coming out in the papers; too bad. . . . Asa P. Detweiler, with his grim, shaven upper lip.

He went down the corridor toward Room 1247 and his heart sank anew. For the door of that room stood open and no sound issued thence. They'd already taken her away! Of course, he'd have to find out where they'd taken her and try to join her and all that—a sweet occupation for the rest of the afternoon and evening! A sweet smear! Poor Nan—the blasted little blockhead! Glumly he reached the open door and peered in.

This was forty-five minutes before train time, but there stood Nan's bag on a chair, packed and strapped, and there sat Nan at the writing table, with her hat, coat and one glove on, screwing up her lips in the throes of composition. . . . You could hold very disparaging opinions of her when you didn't see her; but when you did see her—dog-gone it, she was so nice to look at! Besides, here she sat, peacefully writing, with no roughneck detectives about.

"Hello, Nan," he called from the threshold rather cheerfully.

She lighted up even more than common, lilting at him as she rose. "Why, Jimmy! I'd given you up! I tried to get you at your office, but they said you'd left for the day. And I left word downstairs. I'm just waiting for the porter. I'm not going to miss that train again. But you're just in time. I was writing a letter, but I'll have time to telephone."

She rather jumbled it up as she came across the room, shining; and she continued to jumble it.

"It's all right about the police, you see. I got to thinking it over and I thought if I was in for it I'd better have it over with, so I got Mark on long distance. I had the frightfulest time getting him, for he wasn't in the office when I first called. I thought I never would get him. But I told him all about it, you see. You remember Mr. Murray, don't you?—Christopher Murray? He was at our house last spring. He's a lawyer here—a big lawyer. Mark told me to go to him. And then I had a great time finding him—off at a meeting. Really, it's taken me all day! So I told Mr. Murray about it and he took me to Inspector McGregor. He isn't a bit like what you'd expect an inspector to be, but just fat and jolly. So there was no trouble at all. You see, the police didn't care anything about this woman in the blue coat. That was just a red herring across the trail. They're sure they're on the track of the man who did it, so they wanted the newspapers to talk about the woman in the blue coat while they ran down the right man. He was awfully nice to me. And that's all there was to it. So I came back and tried to get you. I telephoned your office, but they said you'd gone out, and I left word downstairs. You see, I thought you could tell me where I could get hold of Arthur Ely. I thought maybe there'd be time to have him come over here and see me a minute, or I'd go see him if it wasn't too far; or I could telephone. But I'm not going to miss that train again. So I was scribbling him a little letter. I was going to leave it for you to send to him. But could I get him on the telephone now?"

To follow her rather kept Brewster jumping, and when she mentioned Ely he was struck with amazement. Now, at the first opportunity to get in a word, he exclaimed, "Ely? What do you want of Ely?"

She answered promptly, "Why, you see, Jimmy, when I went to Mr. Murray and to the inspector I didn't know the police weren't really looking for the woman in a blue coat. I thought there might be a lot of questions and maybe something in the newspapers. And I thought it might not look—just right if I said I went there with a man from my own town. I thought it would look better for me if I said I went with a man I hadn't seen for quite a while. Then there wouldn't be any chance to put a wrong construction. So I told Mr. Murray and the inspector that Mr. Ely, whom I'd met several times in Cantona two or three years ago, met me on the street and asked me to go to the theater and we went down there to dance afterwards. I'm sure that had a better look. And probably that's the last anybody'll ever hear of it. But if anybody should happen to question Mr. Ely, you see—I thought I'd tell him what I said so he wouldn't give me away."

Her blue eyes looked wells of truth; but it was in Brewster's mind that, in addition to being a blockhead, she was a frightful liar. Not because of the outrageous fib she had told Mr. Murray and the inspector, but because of the great lie she was telling him right now. For in her innocent-looking eyes he saw, clear as daylight, that she had dragged Ely in, not for herself, but only to shield him from the pious vengeance of Asa P. Detweiler.

From the beginning, in advising her not to go to the police, he had been thinking more of his own hide than of her. And she, knowing Asa P., had thought of shielding him. . . . Of course, being left to herself to think it over, she had quite promptly called up her husband and told him all about it. . . . She didn't need to take thought of shielding herself; a bright shield went with her.

Brewster felt a lump in his throat and spoke with a slight huskiness:

"Ely's a blackguard, Nan—and so am I. But all the blackguards in the world can't touch you."

A porter in blue-flannel shirt came to the door for her bag.

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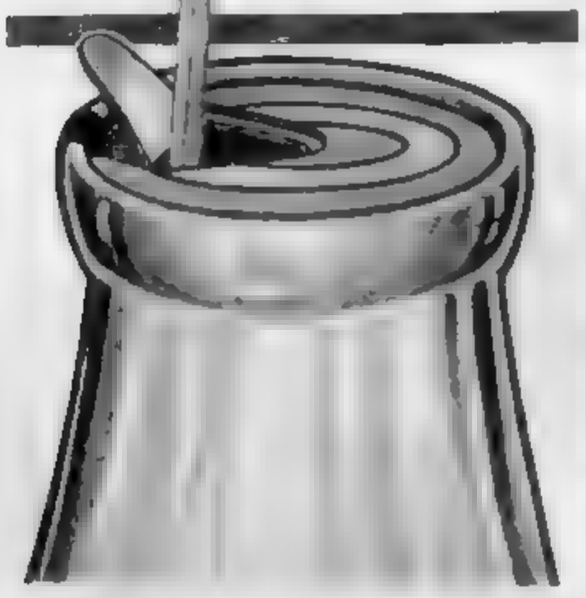

PROXY

(Continued from Page 11)

The big sailor's voice swung up and down like a heavy pendulum. The bearded barefooted youth in the silly student's uniform slunk along those ranks of the damned—by esteemed favor of Mr. Trotzky—and cadged food and shavings of soap, and cigarettes—especially cigarettes! He halted in front of John Waring.

"One cigarette!" he suggested gently.

Waring was lying back on the bench. His hands were behind his head. His cigarette was between his lips. He stared slowly at the man who begged from him.

"Go to hell!" he said in Russian.

The barefooted, quite shameless mendicant bowed. "God be with you!" he said nastily, in the manner of one who makes a crushing repartee, and passed on.

"One cig——"

He was begging from Mrs. Welland. Waring was arising to kick him back to his place—and kicks in Russia are kicks. They break bones and rupture bowels. They are the one specialty of Russia, since other countries can also produce caviar and tainted incomprehensible literature!

But he was interrupted. The one great sacred occasion of the day trespassed upon his purpose. There was a noise as of ironmongery being rattled in a dice box; mechanical tragedies were overcome forcibly and noisily in the locks of the great double doors. Everyone rose to his or her feet. The student stopped short in his horrible mendicant fluency; Waring didn't kick, but sat down again; Welland rose, gasping, to his feet; Mrs. Welland did not move.

The big sailor stood up, very splendid in his jumper and slacks, and especially in a certain bravado of his posture. But even he stood silent, as upon an order, as the two leaves of the great grim doors fell open and there appeared the lieutenant of the Imperial Guard—same old uniform, same old sword at his side, same old cowardly soul within him since he took the Godless oath to our Mr. Trotzky, to save his tenth-generation nobility of hide. Just a traitor to mankind and mankind's cause! Behind him, in the revelation of frank daylight released by the open doors, stood his fellow felons—the potbellied old men, the two fur-booted, daintily manicured young Amazons—who chaperoned the victims down to the merry séances in the death cellar.

They were merry, you know! Or, if you don't, you ought to know these things. As well-bred English ladies used to go, as to a matinée, to see the unfortunate whipped with rods in Bridewell, so the little Moscow ladies, Feo and the Countess Vanya and the rest of them, used to go along and—well, imagine the rest for yourselves!

A stricture of silence added itself to the gloom. From the open double doors a light like an indecent eye poured its gaze upon the prisoners. Only two had not risen to their feet—Mrs. Welland and the man, John Waring. The sailor who had been singing stood to attention in the presence of the renegade officer; the big Jew stood slouching and smiling secretly; oppression and martyrdom were no new things to him: the peasants ducked in servile bows, awaiting their orders. Tommy Welland spoke indistinctly under his breath; he seemed to say something urgently; but neither could hear him. He rose to his feet and made to move forward. Waring's hand stopped him.

"Eh!"

He turned in a disorder of will. "What?"

Irma Welland answered him. "Tommy!" He turned at her voice with a face wrinkled into a snarl. "Sit down, Tommy! This isn't the time ——"

Waring had time to notice how now she spoke English. Tommy, it seemed, had not. At any rate he turned, with a hand near his mouth, and strove to hush her.

"Damn you!" he said to Irma Welland. "Shut up! D'you want to call attention ——"

It wasn't the stiffening of Waring or the swift shrinking movement of his wife that arrested the pitiful spate of his speech. The voice of the renegade lieutenant in the doors sounded sudden and brief; all eyes turned to him. Poor Tommy Welland came round like a moth on a pin to stare and gape and gasp and listen.

"Kharkov!" barked the lieutenant.

He was backgrounded by sunlight. Behind him was a corridor with windows to the stale winter green of the immense courtyard, where butterfly ladies had been used to sip tea, colored like amber, with wafers of thin sliced lemon afloat in it. Noble virgins had been exiled to this corridor to pace in muslins and develop their mothers' imaginations; convent-bred, fragile excellencies had strolled where now his very beastly janizaries lounged and spat and stank.

"Kharkov!" called the erstwhile lieutenant of the Imperial Guard.

"*Zdes!*" answered the big sailor who had been singing.

As he answered he took the ritual four paces forward and stood to attention.

The officer surveyed him with a swift glance—and looked back at his list. He was a tall limber young man, apparently specially designed by God to show off a uniform; and he no more liked killing than he liked the risk of being killed. He dropped his eyes to his typewritten list of victims. The sailor, singing no longer, stood yet to attention with a placid high face of courageous indifference. For death, mark you, is only an incident to the valiant.

"Blum!" read the lieutenant next, a little explosively.

One might almost have guessed by his manner of reading that he did not like his job—that something had suggested to him that he had sold his soul too cheaply. He scowled direfully as the great Jew, clean, despite his imprisonment, as a bride on the day of her marriage, bearded like a Babylonian bull, with the fierce calm of a prophet and the huge daunting manner of pride that has baffled the kings and inquisitors of all ages, took his place beside the sailor.

The lieutenant spat copiously on the floor. Manners are manners, even in Bolshevist circles; and every heathen spits at a Jew. It is etiquette.

Two more names were called. A big peasant wordlessly joined the others.

A comic little shopkeeper—a really funny little man, who knelt and prayed and had to be dragged downstairs and had to have the revolver barrel absolutely snuggled into his ear—was the last. Not such a bad morning; there were seldom less than six. The lieutenant, with his list, stood inside the wide doors; his hired assassins slouched on their grounded rifles outside—except when three shabby old beasts among them paddled in on their rag-swathed feet to drag out the poor little shopkeeper.

With the lieutenant, but only upon the threshold of the double doors, unseen by most of the prisoners, as the chaplain is not seen by the condemned man when once he has glimpsed the hangman, was another. A little man, he was, with a stature only greater than dwarfish, with a vast hunchback like a Spanish clown. He had a fur coat, the collar of which was like the edges of a nest about his ears; his face, beaked like a vulture's, looked over the rim of it like some awful man-eating fowl, a thing hatched out of a devil's egg.

He was one of those who watched the exit of the elected four. But not as their fellows did! The prisoners—and even the most expert tormentors in the service of Mr. Trotzky not executed, since most of them were escaped or amnestied convicts, like the original Jack Ketch—watched that exit as folks sitting round a deathbed might recognize the final croak in the throat.

But this man looked at them as some farmer might look at his pigs, ripe for slaughter, seeing them merely as appointed hams and flitches. A judging eye; he liked the look of the big heroic Jew; he didn't trouble about the huge muzhik trudging to his doom; but he did enjoy the dragging out of the wretched little shopkeeper who thought his precarious life and livelihood were worth yelling about. Yes, he liked that; his mother had screamed in the same way when a Cossack dragged her forth from her hiding hole in Kishinef. He had mourned over her dead body till the police had beaten him off. But now—well, even in Russia a man must have some fun; and it was his turn.

"Forward—march!"

The greasy blasé old guards closed about the prisoners, three of them romping clumsily with the frantic little shopkeeper. For some moments they showed vividly in the light of the corridor, as figures of Russian dancers are seen on a stage from a darkened auditorium. The liveliness of the day ended; there were twenty-four more hours to live, anyhow, for those who remained. The great doors swung to, shutting out the daylit view of the little ugly procession toward the landing at the end of the corridor and the turn in the slimy iron handrails that led down to the final dark. But the locks did not jar to their usual clinch, for the *aasvogel* hunchback was still within.

"Over there!" the sentry directed him with a pointing finger. "In that corner, *tovarish!* Those are the English!"

The little human carrion fowl pecked its way across the floor; its deformity made it move with shifts and jerks of the head like a questing hen. Tommy Welland had sat down now and was biting his nails in a shuddering relief from the terrors of the daily list of names; Waring and Mrs. Welland had not risen at all; the little tangle-bodied Jew minced up to them and had to stand in their presence, like a servant before his betters. And for a further offense, since it was dark in their corner, he fumbled for, found, and produced his pince-nez,

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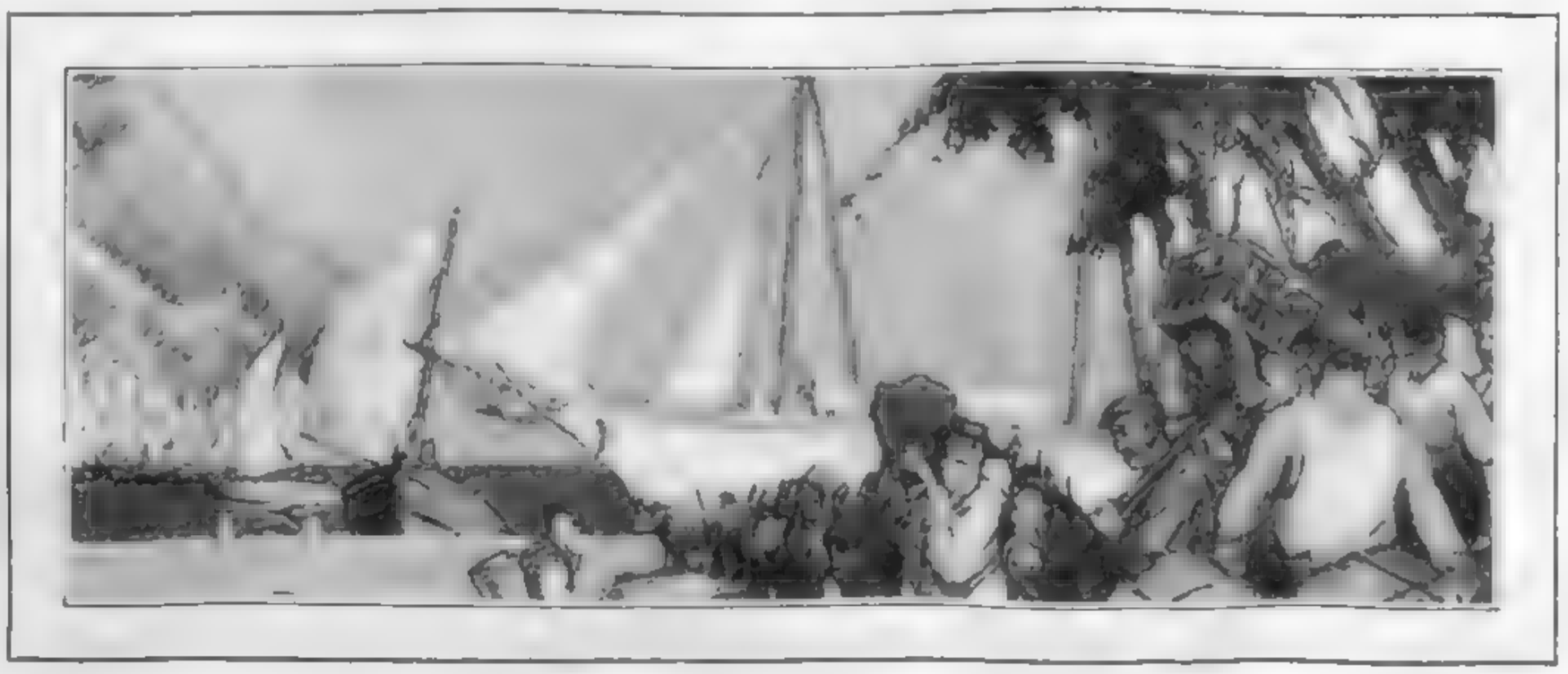

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(Continued from Page 56)

saddled them on his nose, dropped them and smashed them on the stone floor.

"Damn!" he said, and stooped and recovered the framework of the things.

Waring laughed, slowly and distinctly. The hunchback came upright with a jerk at the affront of that sound.

"*Ach!*" he said. "Fonny, aind't it?"

He had the blurred but plentiful English of the German-American Jew. He glared down into the shadow where they squatted, looking in dull silhouette like a Doré illustration of the Contes Drôlatiques.

"Vich of youse is Vahring?" he demanded.

"Me," answered the owner of that name, not moving. "And what the deuce has it got to do with you?"

The little man moved in his fur-lined envelope as a snake might move in a sack.

"Yer'll pardon me," he said. "Yew'll pardon me! Your friendt, which has wrote us a letter—Mister Reverend Trosley——"

"Oh!"

Waring stirred and half sat up. The name was that of the heroic and indefatigable parson who, unauthorized, without official backing, with no battalions to summon and no treasury to call upon, constituted himself the bulwark of British lives and fortunes in that devil-defiled city. Waring had been in touch with him; they had been two white men together in a community of souls scorched brown in the flames of Mr. Trotzky's homemade hell.

"That's right!" said the hunchback. "Wrote to us, he did. Goin' back home soon, he is, an' he wants you should go wit' 'im."

Waring did not move. "Well?" he drawled.

The hunchback Jew grew lively. "Vell!" he repeated. "I tell you dis and you say 'Vell!' Vot der hell you mean, damn youse! Unstead of shot, ve let you go back home, an' you say 'Vell?' Youse bourgeois is all de same—lousy swine, all o' youse! I don't waste no more talk on youse; be damn!"

"That's good!" Welland's hand, reaching across his wife's lap, closed on Waring's knee, rebuking and imploring.

"There's a lady here," said Waring. "Upon what date are you going to murder her? Can't she go home instead of me? Because I don't want your beastly mercy, you know. I don't eat after dogs, as a general thing. But if you want to do something for us, tell us what you're going to do with her—and when!"

They could see the hunchback grin; the white of his teeth was like a new-moon paring of light through the straggle of his blue-black mustache and his sparse beard; and the effect of it was that of an indecent exposure.

"De lady!" He uttered a vile little cackle of laughter. "Oh, we dend't hurt no preddy li'l' ladies! You take her vid youse ven you go, if y' likes! Nice girl—yes? No?"

Waring did not move at all this time. There is a fashion of chivalry which invites a homemade hoop-iron bayonet jabbed through one's unprotected abdomen, with a German nickel-jacketed bullet to follow. But it was not Waring's kind. He only spoke—one word! A Russian word!

Mrs. Welland, a Russian herself, had never heard it and was not offended by it; Tommy Welland, who had used it himself, upon *istvostchiki* and others who could not resent it, jerked upright at the sound of it in that place and to that person. Really, the Russian is a language of great resources; one can bestialize one's emotions in it more easily than in any other Christian tongue. The word staggered even the blood-lusty hunchback.

"Me!" He fell back in a rigor of shocked amaze. "Me! It is me what you say that to?"

Waring in his quiet toneless voice repeated it.

"All righd!" said the Jew. "All righd, Mister bloomin' Vahring! Now I don't talk to you no more—see? Now I don't talk to you no more!"

"Right!" said Waring. He was sitting sideways on the stone bench, and now he made as to lie down. "You can get out as soon as you like," he said, and turned away.

"Hot dam!" said the Jew.

He fluttered a moment on itching feet. Then, with the awful dignity of a hunchback, the protective coloring of a weak thing in a strong and cruel world, he turned and pecked his way back to the door. He spoke there a moment or two to the guard, with motions of indignation towards the corner; the doors were pulled open to let him slide through; then they jarred together and Mr. Trotzky's guests were alone again.

Welland's voice was querulous. "What do you want to insult him for?" he asked. "Here we are—in their power—helpless——"

Waring shook his head. "I'm not in their power; I'm not helpless."

Mrs. Welland turned and looked at him. Welland made a noise in his throat as of angry disgust.

"Not in their power? They can kill you, can't they?" he demanded.

"A microbe can do that," said Waring. "That's all it can do though."

Irma Welland did not speak; she continued to look at him and a light like a radiance of glad understanding and assent was in her face.

"All very well for you to talk like that," grumbled Welland, with the note of a whine in his voice. "Trosley 'll get you out an' take you home. But us! We've got to wait here—yes, wait till our names are called—Irma's an' mine—and then—and then——"

It was a whimper he broke off with. His wife, after a moment of hesitation, put out a hand to him.

"Tommy!" she breathed.

He shrugged away from her.

"Go to blazes!" he said miserably. "They won't shoot you! It's me they'll murder, down there in the cellar. Some damn girl with short skirts or some greasy stinking beast with a club! It's me, I tell you; I know it! I can feel it coming. And I'd rather kill myself than go on waiting for it. An' you two both safe—you an' Waring! Safe! I—I can't bear it!"

He was on the edge of hysterics. Waring spoke brutally.

"That's the idea!" he said. "Kill yourself and stop this exhibition. I'll lend you my razor."

"Oh-h!"

It was a long quavering groan of fury and impotence. Tommy Welland lay down on the bench with his arm over his face and was silent, shutting himself in with his terrors and his shame.

"Sorry!" Waring leaned to Irma Welland and spoke quietly. "But you understand, I'm sure."

She nodded. "Yes," she answered slowly. "Poor Tommy! I understand."

She had the quality, as rare in Russians as in negroes, and not common in any people, of a sort of eloquent reticence. Speech was truly a means with her of concealing her thoughts; she conveyed herself most comprehensively by the fact and manner of her being. She looked at Waring as she spoke, and he understood forthwith her complete knowledge of and her loyalty to the husband who crouched beside her, his face hidden, his breath coming and going irregularly between his shudderings.

A prison is a grave about which the living go to and fro about their affairs, and those within know naught of them. Waring and the Wellands endured the day in the customary gloom; the student begged from them again and was again driven off; the stone walls and the great doors sealed from them the fret and fever of the city at whose heart they waited. Mr. Trotzky foamed at his lunatic height; Mr. Lenine dreamed dreams and translated them into nightmares; Trosley, the chaplain, pulled wires of aid and refuge; and the little hunchback Jew went to and fro in his fur coat, sore from the epithet with which Waring had seared him, seeking in this bureau and that committee the only balm that could heal the smart of it. He was an efficient intriguer; he had his value to the blunter and coarser blood drinkers of the régime; and it was not much to ask—just a bourgeois' life to plaster a wound. Cheap, too; there were plenty of them available, and the Chaika had to live up to its name.

So, upon the following morning, before even the ration of black bread was thrown in, the lieutenant entered the prison and came directly to the corner where the three English lay. They were yet sleeping, the two tall men and the young woman; he stood for a space of seconds looking down on them. He actually did not waken them for the job he had in hand.

He lifted a foot and stirred the man who huddled in the middle. The sleeper groaned, writhed in the throes of waking, and lifted a startled face. The woman at his side moved too.

"You are Vahring?" demanded the officer.

The other goggled at him. "Eh?"

"Get up, Vahring," commanded the officer, "and come with me!"

"Vahring!"

Welland rose to a sitting posture, comprehension sweeping like a tide across his consciousness. His wife, beside him, opened her eyes, and was fully awake forthwith. Waring, his head pillowed on his arm, slept tranquilly with his face to the wall.

"You hear me? You are to get up and come with me at once!" reiterated the lieutenant. "At once, Vahring!"

That was the moment when the plan, full-grown, came alive in Tommy Welland's mind. The fiery splendor of it dazzled him. Here was salvation! Trosley had succeeded; none would know him from Waring till he was on the train for the frontier, and then none would betray him.

"Yes," he said gaspingly. "Yes, I am Vahring. I will come!" And he rose.

"Tommy!"

He turned. Irma had sat up.

"Hush!" he said. "You'll be all right. It's a chance, don't you see? It's a chance for me. I—I must. Irma! I must!"

He spoke to her in English; the lieutenant, for all the putrefaction of his soul, had the manners of his class; he turned away from what he conceived to be a tender leave-taking.

"But, Tommy—oh, you can't! You shan't! It's—it's—I'm going to wake him!"

She made to spring up and reach an arm toward the sleeping figure of Waring.

Tommy Welland swore viciously, just a spit of sound, venomous with terror and anger. He swung a hand, and the back of it took Irma across the lips—heavily, effectually. She shrank back upon her rug, staring at him.

The last he saw of her was her eyes—great, still, and dreadfully full of understanding, eyes like the eyes of God in judgment before which no man can veil the ulcer that is his soul.

And the last she saw of him was his back as the door opened to let him out to the corridor, flooded with chill early light, where a little group of figures awaited him. Then the door closed between them.

"*Ach!*"

Tommy Welland found the little hunchbacked Jew before him. There were a couple of grisly old guards at hand, and farther along the passage a girl stood, looking toward him and smiling.

"*Ach!* It is Vahring—yes?" The hunchback peered up at him. "Yesterday I don't see you so vell, ven you call me—— Now I see you fine. An' you see me, eh? An' you see dot nice young lady as vait for you? You goin' to have nice little visit mit her—down in der nice cool cellar, aind't it?"

Tommy Welland stared at him and involuntarily stepped back. Forthwith the guards closed in on him and pinned him. The girl—he could see her clearly—made a small disgusted grimace.

"What d'you mean?" cried Tommy.

"Vot I mean!" The hunchback flashed into a whole semaphore code of gesticulations, with long misshapen arms that brandished before the prisoner's face. "Vot I mean! I mean a blenty, Mister Vahring, you damn ole Johnny Bull! Ve let der Englishers go—yes! Vot for we keep dem; hey? Go 'ome mit deir damn reverends—yes! But you stop 'ere, Mister Vahring—stop 'ere a long, long times. Dat young lady, mit her nice little revolver—she persuade you to stop. Teach you call dirty names to gentlemans like me!"

Then in Russian to the lieutenant: "Take him along!"

"Stop!" screamed Tommy Welland. "Stop! I'm not Waring at all! It's a mistake—a mistake, I tell you. I'm Welland, you fools. I'm Welland!"

He struggled and choked. The Jew laughed delightedly. The girl turned and went down the stairs that led to the cellars. As they thrust him down, still screaming and resisting, he saw her waiting below, the revolver in her hand. She was still smiling—the courteous formal smile of a dealer who receives a customer.

The lieutenant and the Jew returned together up the stairs.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "that's over. She's a wonder, that girl! Pretty, too! And now I suppose you're off?"

"In a minute," answered the Jew. "I've just got to tell the other two English that they'll be fetched tonight. Their cursed reverend is taking the whole lot away—curse them all!"

"Curse them all," agreed the officer perfunctorily.

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Roll of blade designed to clear the axe after every stroke; makes work easier. Gives maximum strength under eye.
Bit
Tempered throughout for depth of two inches. No soft steel to grind into. No weld to break loose in knots or frozen timber. The keen cutting edge is hard and tough. It stays sharp.
Protected Against Imitation
The color combination of red handle and black head, which distinguishes Plumb tools, is protected against imitation by registration as a trade mark in the United States Patent Office.

If you want solid steel, buy a PLUMB

YOU get more for your money in the Plumb Axe—forged from one solid piece of highest grade steel. Other axes are made in two pieces, welded: soft steel for the body, with an "overcoat" of hard steel, soon ground away, at the cutting edge.

You can't tell woodsmen that "axes are axes," for they know the difference; they know the Plumb. They helped to design Plumb Axes to swing straight and easy, bite deep and true and cut fast without binding.

Plumb forges these user-designed axes from Plumb special analysis steel—head, eye, blade and bit in one piece. High test steel is used for the entire axe; in ordinary axes it is used for the bit only.

The head of a Plumb Axe has a spring temper, for driving wedges. It will not batter or chip. The eye is stiffened and toughened; it cannot buckle or stretch. To insure a keen, lasting, cutting edge, two full inches of the bit are *hardened all the way through* by the famous Plumb double tempering. There is no weld to work loose; no soft steel to grind into. The edge stays sharp.

You want an axe that cuts fast, holds its edge and keeps its temper—an axe that feels right, works right and saves your strength.

When your hardware dealer tells you "It's a Plumb," you will know you've got the axe you want.

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PLUMB

DOUBLE LIFE

Hammers Hatchets Files Sledges Axes

The Oat Dish

Which connoisseurs select

Oat lovers the world over favor Quaker Oats.

Millions of people send over seas to get it.

Wherever people prize oats for their flavor, Quaker is the dominant brand.

These unique delights

Quaker is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. All the puny, all the flavorless grains are discarded. We get ten pounds of these premier flakes from a bushel.

Some people think oats are oats. They are about alike in food value.

Those people may order oats carelessly.

But there are growing millions who want the oat dish made delightful. This is their home's supreme food, and they want it popular. Those people, the world over, specify Quaker Oats. They have done so for many years.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from queen grains only

Made to foster love of oats

Most mothers desire to foster the love of oats. For growing children this is the food of foods. It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food—rich in 16 needed elements.

If that is your wish, be sure you get this flavory grade when you order oats.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

THE SELF-MADE WIFE

Continued from Page 32

She led the way upstairs, and when Miss Kelly had taken off her hat and wrap Corrie said hesitatingly, "I—you—Mr. Godwin sent you, didn't he?"

"No," replied Miss Kelly. "I've hardly seen Mr. Godwin for the past week. Just to say good morning or good evening, that's all."

"Oh," said Corrie. "Did he—has he—he didn't ask ——"

"Not a word, Mrs. Godwin. We haven't talked at all."

Corrie sighed and turned away.

XVII

"SHE drove her ducks to the wrong market!" declared Mrs. Satter. "Yes, sir, Corrie certainly drove her ducks to the wrong market," she repeated with melancholy satisfaction. "She's been here a month, and he hasn't written. Not a scratch of the pen! Now I suppose she realizes she drove her ducks to the wrong market—marryin' Tim Godwin. For all I told her!"

"What was the trouble, Mrs. Satter? Did you ever find out?"

"Well—not exactly." Mrs. Satter clicked her tongue. "She's close-mouthed, like her father. She's never been a good daughter to me in that way. And now I hardly get a word fit to throw to a dog out of her. That Miss Kelly—though I will say she's pleasant-spoken enough—well, they're chummy. Hardly ever at home. Gone for hours. Interferin' up at the schoolhouse, most likely."

"Is Corrie aimin' to be a school-teacher?"

"Not if I know it! Tim Godwin has got to do the right thing by my daughter or I'll know the reason why."

"Well, well, well—money don't always bring happiness, does it now? And you against the match at the time. How much has he got, do you think, Mrs. Satter?"

"I can't rightly tell. Hard to get any sort of idea out of Corrie. Maybe she don't know. In my opinion we ought to hire a lawyer."

"What's Corrie say to that?"

"Won't hear to it."

"Well, well—what's she going to do?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you I'm her own mother and don't know!"

As Mrs. Satter's caller was voicing her sympathy in a series of reproving clucks—the reproof meant for Corrie, of course—there was a loud impatient knock outside. Mrs. Satter hurried out into the narrow little hall, considerately leaving the dining-room door open so that her caller's curiosity might be satisfied, and opened the front door.

"Tim Godwin! Well, it's time!" she cried.

"Where's Corrie?"

"Out."

"You mean she doesn't want to see me?"

"No; she's out."

"Where?"

"How should I know? She never tells me."

Tim set down his bag in the hall.

"I'll take a walk until she gets back," he said.

He strode down the steps.

"You might go up toward the schoolhouse a ways," his mother-in-law called after him grudgingly. "Corrie might be there. Her an' that Miss Kelly. Interferin' where they ain't wanted, most likely."

"Thanks."

Tim walked rapidly away. Mrs. Satter, watching, saw that halfway up the village street he stopped to speak to an old friend—a coal miner coming home from work, covered from head to foot with the dirt and grease of the mines. They struck each other on the shoulders and shouted. Tim's hearty laughter floated back to her.

"Never did have the proper pride an' self-respec'," Mrs. Satter muttered contemptuously, going back to her crony, who by this time was trembling in a perfect ague of curiosity.

School was over for the day, and most of the children had gone. But the teacher and Miss Kelly, James and Tim, and a few of the pupils who were not required for home duties were busily at work. Miss Kelly, protected by overalls, and seated on a ladder, was staining the walls inside the schoolhouse. Teacher was superintending the installation of new desks. Two of the older pupils had swept the room, and two younger ones were erasing the chalk marks from the new blackboard and attending to the needs of the goldfish in bowls and the plants in swinging baskets.

Outside in the schoolyard, which had been plowed and sown in grass, James and Tim were busily engaged in repairing some breaks in the network of strings against the board fence—the ladders up which their bean vines were to climb. And a small tow-haired boy was solemnly amusing little Corrie by pulling her about in a battered red wagon—slowly round and round a gravel path.

Little Corrie sat up very straight in her chariot, with the royal dignity of the beloved baby—rosy, serene, confident and gracious. She saw Tim first, and stretched out her arms with a welcoming crow of laughter.

The boys dropped their hammers and strings and rushed at Tim. He felt tears coming to his eyes as he held his sons close. He had not thought that they would miss him so much, had not expected such a welcome. It was like the old days again. He lifted the baby from the wagon, and her soft arms went thrillingly around his neck.

The children's shouts brought Miss Kelly.

"Where's Corrie?" Tim asked her.

"She went for a walk. Let me see—I think she must have gone up that way," replied Miss Kelly.

Tim looked. She was pointing toward a straggling path which led uphill through the deep woods. How well he remembered that path, those woods, the hill!

Corrie and he had lived on top of that hill when they were first married.

XVIII

TIM followed the narrow and steep path slowly, pushing branches aside with his hands, the leaves whipping back into his face. It was cool, now that the sun was going down. It was almost dark in the thick wood choked with underbrush—a deep green twilight like the light under water. He could see only a few paces ahead of him through the dense foliage, only a little pale gleam of sky overhead. The woods had closed over him like water, and he was enveloped in their mysterious stillness, like the hollow silence of a well. Far away a bird called with only two notes; plaintively, persistently repeating the monotonous two notes over and over, like the steady dripping of water.

Tim hesitated before coming out into the clearing on top of the hill. Perhaps other people were living in the house that had been theirs. He did not like the thought. And he did not want to meet Corrie in the presence of others. So he sat down to wait for her return along the path.

He sat there a long time, thinking of all that had happened, wondering how she would receive him. Twilight deepened into dusk. Perhaps he had missed Corrie. She might have gone home another way. He rose and pushed aside the thick bushes which obscured the path, and walked out into the clearing.

In the dim light at the end of a field he saw a white cabin. Yes, someone was living there. Smoke was coming out of the chimney—a pale blue vapor rising steadily into the clear, pale sky.

They must have whitewashed the cabin recently. It looked so clean and new—just as it had looked when he brought Corrie there. In May too, Corrie in her white dress. The white house. Twilight. A strange, solemn hush. The world far below them, far away.

He went to the edge of the field, where the hill dropped away suddenly, rocky and free from foliage.

Powderly was down below there—a little huddle of men's homes. The faint smoke of men's hearth fires rose steadily into the infinitude of the sky. So hopes rose, ambitions, ideals—fragile and faint and brave vapors mounting steadily into eternity from the altar fires of love.

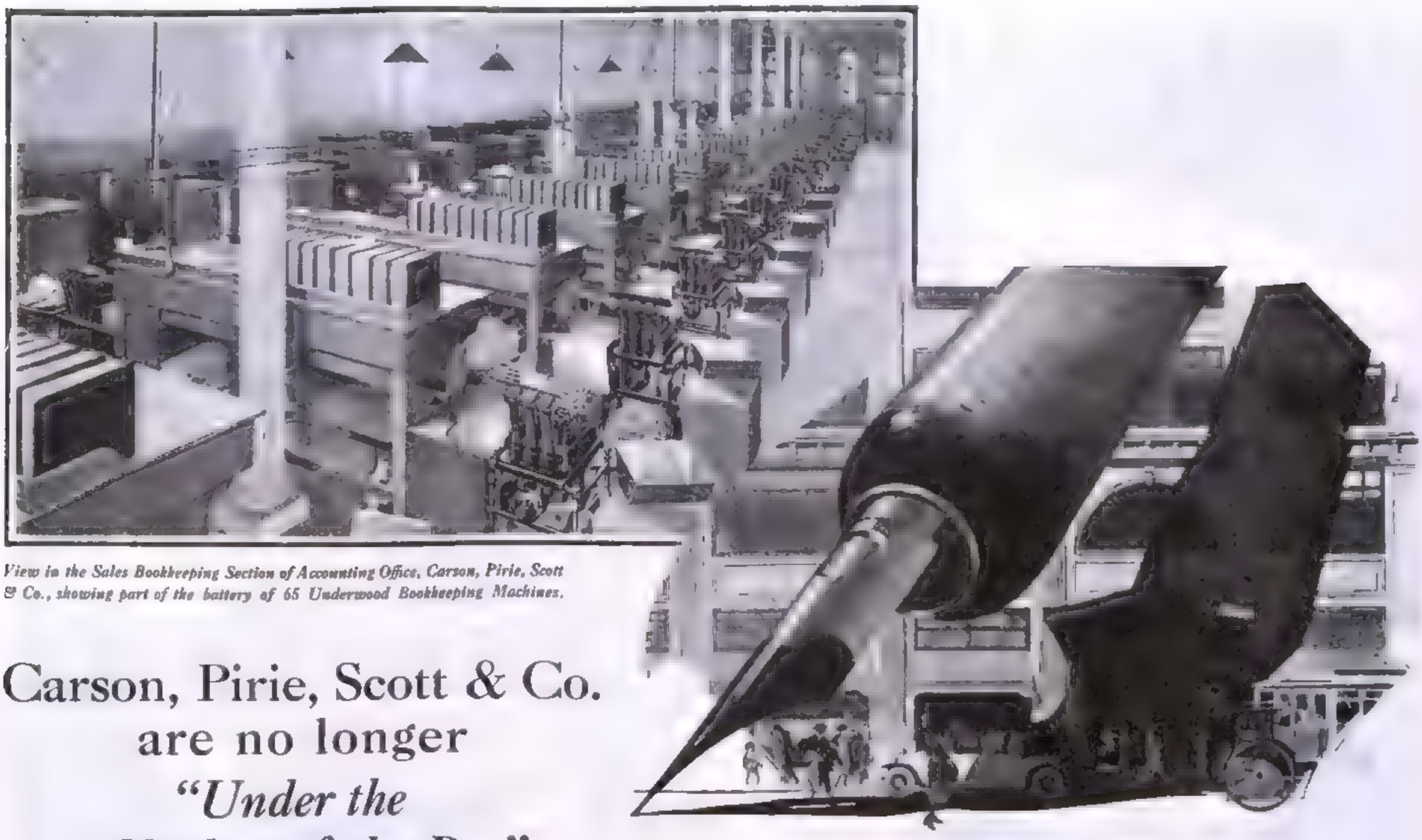
The door of the house was opened, and against the yellow oblong of light a woman's figure showed blackly.

Tim turned away. He could not bear to see another woman in that house. Then he heard Corrie's voice.

"Who's there?" her voice called, frightened.

"It's Tim!" he cried, stumbling across the plowed field. "It's Tim!" he cried, catching her in his arms.

(Continued on Page 62)



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TODAY there are 65 Underwood Bookkeeping Machines in the offices of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. They are there because this great mercantile house has always followed the policy of giving its customers a maximum of service and protection—and of administering its own business under the most modern and economical methods.

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Have you ever wondered at the end of a business day why you felt like you had been drawn through a knot hole? I know I used to wonder about that myself before I discovered the reason.

I have said to myself more than once: "I have dictated about so many letters today. I have settled so many questions of policy. I have had so many interviews. I have not been under any great mental strain. Yet, I feel as tired as if I had been swinging a pick. Now, I haven't been doing a thing but sitting in a chair all day.

And all at once it struck me—

Sitting in a chair all day! Sitting for six or eight hours in an ordinary, straight-up-and-down chair that, instead of conforming to my body, made my body conform to it! Who *wouldn't* be tired? At home I had soft padded easy chairs which I used only two or three hours a day. But the chair I spent a good part of my life in was not designed for comfort. And the irony of the whole thing was that I thought I knew all about chairs. My business was making chairs! Necessity became the mother of invention. I started work on an *easy chair for office use.*

That is the story of Sikco, the Office *easy* chair—a new and exclusive design.

Not very far from you there is a Sikes dealer who will be glad to show you how the Sikco line embodies a dozen little differences, which make all the difference in the world in your ease and comfort. Its exclusive design of seat, back and arms is conformed to the natural curves of the body, just as a padded easy chair conforms under pressure. Every edge and corner is *rounded* Genuine quartered oak or Northern birch in mahogany finish and extra sturdy construction insure long life. No drawing room chair is finished with a higher quality of finish. And yet Sikco chairs are *not* expensive chairs.

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SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 60)

They stood in the doorway, clinging to each other. "I thought you didn't love me," Corrie said.

"I thought you didn't love me," Tim answered.

SIX

"COME inside," said Corrie finally. "I want to show you what I've done."

She drew him across the threshold and shut the door. He looked about the small square room which had been their first home. The walls and rafters had been newly whitewashed, and there were fresh muslin curtains at the windows. Splint-bottomed chairs, a big table with a chintz-shaded kerosene lamp, an old dresser with blue-and-white plates, a blue-and-white homespun cover on a couch, and a snapping wood fire on the hearth.

"Corrie! You—are you living here?" Tim stammered in astonishment.

She smiled and blushed. Tim had never seen her look so pretty. She was dressed in a thin frock of pale blue, and her reddish-gold hair was parted and brought low on her neck, rippling over her ears in shining, close-lying waves.

"I couldn't stand mamma's house," said this new and dainty Corrie. "I walked up here one day, because—well, just because I wanted to take a walk. And nobody was living here. Oh, you ought to have seen it, Tim! Our house, all tumbledown and dirty! I bought it and fixed it up. I just finished yesterday. Nobody's seen it yet. Come look at the kitchen."

She led him into the narrow lean-to, the only other room. A blue-and-white kerosene stove, immaculate shelves, and rows and rows of gleaming white kitchenware—a white kitchen cabinet.

"Gracious, Corrie! Cookin' for an army?"

"No. I know it's too much—more than any one person could ever use. But—I'd always wanted 'em."

"My poor girl! What a hard time you had those days. And I wanted to make it up to you. But ——"

"I understand now, Tim. I've been thinkin' things over. I know you meant well, but ——"

"I went at it the wrong way, Corrie. I know that now. I've been thinking things over too."

"No, Tim, it was my fault."

"It couldn't have been all your fault."

"Part, then. Takes two to make a quarrel."

"Yes, it does. It takes two to make a quarrel. We were both to blame. But—I'm sorry for my share."

"I—I'm sorry too."

"Why, Corrie! That's the first time I ever heard you say that."

"I never could before. I learned it from the children."

"The children?"

"Yes. Miss Glenn taught them to say it when they'd done wrong. And it seemed to come so easy to them—well, it made me sort of ashamed. I couldn't let my own children get ahead of me, Tim."

"No, that's right. That's one reason I wanted ——"

"Are you hungry, Tim?"

"No. Why, yes. Believe I am. Hadn't thought about it. But—I hate to go back down there."

"We don't have to. They know where I am. And I've got everything here. Miss Kelly and the children were coming up for supper. I hadn't showed 'em the house yet. But I guess now it's too late."

"Miss Kelly sent me up here. I guess she knew we wouldn't want the children before—we'd explained things, Corrie."

"No, I guess she won't bring them now. It's too late."

Tim opened the door of the lean-to and went outside. Corrie followed Tim out and laid her hand on his arm. They spoke in half whispers.

"Why did you run away?"

"Where were you that night?"

"Oh, Corrie, you didn't think ——"

"Yes; but I don't now."

"Young Ives asked me to his club for dinner, and to go to the theater afterward. He'd asked me before, but I always was going home. But that night you were off with Dood. And I was angry at you, Corrie. And when I missed the last train I spent the night at the club—and didn't telephone again—well, just to worry you, Corrie. I guess I did—more than I intended."

She buried her face against his shoulder, with a little shudder.

"I—I've been pretty—miserable," she sighed.

"I have, too, Corrie."

"Then why didn't you come before?"

"Why didn't you send for me?"

"I couldn't. I wanted to—but I couldn't."

"That was the way I felt."

"Then why did you come now?"

"Miss Kelly wrote me. She said that she was afraid you were going to be ill. She said that she knew you—wanted me to come, but that you were so stubborn you'd die before you'd say so."

"I did—nearly," said Corrie. "I found out a lot of things about myself I never knew before. You—you think when you take long walks. I—I know I've been stubborn, Tim. Sometimes—I wish—well, I wish we could start all over!"

"Why can't we, Corrie?" His arm tightened about her. "Forget all about—everything? And start all over?"

"Yes. Here. In our first home."

"Can we?"

She shivered a little in her thin dress, in the chilly night air. He led her inside the house and shut the door.

The fire was burning low on the hearth. They sat down before it, hand in hand.

"I know—about Miss Vincent," Corrie said after a pause. "Dood wrote me."

"Well—I'm glad. Miss Vincent left a note for me, explaining. She went away the same day you went to Dood's house, you know. She's going to be married soon and go abroad. She wants to see us when she comes back."

"All right."

"Didn't you ever wonder, Corrie, where she got those servants and Miss Kelly and Miss Glenn, and fixed up everything like magic in our house?"

"Yes, I did wonder. Little as I knew then, I was surprised she could do it all on such short notice."

"She brought them all from her sister's house. The servants were part of those that worked there. And Miss Glenn and Miss Kelly had been the governess and nurse for Miss Vincent's little nephews—until they got a tutor and went abroad with their parents. You see, the Digleys had just gone abroad a few days before, and Miss Vincent was going to close up their house in Rosedale Manor. Then she met me on the train and found out I was the man Mr. Digley had been talking about—pitying because well, because ——"

"You had such a bad wife."

"No, Corrie, I wasn't going to say that."

"It's true though. I realize it now, Tim. I was a bad wife. And a bad mother, too, for all I'd tried to be a good one. But—I've learned a lot. Everyone I've met has helped me some way. I guess—maybe—I was too sort of—shut away before."

"Yes, you were, Corrie. And I didn't realize what it meant. All the time I was getting out—meeting people—noticing and learning from them—you were shut up like a prisoner in a jail. I guess it's that way with most every woman who's poor and got little children. I shouldn't have expected you to change all of a sudden. Miss Vincent told me that. She blamed me more than you."

"Oh, did she? Well ——"

"You don't bear any grudge against her now, do you, Corrie?"

"No. I understand now why she did it. She thought—I guess she thought that I—that something might happen to me like—the thing that happened to her mother."

"Corrie! I've got to tell you something. I thought—I thought at one time—I know now I was wrong—because you're the only woman I've ever loved—you're the only one I ever can. But ——"

"Don't say it, please, Tim. If it wasn't true—if you found out it wasn't true don't say it!"

"It wasn't true."

He took her in his arms. The years dropped away. The years of happiness and unhappiness, the years of poverty and riches, the time of doubt and suffering were all forgotten in that moment. They had become young again—pathetically young—pathetically confident, as in the day when they first came to that house, of happiness forever and forever after.

The last flames on the hearth leaped up, wavered, flickered, died.

"I'll build up the fire," Tim said.

"It's better if you keep it built up," Corrie murmured; "hard to start all over new, once it's died down."

"Oh, no," said Tim; "plenty of embers left."

(THE END)

Six Answers to Six Tastes

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Whitman's
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Everybody's taste has approved the *Sampler* and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

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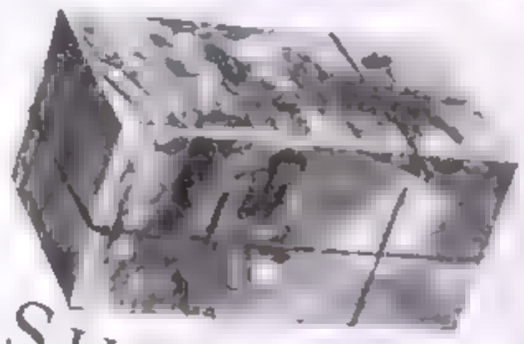

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A taste for mystery, romance, treasure trove—the element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its bullion bags?

Whitman's
PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES

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Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

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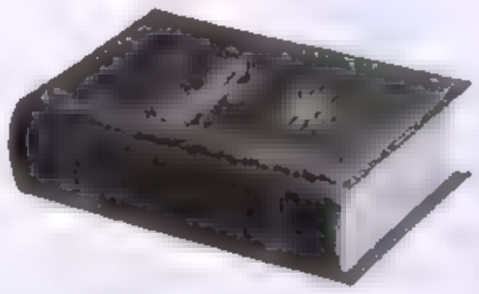
SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES



ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks and many occasions.

Whitman's
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There's a distinct appeal in whole nut meats thickly coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. Those who like walnuts, pecans, filberts, almonds and all the favorite nut meats, at their best, declare this package to be their favorite.

Whitman's
NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

Whitman's Quality Group

THE ROAD OF CASUALTY

(Continued from Page 17)

being overcome with panic when full realization of their deed should come. Had expected to overtake them in this hour of weakness. This victory was delayed; it was nevertheless, he felt, assured.

It was necessary, now, to pick up their trail. He was sure they had not gone back downstream; he would have heard them. They were not equipped to hide out in the woods. His guess was that they would make what speed they could for the outer world; that they would seek to lose themselves before the alarm should spread. Two routes were possible to them; but these two routes were, for a considerable distance, one. They must go up river; they must thread a chain of lakes; they must choose at last between crossing the divide by a carry or turning aside at Marshall Lake and down the southward-leading riverways. Till he should reach Marshall his task was merely—speed.

They must have started sometime yesterday; he could not tell how far they were ahead of him. Nevertheless, Fred set out confidently, sure of his strength. It was barely sunrise when he reached the logging dam two miles above Number Seven Camp, and carried his canoe and his duffel across and put the canoe into the waters of the lake above. The dam tender here told him that Bubier and Case had gone this way the afternoon before.

"Said they were going to look out some trapping grounds up Goose Brook," he explained.

"Just the two of them?" Fred asked.

"Yup, just them."

Fred wondered who it was that had borne them warning, and how the man had passed him, returning downstream. He wondered if the men he sought would really go up Goose Brook; thought it unlikely. The brook led some twenty miles up to a small pond, and ended there; a cul-de-sac. No, they would go on. He set himself to the nine-mile paddle up the lake; and a wind sprang up behind him. Fred had considered this possibility and was prepared for it. He spread his blanket on two sticks to serve as sail, drove his paddle sternly, made that nine miles in a round two hours. Speed, now—speed was all his need. He gave full measure of himself to the pursuit.

Next day luck favored him. He came into Marshall Lake, where the two routes divided; and before starting down the lake he climbed into a tree, the better to scan its waters, and so discerned, miles away ahead of him, a dot that could be nothing but a canoe; and it was on a course that would lead it into the thoroughfare, and up, toward the ponds on the divide. It might not be the men he sought; he thought it was.

That night he met two canoemen who confirmed his guess. Bubier and Case were not two hours ahead. Fred paddled till midnight, thinking that they might make an early camp, so he could overtake them; but fatigue at last warned him to stop, and he wearily cooked his supper and ate—fried pork and oatmeal—and slept like a log in his blanket by the ashes of his fire. He had been, when he left St. Pierre, as hard as nails; and he had weighed a hundred and forty-six pounds. He was harder now, and scales would have shown that he had lost seven pounds. But Fred needed no scale to tell him this; his belt was up two holes.

Once the next day he sighted them, racing up a lake ahead of him three long miles in the lead. They disappeared behind a point, and when he rounded that point almost an hour later—the wind was against him now—they were gone. He came at last to running water again, too shallow for the canoe; went overboard and waded, dragging his craft behind him for half a mile up the rocky channel, and came out in a shallow pond half a mile across, the whole surface covered with lilies and grass, the water never three feet deep. Across this pond, his paddle digging up the mud; and so he landed at the northern end of that two-mile carry which here crosses the divide into the southward-flowing waters. The tracks of their moccasins, where they had stepped ashore, were still fresh in the mud along the margin.

He faced a decision; it had been puzzling him for an hour. The two had gone ahead across the carry; one no doubt had borne the canoe, the other the dunnage, without waiting for a team to come across the rocky road from the other side. They would have made one trip of it, a two-mile tramp. But for him to carry his canoe and also his duffel would be impossible; he must make two trips if he took it all. That he should thus waste time was inconceivable, with the men he was pursuing so short a distance ahead. Two courses remained to him: He might run, empty-handed, across the carry, hoping to catch them before they could embark upon the other side; and he might transport only his canoe over the divide. From the other side of the carry it was a matter of only ten miles, less than that, to the farm that was first outpost of civilization. In that ten miles or at the farm he should be able to overtake them.

His decision was made while he unloaded the canoe. The duffel—his pack sack and supplies and that bulky bundle wrapped in canvas and so securely tied—he cached in the swamp growth along the shore of the pond. Paddle and pole he tied into place along the thwarts of the canoe, swung it to his shoulders, and set off at a swift, short-stepping walk across the carry.

At the other side, on the shore of a lake with an Indian name that was abridged and modified by the common tongue, he heard news that elated him. A man dwelt there, with two horses and a cart, his business the transport of canoes and luggage for those who traveled by this wilderness road. He told Fred the two were not half an hour ahead. "They're watching for 'em down below, too," he said. "I'd had the word, but I wa'n't in no mind to stop 'em here."

Fred looked at him quickly. "Did you tell them?"

The man, chewing like a cow, shook his head. "They ast me; but they got nothing out o' me," he said with great solemnity.

Fred thrust off his canoe, springing aboard; his paddle dug. A reach of winding brook, and then six or seven miles of lake lay between him and the farm; he thought he might overtake them.

But when he came out into open water the other canoe was not in sight, and he rested on his paddle, swiftly considering. Instinct rather than pure reason told him what had happened. The men must have taken warning from the manner of the carry keeper; yet, knowing Fred was close behind, had not dared turn back. So they had come down brook and found a spot that pleased them, and lifted their canoe back into the forest, out of sight from the brook, waiting till he should have passed by and gone on his way downstream, before doubling back along the course by which they had come.

He swung his canoe, water swirling under his paddle's stroke as resentfully as a live thing, and raced for the mouth of the brook from which he had just emerged. That the long chase must be begun all over again might have daunted another man. It only spurred Fred to a quicker ardor.

XII

HALFWAY across the carry, the canoe balanced on his shoulders, he met the horses and cart of the carry man, and he slid the canoe to the ground for a breathing spell and asked the man a question.

"Yup," the other replied, spitting against a tree. "They come back right away after you'd gone. Must've passed you."

"They hid out while I went by," said Fred. "Why didn't you stop them?"

"I 'lowed I wouldn't carry 'em over," the man explained. "But the Frenchie pulled up a rifle and 'lowed I would. So I did."

"And they went right back?"

"I watched 'em across the pond and into the brook," the carry keeper replied. "They were hustling some."

Fred swung his canoe up. "Turn your cart and take me back," he commanded. "Move some, too," he bade. "I'll be waiting for you at the pond."

He went ahead at a trot, and when he reached the shore fetched his belongings from where he had hidden them. The cart was slow in coming; he chafed at the delay. It seemed an interminable time, even after he heard its creaking progress, before it appeared. He whipped his canoe into the water and loaded it and shoved off with a scant word for the man who chewed so listlessly. The fugitives ahead of him must now be working down the dead water into the lake below. When he sighted them they were not two miles ahead. A moment later, looking back, they discovered him. By the swifter stroke of their paddles he knew they had increased their speed; and he dug his own blade strongly, husbanding his resources, content for the present to hang on.

But he could not hang on. The wind was against him; his canoe was light; he was a single paddle. There were two of them, and their canoe was deeper in the water. Spite of his efforts he perceived that they began to draw ahead. His lips parted across his teeth, his breath came sobbingly. Night began now to draw down upon them, but Fred did not relax his efforts. They might land somewhere in the darkness and evade him; but he believed they were in too much haste to think of such a device. They would, he thought, rush on.

Nevertheless, when he came into the thoroughfare at the foot of the lake he went more easily, watchful for fire or sign of camp on either shore. There was a late moon; before it rose the night was inky black and the darkness lay on the water like a blanket. More than once in this darkness he touched rocks, had to pick his way with care. When the moon rose he saw the next lake of the chain, opening ahead. He paddled on with all his speed. Secure in the darkness, he thought they would relax their efforts; his hope now was to beat them to the outlet of this lake, down which he thought they must surely go. Then the moon clouded over, and by and by it began to rain. He stopped to boil tea, famished with hunger, and once more pushed on. If he could pass them in the night without their knowledge, he might wait for them at a place of his own choosing, ahead. Toward dawn he reached the point he had selected. If they had stopped at all in the night he must be ahead of them. He pulled his canoe into the bushes and waited for the full coming of day.

But when day came, bleak and cold with gusts of sweeping rain, the other canoe was nowhere to be seen. Fred lay where he was for an hour, slept a little, cooked and ate, slept a little more. Sheer weariness held him in chains. Toward

(Continued on Page 69)

Fred Thrust Off His Canoe, Springing Aboard. He Thought He Might Overtake Them

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The VOLATILE Gas

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TEXACO
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These jackets are made in all sorts of heather colors—Scotchy two-tone effects, with body in one tone, and back, sleeves and edgings in another. Each is brushed just enough to give added richness and a touch of extra warmth and softness. Smartly designed and smartly tailored.

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This well-known twin brother of the Yankee has a black face, with radiumized hands that tell time in the dark

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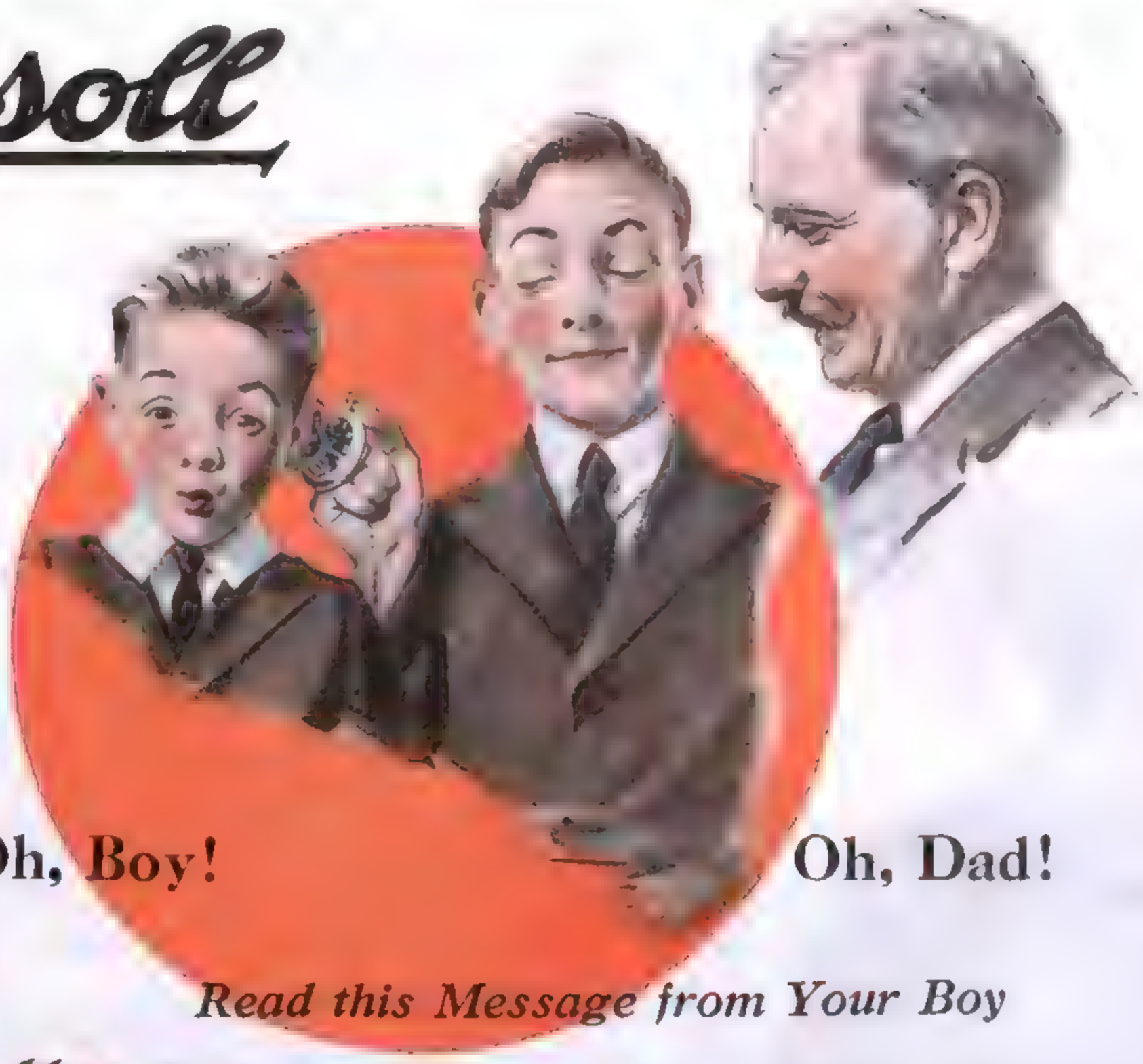

Oh, Boy! Oh, Dad!

Read this Message from Your Boy

"I KNOW I'm not as big as you. But I'm growing. Gee, I want to be a man. And I'm going to be—before you know it.

"I want long pants. I bet I know my size. I want a watch—a real, grown-up watch. There's lots of things I want, but I guess I want a man's watch most. Except maybe long pants. Why can't I have a good watch?

"You'd be surprised, but I remember the first time you held your Ingersoll up to my ear, and I heard it tick. I couldn't talk, then. I didn't know what it was.

"Now I know all about an Ingersoll, how it keeps good time and is as strong as an ox, and everything. I've learnt more'n you think. I saw in the paper that an Ingersoll teaches boys and girls the value of time. Girls are not much, but I want a ticker of my own.

"Please give me an Ingersoll for Xmas."

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

(Continued from Page 64)

noon he went on with fresh strength in his arms, and that afternoon reached the dam at the foot of the next lake and heard a word that heartened him. The dam keeper said they had not passed this way; they were therefore behind him.

He turned back, paddled wearily to a point of land halfway up the lake, and on an island off this point drew ashore. They must have hidden through the day, would travel now by night. If they came this way it would be to pass between point and island, within fifty yards of where he lay. As dusk fell the rain stopped; he lifted his canoe into hiding and concealed himself. If they came he might see, would surely hear them.

For hours Fred crouched there waiting. Loons far up the lake laughed in the night. Some marsh bird flying overhead squawked raucously. A small fish leaped in the shallows. The night was become so still that he heard a deer splashing along the shore of the point. A great owl hooted hurriedly, in much the same cadence as the whippoorwill's note, in the forest a quarter of a mile away. Far off somewhere there rose a curdling scream; imagination might have attributed it to a bobcat. He knew it for a rabbit's death cry as the jaws of some prowler closed across its spine. And by and by he heard the sound he waited for—the hollow, resonant, unmistakable thump of a paddle against the side of a canoe. His own heart thumped louder than the paddle. They were coming.

They came, and passed so close he could hear the murmur of their voices; and when they had gone by he slipped his canoe into the water and with soundless paddle followed them. They were not hurrying; he was able to keep his distance. He observed at once that their course was not toward the dam, and he drew a little nearer them, risking discovery; but their attention was all on the shore ahead. As they drew near this shore Fred rested, waiting, listening with all his ears. And by and by he heard the scrape of the canoe across a sunken rock, and in the night his lips twisted in a grin.

They had gone up Boody's Brook. He knew the stream. At first a wide dead water through a marsh, it quickened somewhat in the upper reaches. Nine miles upstream it led to the first of a chain of ponds and lakes, only one of them of any size. From none was there any other outlet. The brook itself was born in a swamp against a mountain's buttresses. The forests about were for a man on foot almost impassable; and even if these men took to the forest there was nowhere for them to go. They must hope in this fastness to hide. But he had already marked down their hiding place—knew it for the blind alley it was. He could follow at his leisure. His men were trapped; were surely his at last.

He waited half an hour, to give them time to get well upstream, then pulled ashore by the brook's mouth and stopped till morning. For the first time since the pursuit began he slept long and soundly, like a child. It was still necessary to overcome the men and make them captive; but this task perturbed him not at all. He had made, long ago, his plan.

XIII

OLD legend has it that before Bill Boody settled down at the carry across the divide he once ventured into a certain brook and followed it up, and came upon a chain of little lakes and ponds with one of larger size among them; and he trapped there through one winter and brought out a marvelous take of fur. The brook bears his name. Dave and I ascended it for half a dozen miles one day, to seek out a hole where trout of fabulous size were reported to lie. We came upon the spot in the heat of the day—a bend in a stretch of dead water, with water lilies and grass ringing around a circle of black water in the middle. We had seen many deer on the way upstream; when we rounded a bend it was rare to discover the reach ahead devoid of life. A doe and her fawn fed within two hundred yards of us, on pads and roots, while we fished. We took seven trout. There were tracks of moose in the muck along the shore.

It was up this stream Joe Case and Peter Bubier had turned. The mouth was wide and still, stirred by no perceptible current, with thick marsh on either hand. Fred saw it clouded with the warm mists of morning when he sat up in his blankets; he rose and cooked a leisurely breakfast and made ready to resume the pursuit. A kingfisher chattered up the stream. On a dead stub along the lake shore an eagle perched, his white head limned against the blue of the sky. A fishhawk beat heavy wings out of the north. Seven black ducks whistled overhead. In the marsh behind him Fred could hear now and then a faint stirring of twigs, a crackle of brush, a squeak of vocal sound as the woods creatures went about their business. He dumped the contents of his pack sack on the ground and made a choice. As much food as he would need, his blanket, his cooking dishes. He filed the edge of his ax, changed his undergarments and put on a fresh shirt, lifted the pack sack into the canoe. That roll, secured with stout cord, which had so puzzled his father, he laid beside the sack, smiling a little. The hour to use what it contained was coming. There was a small nick in the edge of his knife; he smoothed it out with the file. The head of his pole was loose; he made it secure, using a rock for hammer and another for anvil. All these preparations were done slowly, almost idly; a certain peace of mind had come to him. Once or twice he whistled—and Fred was not given to whistling. About eight o'clock in the morning he started upstream.

He wished to give the men ahead of him sufficient time to reach the first ponds before he overtook them, so he made no haste that morning. They would not make haste now. Once or twice he had to drag his canoe in shallow rocky rapids. Once a beaver dam flooded the stream for half a mile and gave him easy paddling. He marked, as he dragged his canoe up over the dam, where the other canoe had also crossed. After a while he discovered where the men had camped the night before; the ashes of their fire still smoked slightly, and his lips twisted in scorn for men who would not wet their fire. He carried water in his hat till the ashes were sodden. Toward noon he reached the foot of rapids where the brook descended for a mile or more over ledges, which served to bank up the water in the lakes and ponds above. He could not pole; the water was not sufficiently deep, so for a while he made slow going of it. At the head of the quick water he left his canoe and went forward afoot, sometimes in the brook and sometimes on shore, till he came within sight of the first little pond. The other canoe was not in sight on this pond, and he returned and got his own craft, and now pursued more swiftly. Half a mile across the pond and up another reach of brook a second pond opened out before him.

His eyes here gave him warning. Across the open water a veil of light smoke rose above the trees. The other men had stopped to cook and eat their midday meal. He kept hidden. It was useless to attempt to approach them in broad day across the pond, and to circle the shore in the marshy going would require too much time. He dropped back downstream and ate cold viands, unwilling to risk a fire, then crept up again to a point from which he could watch where they had landed. Their canoe still lay against the beach.

It seemed to Fred they waited an interminable time at this spot. He lay on his face among blueberry bushes, sprawling across a gray ledge, his feet against a tamarack tree that bore claw marks of a bear, and watched the camp across the lake. Once he caught a glimpse of Bubier, when the Frenchman came to the water's edge and looked in his direction. But there was no anxiety in Bubier's manner; and Fred judged that the man felt secure from immediate pursuit. They were ten miles off the traveled riverway. Across the pond and above the trees far beyond them Fred could see the round crest of the mountain at whose base these waters rose. That way the men must go. Trackless wilderness hemmed them in. He grinned a little with slow satisfaction.

Toward midafternoon he saw them pack their cooking dishes into the canoe and turn into the brook, continuing upstream. He waited only a minute before resuming his pursuit. A short hour's travel would bring them, he knew, to the foot of the only large lake in this chain; a body of water some half dozen miles long, and more than two miles wide. Here, he thought, they might choose to establish themselves, withdrawing somewhat from the shore and building a cabin of logs against the coming of winter.

Because he wished to see where they would land he made some speed—more than he realized. There was marsh at the foot of this upper lake; the brook paralleled the shore for a quarter mile. As he entered this reach, using his pole, he heard a shout of dismay from the lake and leaped ashore to look over the marsh, and was able to see the other canoe, not a hundred yards away. Joe Case had discovered his pole above the marsh grass. A rifle bullet winged at him, and Fred dropped into cover as quickly as a loon dives, and into his canoe again.

They might race ashore beside him here and hold him at their mercy. He could retreat; he might abandon his canoe and flee into the woods; or he could go forward. Fred chose to go forward, and dug his paddle mightily, keeping low so that they could not discover him.

As he approached the open lake he was keyed to topmost pitch. The next few seconds would reveal to him what they had chosen to do; whether they would fly or turn to destroy him.

He slid into the open water and saw that they had chosen flight. Fully half a mile away, with racing paddles, he discovered the other canoe; and he chuckled and swung his own craft and took up the chase.

They sighted him at once; and the man in the bow—that would be Joe Case—rose to his feet; and something cut the water a hundred yards ahead of Fred and whined overhead, and another bullet struck thudding in a tree on the shore behind him. Let them shoot. There was a little chop, which made marksmanship difficult. And—he remembered they had not many cartridges. Also, while Case laid aside the paddle for the rifle Fred was overhauling them. He heard, dimly, Bubier shout, and Case turned to resume his seat. Then Fred laughed aloud triumphantly; for a chop had struck them, throwing Case off balance, and the rifle—at that distance Fred could not be sure, but he would have sworn to it—had slid overside into the lake. No doubt they had another, but one was just half as many as two.

He saw, by the redoubled fury of their paddling, that panic had fairly gripped them now. They were splashing clumsily; his own paddle bit deep and long; he rose to his feet to make the better speed. The distance between them began to be cut down. They were heading, he now perceived, for the mouth of the brook; were fleeing, he judged, blindly and with no thought where they went.

A scant quarter mile ahead of his canoe they slid into the brook mouth and disappeared. Four or five minutes later he entered after them.

He went a little cautiously, mindful now of the possibility of ambuscade; but around the first turn in the brook he came upon their canoe, drawn haphazard upon the bank. A glance showed him their packs were gone and their axes. He nodded. They had decided to trust rather to the woods; and he understood the reason for this when he saw that the canoe was taking water, an inch of it sloshing about her bottom—ripped, no doubt, on a stone. He was inflated with confidence, thrust the bow of his own craft upon the sand and stepped ashore to discover which way they had gone. Their tracks were plain, following a deer trail into the woods. The scent was so hot that he forgot all prudence, and started on a trot along their trail.

But a hundred yards from the brook he lost it; the prints of their feet no longer led him on, and he saw, after a moment's search, where they had swung aside into the underbrush. His heart chilled with a sudden apprehension; he turned and raced for the brook again. Too late. Both canoes were gone.

At a dead run, splashing through the shallow water, he headed down brook for the lake shore; reached it to see them a hundred yards from shore, to be met by another rifle bullet which clipped a twig not six inches from his head.

Fred dived to cover and lay there, trembling and sick with shame, and watched them draw offshore and turn at last straight across the lake. It was late afternoon; he was afoot, with no tool but his knife and matches; twenty miles of forest lay between him and the river along which now and then canoes passed by. And the men he had sworn to make captive and take home were laughing at him, in safe security.

He watched them till darkness fell; saw that they headed right across the lake. By and by a spark of fire was born in the

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shadows over there; and he knew they must be cooking supper.

At about the same time rain began to fall from the lowering clouds.

XIV

FRED had continued thus far his pursuit of Bubier and Case in a sort of blind confidence; he had felt assured that they would, if they were warned, try to escape him; he did not believe they would greatly resist if he could overtake them; and their audacity in laying a trap, stealing his canoe and leaving him afoot and more helpless than the wild creatures themselves, astonished him immensely. His first reaction was a bitter self-reproach, a bitter shame and humiliation. This passed before the sudden rage that swept him, when from the bosom of the lake they shouted back their taunts. It has been said that a Welshman is slow to anger; but Fred was, in the French of him, furiously angry now; and the Welsh of him was beginning to stir.

Yet his situation was sufficiently discouraging. The fire showed where the two men had camped, at least two miles straight across the lake. To circle either end of the lake would mean from eight to a dozen miles of the most desperate going. No one who has not attempted to traverse the forest where there is no path to lead him can comprehend the magnitude of such a journey. The earth beneath your feet is marsh which beds you to the knees or deeper; or it is a tumble of bowlders with deep crevices between, where a leg bone may be snapped too readily. The marshy land is a tangle of alders and tall grass and shrub through which only a moose can thrust its way; the forests are filled with low growth that switches you in the eyes, tears at your garments, trips you and stabs you and gashes you. Four miles through such going by daylight is, even for a skilled man, a long and weary journey. Twice that distance, and by night, might as well be a thousand miles.

It was not surprising that Bubier and Case, under the circumstances, should feel secure. They knew it was impossible that Fred should round either end of the lake before morning; they knew he would not attempt it. His best energies would be spent, they thought, in working back downstream to hail some passing canoeman on the great river thoroughfare. They cooked supper that night, laughing boisterously at his discomfiture. Plenty of time, while he was going out and coming back again, for them to find a new hiding place. In the morning, they decided, they would cross the lake and perhaps hail him abusively, and watch his slow progress toward the brook and down.

In the meantime they ate heavily and slept soddenly, their fire slowly burning down to a heap of coals. Before they lay down, however, Bubier looked across the lake and saw that Fred, too, had built him a fire.

"Sacred name of a dog, but he will need it, too, this night," he chuckled, and added Fred's blanket to his own bed. The rain was falling with a steady and persistent sound; there was no air stirring anywhere, and the night was cold.

Fred, across the lake, had indeed built himself a fire. He leaned saplings together and threw browse upon them to make a rude shelter for himself, and fed the fire between his knees, considering what he meant to do. A stubborn anger was rising in him; his shelter leaked, and with every drop that touched him he grew more miserable and more angry. He stared moodily out into the darkness that blanketed the lake. The fire on the other shore was indistinguishable now.

It had not occurred to Bubier and Case that Fred could swim the lake. It did not occur to Fred for a long time. Men who live much upon these inland waterways usually swim sufficiently well—that is, they take a dip in some shallow stream now and then, paddle to and fro. But the summers are short; their lives are full. Swimming with them is more apt to be a matter of cleanliness than anything else. That a man should swim two miles does not readily occur to them as possible. Fred himself did not entertain the idea except as a last resort. He could swim a little. When he was in no haste upon his journeys he was apt to slip into lake or stream as opportunity offered and splash idly about. He could float upon his back by careful breathing, keeping his lungs almost full. He could swim on his back, and he knew the breast stroke, which is so much more difficult than any other, yet which beginners usually learn first of all. He sometimes splashed his arms in a clumsy trudgeon. In short, he could swim, and nothing more.

But he could swim; and in the course of half an hour's furious thinking he began to wonder whether he could swim across the lake to where his enemies were camped. He had no idea how long it would take him to make the distance; had no idea whether he could endure the chill of the water. But he knew that he could rest on his back if he grew tired; and he knew that his muscles were strong. He began to canvass the idea, consider its possibilities

Almost at once he discovered the chief obstacle. The night was dark and cloudy; the rain showed no sign of stopping. Once out in the lake he would not be able to see anything at all; it was quite possible that under such circumstances he might swim in a circle for hours. It was necessary that he have something to guide his course for at least a part of the way, until even in the darkness he could discover the outlines of the shore ahead of him.

He found a solution for this problem. The mouth of the brook, where they had stolen his canoe, ran straight in from the lake for some yards. He followed it in; and at a point where the brook began to curve he climbed the bank and cleared away the brush and built a fire. His mind now made up, he worked with furious energy, ripped the dead lower branches from the evergreens, found a dead young pine and pushed it down and dragged it to the spot, remembered that a little way up brook he had seen a rock maple blasted and broken, and fetched what branches he could tear or hack away with his knife, to add to his pile. He did not light this fire at once; did not light it until he had gathered wood enough to keep it burning for an hour or more. For fear even this might not be enough, he bent down two young birches, so that they were like skids, and weighted their lower ends with rocks, and laid firewood across them in such a manner that when the fuel below burned away, that above would slide down into the edges of the fire. The whole contrivance was clumsy; he surveyed it discontentedly. But it was the best that he could do.

In the end he peeled birch bark till he had a thick bundle of it, and touched a match to this bark and thrust it under where his fine wood for kindling had been placed. Back on the shore he stripped off his garments and stowed them under the small shelter he had built. Only his belt and knife he strapped around his waist, then waded into the water and looked back. When he stopped directly off the mouth of the brook he could see the fire; if he swung to right or left the trees on the banks hid it from his sight. So long as he could see the fire, therefore, he must be heading straight across the lake. This line, he judged, would bring him to the other shore—if he ever reached the other shore—not far to the right of where his enemies lay. He would be within striking distance of them.

At the last moment he considered pushing before him a bit of log to serve as life buoy if the worst should come; cast the thought aside. It would hamper him, slow him down; he would never reach the other side. When at last he waded into deeper water and began to swim it was with jaws set. If he could not reach the other shore before morning he was willing to drown. But he meant to reach the other shore.

He swam at first that breast stroke which bends the back so unnaturally. After a time his back began to ache; and to ease it he lay a little more on his side. Every few strokes he looked back to be sure the fire was in sight behind him. It flamed high like a beacon for a while. To look back it was necessary for him to turn still more on his side; and thus, almost accidentally, he learned a curious sort of side stroke in which the legs kicked aimlessly, the arms dragged his body crawlingly along. He found the water of the lake at first surprisingly warm; this by contrast with the cold air and the cold rain that fell. It seemed to soothe and comfort him; and he swam on, almost lazily, husbanding his strength. Now and then, when he grew a little tired, he turned on his back and paddled with his hands, resting his muscles by this variant from their former motion. Once he floated for half a minute, utterly relaxed, the rain pelting down into his face.

He had no measure of the passing of time save the fire behind him; and he watched it burn up to its greatest height,

(Continued on Page 72)

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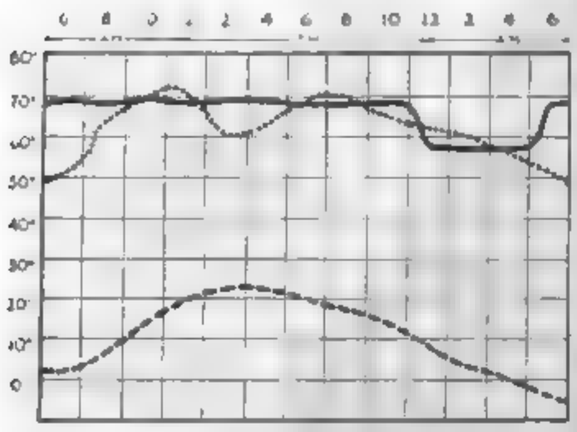

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(Continued from Page 70)

die down a little, stay for a while about the same, and then sink to a fitful flame. It was by that time far behind him; he was scarce able to see it at all from the level of the lake surface. Nevertheless, he managed to keep his course reasonably straight. He had no idea what speed he was making; but by and by he discovered that he could see the black line of shore far ahead of him; and after that he watched the fire no more.

His muscles began to grow tired. His legs were weary and he let them trail, then turned on his back and kicked, resting his arms. A certain numbness descended upon him; he swam on automatically, conscious only that he ached, that his back and his sides and his calves and biceps ached dismally. These aches became acute, then dulled. By and by he became comfortable again—had a certain access of energy. But the shore ahead seemed as far away as ever.

He refused to look at it; shut his eyes and counted while he swam a hundred strokes and then opened his eyes to see if it were any nearer. It was gone! He churned upright in the water and looked around in momentary panic; the contour—a lofty black hill, a lower hill and a level line—which he had watched so hungrily was now behind him. His eyes closed, he had swung half around. He righted his direction, and thereafter kept his eyes open and held them on his goal.

It seemed to remain at the same distance, remote and unapproachable. Without realizing it he increased the speed of his strokes till he was struggling desperately forward, and panting and gasping with his efforts.

It was the same instinct that makes a man, lost in the woods, burst into a frantic run. When his own exhaustion made him stop, his common sense reasserted itself. Thereafter he went more slowly, fighting down his hunger for more speed. The shore seemed to draw back before him, beckoning him on.

The clouds broke away a little; a lighter spot showed behind them. He thought it was the dawn, and cringed with shame to think that the men he sought might come down and discover him, paddling about in the lake, and mock him again. Then the clouds gathered once more, and he drove on, his brain humming; he no longer thought at all. He was not tired; it seemed to him that his arms and legs could work thus indefinitely; but he was very sleepy, and the water was astonishingly comfortable—it had seemed bitterly cold for a while—and his body was no longer any burden to him at all. Only he wanted to sleep. Once he dozed, and water splashed into his gasping mouth, and he choked and was very sick and had to fight to get breath into his lungs again.

The shore was still remote. And then, without any warning whatever, it loomed almost over his head. The sense of the nearness of his goal sent him fighting forward till he was exhausted again; he looked up and the wooded shore was just above him—just where it had been before. He reached down with his toes, seeking bottom, and found none; and he dragged himself wearily up toward the surface and struggled on. His eyes shut now in spite of himself. He opened them with an effort and fixed them on the shore. His arms pawed at the water aimlessly. In the end his reaching hand touched a rock, and he dragged himself across it and got to his feet and staggered through the shallows and came to land. There were bowlders along the shore; he lay across them, sobbing with weariness, helpless to move.

The darkness still blanketed the lake; the rain still fell. He slept until the rocks bruised his flesh and wakened him; but the few moments of slumber had brought back a portion of his strength. He stood up and stretched himself, and moved his arms to and fro slowly while life flowed back into them. He began to be able to think again.

Bubier and Case had camped, if his reckoning was correct, off toward the head of the lake a little way. He started in that direction. His eyes were somewhat accustomed to the darkness. He picked his way along the bowlders on the shore, and in the shallows he waded, careful to make no sound; and once he swam across a narrow cove to reach the point on the other side. His progress was slow; he was not sure how long it would be. In a surprisingly short space of time he discovered the canoes, end to end, tilted upside down on the beach. He crouched beside them, still as a stone, and listened with all his ears.

The two men had made camp on a rocky point just beyond. Faint odor of wood smoke drifted to Fred's nostrils. He heard no sound at all. He began to fumble under the canoes, and found, as he had hoped, some things stored here to be sheltered from the rain. His pack sack. He found underclothes in it, and put them on, belting his knife over them. The rifle, also, was here. He took this out and softly tried the mechanism. There were shells in the magazine—one in the chamber.

He was abruptly very weary. He had not meant to take this way, had devised another plan. But the effort of his long swim had exhausted him; he was ready to accept the easiest road. He lifted the weapon and bore it under his arm and crept quietly toward where the men were sleeping. It was still dark; he had no way of knowing how long it would be before daylight; decided presently to wait, to wait till he could see.

He leaned against a tree, the rifle close behind him, and relaxed; kept his eyes open by sheer will, but let all his muscles rest. The night dragged on.

In the end the rain dwindled and ceased, and Fred judged that dawn must be coming. A dull gray at length modified the blackness of the sky in one quarter. Objects about him emerged from the gloom, assumed form and definition. He saw a rock, a tree, the outline of a bowlder between him and the lake. Out on the water a loon called.

He crawled a little farther and discovered a blur upon the ground ten feet before him. A man slept there, wrapped in blankets; he lay on his side. Beyond there was a stir as another man moved in his sleep; and Fred presently heard his heavy breathing.

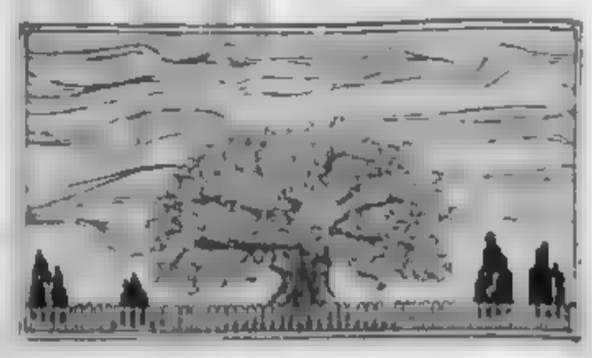
The rifle was still in his hand; but he began to cast around for a better way. The light was growing; they would wake soon. Beyond the nearest man he saw that bundle, so carefully bound with cord, with which he had burdened his canoe thus far. It had been opened, was open now; and he thought how Bubier and Joe Case must have laughed when they discovered its contents.

The feet of the nearest man were toward him. Fred considered them. They had escaped from the blankets. He crawled around this man and picked up a length of the cord and came back, and with utmost care that no touch should wake the sleeper, nooses one foot and then the other, and made the free end of the cord fast to a tree.

The sleeper—Fred judged it was Joe Case—did not stir. The man's arms were within his blankets. Fred changed his plan, got to his feet without sound, released the knot that secured the cord to the tree and gathered it in his hand.

He poised himself with care, made sure what he meant to do, then threw himself upon the sleeping man, thus wadded in his blankets, and swept him up with a great heave, and flipped the cord around him, drawing it tight. The man struggled blindly, with smothered outcries. Fred got a knot in the cord, leaped to his feet and back in time to meet the attack of Peter Bubier.

Peter kicked at him with a swing of his whole body, his heel shoulder high. Fred caught that heel in his hands. The swing of it jerked him to one side, but he held on. Bubier was thrown on his back and Fred atop him. He got the other's throat. Bubier plucked at his tightening fingers with one hand, groping with the other for his knife. The blade slid along Fred's upper arm before his knee pinned down that hand. He bent and set his teeth in Bubier's wrist, and the knife fell from the other man's relaxed fingers. Then sheer instinct of self-preservation drew both Bubier's hands to Fred's wrists, seeking to tear away that grip upon his throat. Fred pounded Bubier's head backward, shaking him like a dog, and Bubier lay still. Fred rolled him over, stripped off his belt and drew it tight about the other's wrists. He was, for the moment, secure.



But Case was free, had reached his knife and cut his bonds. Also he had the rifle. As Fred leaped toward the man a bullet clipped past him; he brushed the muzzle aside and gripped the barrel and stock, and the two men wrestled for the weapon, eye to eye. Case tugged at it stubbornly; Fred thought more quickly; and when the other tugged he thrust with all his might. Case tripped and went down backward, and Fred wrenched the weapon away and slatted Case across the head with its heavy barrel. Case ceased to move.

Fred proceeded to truss the two men methodically and securely. When they were helpless he poured water on them till they were able to curse him. Then he went down to the beach and took a canoe, paddled along the shore a quarter mile. Here he made himself, very deliberately, a comfortable bed; and here, utterly fatigued, he laid himself down and slept.

XV

WORD had gone down the river ahead of him; for his progress was slow and he would accept no assistance. Word went down the river ahead of him, so all St. Pierre was at the bank when Fred came home again.

He was paddling his own canoe. Behind, at the end of a short line, came another. Half a mile above the landing canoes from St. Pierre arrived to give him escort; they flocked about him, and when the men looked into that other canoe they burst into great shouts of mirth. As the group of canoes approached the bank those on the water shouted the jest to those ashore, which roused answering laughter there. This jest of Fred's would be remembered up and down the river as long as the memory of man should run.

For lying in that canoe which he towed, swathed like mummies and helpless as trapped salmon, were Peter Bubier and Joe Case, whom he had gone to fetch; and their wrapping was that gill net in which they had bound Fred Perrin those long months before.

So St. Pierre laughed. But Fred did not laugh; he was too utterly fatigued. The homeward journey had been an arduous one. It is fairly easy to handle one canoe in quick water; not so easy to handle two. There had been times when he worked his own craft a mile or more downstream, then walked back to fetch the other. For many days he had eaten scantily, worked desperately, slept little. His eyes were hollow, his cheeks were gaunt, the muscles clung like ropes to his bones. He, who was hard as nails when he began this undertaking, had sweated and bled away seventeen pounds of weight. And he was now so weary he could scarce lift the paddle from the water.

But Aure was at the river bank to see him arrive; and when she saw him her eyes filled with pity and tenderness. She gave no second glance to the captives in their wrappings; bade two of the men lift Fred and carry him up the hill. He slept in their very arms. They bore him home, and Aure and her mother made him clean, and tended that cut along his arm; and he slept like a child under their ministrations. That night, and the next day, and the next night he slept, almost without stirring; and he drank broth without opening his eyes, and slumbered again. And when he waked at last it was to discover Aure beside him.

So he said, "I brought them home!"

She nodded, quick tears in her eyes again. These tears distressed him, till he looked more closely into her eyes; and then they filled him with a warmth of happiness that he had never thought to know. He lifted himself on his elbow, and she yearned to him, bade him rest and sleep again.

He smiled happily enough at that; and he obeyed her. Aure thought she had never seen Fred smile before.

St. Pierre had known them both so long; had understood them both so much better than they understood each other. So St. Pierre laughed happily with them when Fred went about the town once more; watched them with sympathetic eyes.

When they were married Fred took her up Boody's Brook on their honeymoon. The name is ugly; but they found the brook extraordinarily beautiful.

THE END

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—Arc de Triomphe

Paris 'round the Corner

—Near East

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THE CHANGING EAST

Continued from Page 19

commerce. No chapter in the adventures of those staunch old clippers was more romantic than the one that deals with the China trade. They were sailed by skippers who gave the Seven Seas a tradition of courage and capacity.

In the first year of the nineteenth century thirty-four American ships had discharged cargoes at Canton.

In 1832 there were seven American business houses in Canton, which was half the number of the British. If we had kept at this pace we might be on even terms with our British competitors today. There are many veterans of the China trade who believe that but for the American Civil War we might have fulfilled our commercial destiny in China. That struggle, however, almost removed our flag from the high seas. After Appomattox came the winning of the American West. Our fiscal and economic interest was concentrated on internal and not external expansion. It was not until Roosevelt's era that we really became a world power, and it took the Great War to restore our merchant pennant to something like its old authority.

In 1864 American shipping made up more than 40 per cent of China's total tonnage entered and cleared, although China's shipping increased from 7,000,000 to 105,000,000 tons. America's percentage had fallen by 1892 to barely ⅛ per cent of the whole. Even as lately as 1916 our share was only 80,000 tons—the total was 80,000,000 tons—or about 1/10 per cent. Since the armistice, however, the record is not so depressing. In 1920 exactly 104,000,000 tons entered and cleared all the ports of China. This included 5,000,000 tons of American shipping, or nearly 5 per cent. It is perhaps worth while adding that out of the 1920 total nearly one-fifth flew the Chinese flag.

The Spanish-American War and the acquisition of the Philippines projected us into the Pacific. This should have marked a turning point in our Far Eastern commerce. Though we have done admirably in the social and economic development of our insular possessions no really conspicuous advance in general Oriental trade resulted. As I have already indicated, it was not until the necessity for troop ships arose that we got back upon the merchant-marine map. Today the reverse of the old picture obtains, for we have more ships than cargoes.

American trade with China has increased, but not at the rate warranted by conditions. Our exports to China in 1921 were about $110,000,000 gold. Though this is a tremendous rise from the $25,501,357 that represented the business of 1913, it nevertheless indicates a considerable drop from $145,737,321, the volume for 1920, when the high price of silver increased the buying power of the Chinese and stimulated their imports of all kinds.

Slow-Pay Customers

The slump in exports to China was not entirely our own fault. Like everyone else, we shared in the ebb following the high tide of war and postwar trade. American banking, shipping and commercial interests rushed into China, as elsewhere, between 1914 and 1918. Many of the promoters were without experience in the foreign field, and some even lacked capital. A large percentage of these new enterprises have gone by the board, while the older ones are having considerable difficulty in collecting outstanding accounts. The head of one of the large American import and export houses in China told me at Peking that his concern had over $3,000,000 Mexican on its books and was unable to collect a dollar.

Among the principal debtors is the Chinese Government, which, through the Ministry of Communications, purchases the supplies for the government railways. Since the national treasury is chronically empty, the republic is constantly asking for extensions. As it is impossible to foreclose in a business deal of this kind, you can readily see how a foreign firm is up against it when it does business with the Peking authorities. Incidentally, nearly every bill of goods sold to a Chinese official must carry an extra overhead fee, or *cumshaw*, as it is called, for the buyer. Thus the firm, unable to collect its accounts, is not only out the invoice price of the goods but the *cumshaw* as well, for this item must almost invariably be paid in advance.

American failure to realize on the great opportunity that China affords cannot be masked behind business conditions. These conditions play no favorites. You have only to look at the roster of foreign undertakings in China to see how the British and the Japanese easily outstrip us. Before the World War the Germans also made circles round us.

The question naturally arises, Why have we fallen down? Seek to analyze it and you uncover, first and foremost, the fundamental reason for our failure to be permanent international trade factors. There is nothing new in the revelation, but it must be regarded as the initial stumblingblock to our progress in the Orient.

Western Methods in the East

Save for our enormous war business, which was self-selling and therefore literally dropped into our laps, we have never seriously regarded export in a big way save as a dump for surplus, when the home going was bad. It has never been standardized or promoted with adequate machinery. You have only to look at the shrinkage of our comparatively recent imposing favorable trade balance to find confirmation of this statement. In short, we have largely looked upon export trade as a luxury and not a necessity. Until we produce a consistent and permanent surplus of merchandise we shall continue to trail along in the procession. Moreover, as endless experts have pointed out, these goods must be made to meet the peculiar demands of the markets, and be properly labeled and packed.

When you diagnose our trade malady, as far as China is concerned, you immediately encounter reasons for failure that are peculiar and distinct. Chief among them is what might be called attitude. In a previous article I merely touched on this matter in passing. Now we can go into it more thoroughly, for it lies at the root of most of our economic deficiencies in the Far East. I do so because there is nothing like reiteration to drive home a point. Most people not only fail to listen properly but they also fail to remember what they hear and read. Many times I heard the lamented Northcliffe say—Napoleon Bonaparte had the same idea—that the most useful word in the language is "repetition." He dramatized it, for once launched upon a campaign of exposure he kept hammering away, often employing the same driving phrases. Hence the matter of our temperamental structure as applied to the China trade will be enlarged upon.

The average American who goes to China knows little, and more often nothing, about the Chinese people. Naturally quick and impulsive, he unfurls the motto "Do it now," and proceeds, hammer and tongs, to achieve results overnight. Nowhere else in the world is patience so great a virtue as in the Orient, and particularly in China. Time is never the essence of the business. A witty American said to me at Peking, "Job must have been a Chinaman."

It follows that one reason why our people fail is that they are too impatient of results. This applies not only to general business but to the employment of capital as well. A man starts an enterprise and expects it to become a blooming success in less time than he would give it back home. Moreover, he is not always willing to take chances, whereas the Chinese are among the greatest gamblers in the world.

What may be designated as the American method, which is so effective in dealing with Americans, utterly collapses when applied to the Chinese mind. Our much-vaunted pep becomes highly sterilized. Let me illustrate with the sad tale of an American lawyer—a really clever and brilliant man—who established himself at Shanghai. He was heralded as the man with the punch. He was dynamic and eloquent, and immediately upon arrival he let it be known that he would show them how law should really be practiced.

When his first Chinese client came to see him for consultation the lawyer made an immediate demonstration of his powers. He paced up and down the room and then pounded the table with such vigor that the client fled, almost in terror. He told his friends that the newcomer was a fire-eater and therefore a dangerous individual. The word got noised about—in China the grapevine telegraph is very effective—and the inevitable consequence was that our strenuous friend was not only clientless but had to pack up his bags and go back to an Anglo-Saxon atmosphere. Translate this performance, slightly restrained, into everyday business, and you need no diagram to show why we have not done better with Chinese commerce.

The Chinese believe that Americans are too frank. This makes them the exact opposite of the British. Incidentally you have here the reason why the two great English-speaking nations are not in closer accord. The Oriental is a secretive person and not entirely a stranger to intrigue. He likes to do things in his own way. American familiarity often breeds the contempt so frequently associated with it in the well-known maxim.

Moreover, we do not stay in the game long enough for a real tryout. An American in Shanghai aptly summed up the situation when he said: "It is well known that in the Olympic games Americans win the sprints but rarely the long-distance races. The quality of sticktoitiveness which sends the British over the top in the Oriental trade is inherent in the blood of Americans, but apparently dormant when it strikes the Far East."

So much for the temperamental aspect. The second major defect lies in the fact that we do not always send the right type of men. Here we get at the heart of the situation, for the human element, in the last analysis, is always the decisive one. With the exception of the trained representatives of two or three great corporations, whose methods I shall presently describe, we are inclined to employ what the British call juniors. This does not so much imply lack of years or character as lack of experience.

Conditions of Success

Likewise most of our representatives in China, as elsewhere in the Far East, are given little responsibility. New York, Boston, Philadelphia or San Francisco wants to run the business at long range, which is never satisfactory. The men on the ground are compelled to spend most of their time cabling to the home office for instructions or awaiting orders. They are given little opportunity for the employment of whatever initiative or judgment they possess. This condition is bad enough, but it is aggravated by constant changes in personnel. The American overseas is not inclined to be gregarious. He associates only with his own kind. Thus he fails to acquire the native language or get a working personal knowledge of his prospect. He begins to miss the home side, which is pidgin English for back home, and clears out before he has started to take root.

In discussing the almost constant change in personnel the head of one of the largest American enterprises in Shanghai made this statement to me: "China and her commercial opportunities are big enough for the biggest executive. It is a costly mistake to send out second raters. In addition, conditions out here are constantly changing. I came out a little over two years ago, and after a careful survey I thought I had lined up the situation. When I returned after six months at home I found that my first perspective was all wrong. The moral is that you must live with the Chinese market. Merely sending out a man for a year or two does more harm than good. Men must be trained for the Oriental field almost as they are trained for a profession. It gets down to this: If we are to expand in China we must send Number One men."

In China the ranking man, whether he is head of a business or boss among the servants, is always designated as Number One. In the case of a bank or business the chief, however, is usually known as a *taipan*. More frequently you hear the head servant called the Number-One boy.

In connection with choice of men is linked the matter of method. Many Americans think that the gumshoe process can obtain in China. They reason that the Oriental must be approached through the back entrance in financial dealings. It has been said that if an American makes a

Continued on Page 80

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Thousands of lonely, shut-in folks of all ages from 8 to 80 are now finding never-ending fun and entertainment in a box of Puzzle-Peg. No other gift you can make costs so little and means so much. It is a solitaire game of countless surprises and thrills. So fascinating, so tantalizing, so entertaining. In the one box (for 50 cents) you have 30 Problems all full of baffling mystery.

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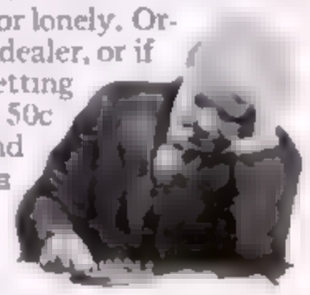

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The strongest endorsement of Fulton Diesel efficiency is found in the fact that, in many instances, the performance of one has led to the purchase of another. An example is an oil pipe-line station in Illinois. A 550-horsepower Fulton Diesel was installed in 1916, and on its record a second was purchased in 1921.

The Fulton Diesel is an American-built stationary, internal combustion oil engine, and has been applied to a wide range of industry. It operates on one-third of the fuel required to produce equal steam power. There are no standby losses, no delay in starting, no ash removal expense. Labor is reduced to one engineer. The whole cycle of power generation is in the single unit—saving investment in boilers, stacks and other steam plant auxiliaries.

The Fulton Diesel is the product of 70 years' successful engine building. It achieves the highest degree of power economy yet developed in a prime mover through the elimination of so many factors contributing to power waste.

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A field in which the Fulton Diesel has proved its effectiveness as a power unit—the dark areas show the sources of oil in the United States and the heavy lines indicate the distributing pipe lines.

To Executives and Engineers:

The story of the Fulton Diesel is one of the most important before American industry today. Will you not ask us for a copy of our carefully written and fully illustrated booklet describing the Fulton Diesel in detail—sent free, post paid? If you have any power problems our staff of experienced engineers is at your service, anywhere and at any time—without cost or obligation to you. Plant engineers interested in Fulton Diesel operation are cordially invited to visit our works.

FULTON

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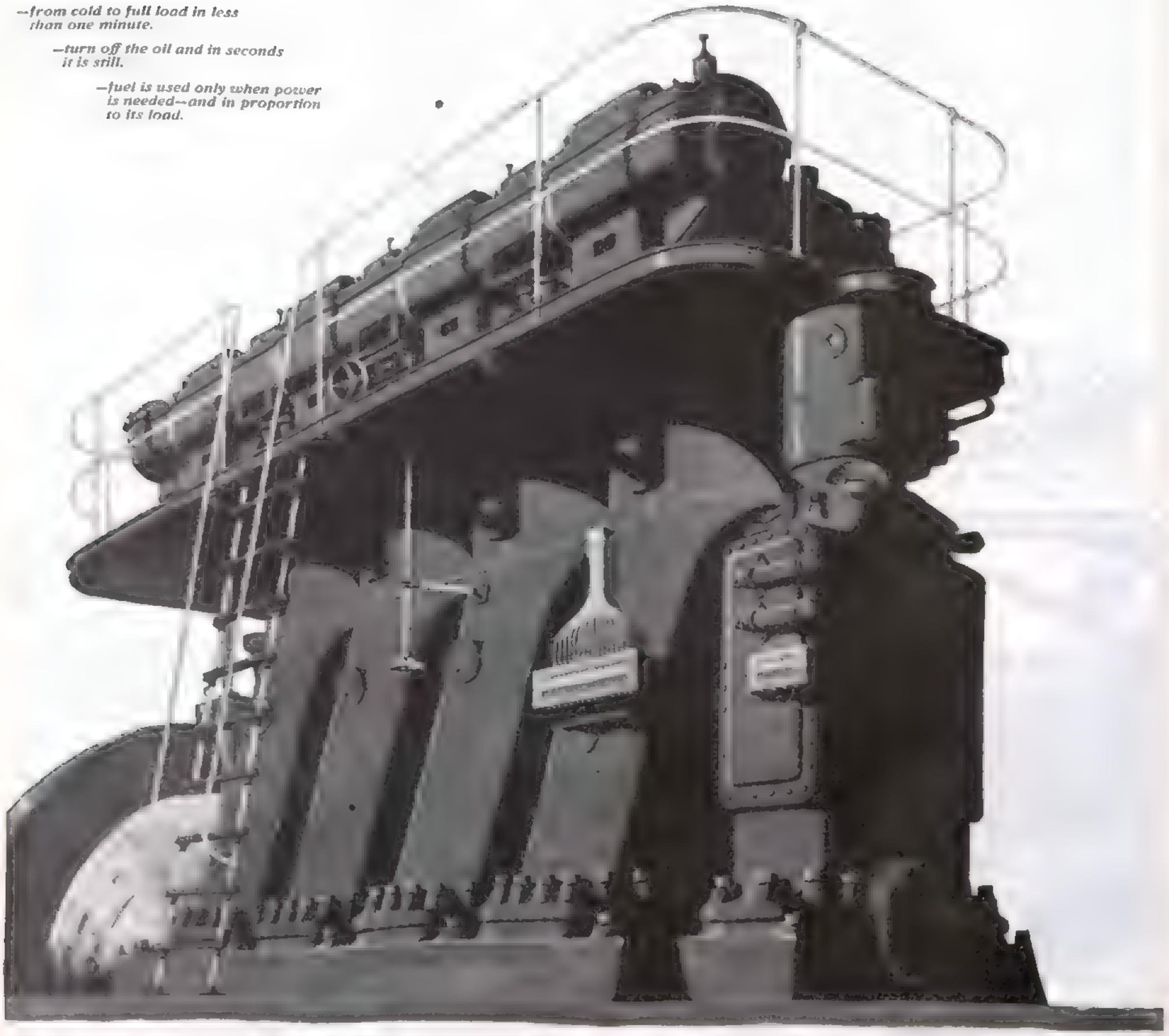
—from cold to full load in less than one minute.

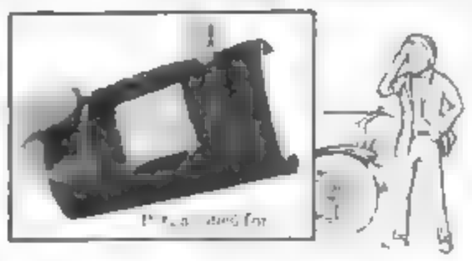
—turn off the oil and in seconds it is still.

—fuel is used only when power is needed—and in proportion to its load.



DIESEL

Frequent Punctures? Your fault



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Ask your dealer for the VA-CAR TIRE PLASTER. If he hasn't it, send 50c. to us for medium size

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Va-Car Inside TIRE PLASTER

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ROUGH ON RATS

A United States Department of Agriculture bulletin says, "The best bait usually is food of a kind that the rats and mice do not get in the vicinity. The bait should be kept fresh and attractive and the kind changed when necessary."

"Rough On Rats" mixes with any food. It rids premises of pests—quickly, thoroughly, cheaply. Get it at drug and general stores. "Fighting Rats and Mice," our booklet, sent free. WRITE.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist Jersey City, N. J.

(Continued from Page 77)

noise like a million dollars he is overwhelmed with attentions at Peking. This, however, is about all he gets. The trouble is that most Americans are mysterious when they should be open, and vice versa.

The really big and vital reason why we have not registered effectively in China grows out of our chronic ignorance of the needs of foreign consumers. This is our most vulnerable spot, whether in the trade with China, India, South America or South Africa. The average American manufacturer is prone to think that China is a sort of bonanza field that will absorb any old thing. Shanghai is full of wrecks of Yankee enterprises that opened with a grand flourish and within six months could not meet the rent bill. This procedure led an American of my acquaintance who has been established in the China trade for twenty-five years to say, "It is high time that we stopped depending upon excursionists to do the necessary American trade-development work. When the British or German youth decides to go into the foreign field he makes it a career in just the same way that the foreign offices abroad regard diplomacy. It is not a job, but a life occupation."

I could relate a succession of instances that show how utterly Americans fail to study the China field before entering it. One of the most amusing was brought to my attention at Shanghai. An American decided that China was the heaven-born sphere of opportunity for a patent henhouse and a calorically correct chicken feed. He based his conviction upon the fact that China is perhaps the greatest egg-producing country in the world. Nearly everybody outside the big cities raises chickens and sells the hen fruit. Without first finding out that in China the average chicken, like the average pig, shares the household of his owner, this American beat it hotfoot across the seas with samples of his hygienic henhouse and beautifully wrapped packages of the calorically correct chicken feed.

When he arrived in Shanghai he told his fellow Americans that they were behind the times. His remarks in substance were: "You are living in the greatest egg country anywhere, and yet you fail to see the golden opportunity that it offers. I will revolutionize the chicken business in China."

Americans Handicapped

It was not until he had spent a lot of time and money that he discovered that the Chinese egg reaches the ultimate consumer through a long, homely and devious process that begins, as I have indicated, in the mud hut of the owner of the fowl. The henhouse was a more pretentious establishment than the abode of the average persons who were expected to buy it. The prospect would also be more inclined to eat the chicken feed himself than to feed it to his fowls. Of course the undertaking ended in complete failure.

Not the least of the handicaps laid on the American trying to do business in China is the failure of his Government to give him proper support and encouragement. When a British subject is outraged a warship speeds to the spot and the old lion begins to growl. So, too, with British capital that goes venturing abroad, for it is safeguarded by the British Foreign Office in every way. The Foreign Office in London, with its invaluable Department of Overseas Trade, is England's best trade scout. The American business man, on the other hand, not only has to struggle for Washington support but Uncle Sam adds to his troubles by putting serious obstacles in his way. This leads me to the most timely and conspicuous example of how the United States dangles much-needed relief and fails to make good. I refer to the failure to pass the China Trade Act, a statute of supreme importance to our commercial interests in China.

For years American houses active in the Orient have been seriously hampered in competition with the firms of other nationalities. Incorporated under laws of the United States—that is, the law of an American state or the Code of Alaska—they are subject to all the restrictions imposed by these laws. In other words, they are domestic corporations. Not the least of their troubles is the requirement to pay a considerable portion of their profits to the Government under the income-tax regulations.

British, German, French, Italian and Japanese firms labor under no such hardship. Their governments encourage enterprise in the foreign field. All that a British merchant is required to do when he wants to form a company for China trade, with the privilege of doing business anywhere else in the world, is to form a China Company, under the Hong-Kong ordinances, which merely involves registration at Shanghai or Hong-Kong. The company does not pay one cent of taxes to the home government, to the Chinese Government or to anyone. The only taxes demanded are for land and the rental assessment on the real estate owned or leased by it. The profits are subject to no tax deductions whatever. This is why the Chinese prefer to tie up with British companies, for it gives them immunity from taxation.

A French China company can be organized through ordinary registration at a French consulate, and there are no overhead charges, save for the license and registration fee, which are trifling. Japanese companies organized in China have government exemption from all direct Japanese taxation. The Germans and Austrians also sponsor their overseas pioneers and welcome Chinese participation, among both officials and stockholders.

The China Trade Bill

The inevitable result has been that American firms are unable to build up a surplus with which to withstand the ravages of a lean year, because the bulk of profits goes to Washington. Meanwhile, their competitors have had no similar drain on their assets and can sit back and take things easy. For this reason scores of American firms in China have been incorporated under British laws. The most conspicuous instance is the British-American Tobacco Company, one of the outstanding enterprises in the Orient. In vision, scope and, to a large degree, capital, it is really American, yet England gets the credit for it.

So many American firms in China have availed themselves of the privileges and immunities of British registration that the law was recently amended. The majority of the directors, as well as the effective executives, must now be British. Heretofore Americans could run the whole works.

Realizing the necessity for relief, the American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai, a live and progressive organization, aroused sufficient interest in the plight of Americans in China so that a bill entitled the China Trade Act was introduced in Congress nearly two years ago. Under its original provisions an American firm doing business in China—this includes Manchuria, Tibet, Mongolia, the British Crown Colony of Hong-Kong and the Portuguese Province of Macao—could organize under Federal incorporation. It provided for a single set of regulations, thus eliminating the present confusion resulting from the attempt to apply to extraterritorial jurisdiction the conflicting corporate regulations of forty-eight different states, none of which were ever intended for foreign-trade purposes. It also granted equality of taxation in competition with firms of other nationalities that have exemptions. It further stipulated that the head office of a China Trade Act corporation must be established in China, but that branches may be opened elsewhere. The administration of the act was placed under the Department of Commerce, through an officer known as the China Trade Act Registrar, whose office shall be in Shanghai. This eliminated long-range control.

You would naturally think that a measure of this significance would be expedited rather than delayed. Instead, it has been emasculated to such an extent that the authorities of the Department of Commerce themselves hardly know from day to day what its provisions are. Both branches of Congress have taken a crack at it. It passed each House on an entirely different basis; has been reshaped in conference, sent back, and having finally passed the lower body now awaits action in the Senate.

At the moment I write it is doubtful if it will get another hearing. Before the Senate can take it up it will be necessary for Senator Cummins, chairman of the subcommittee that has the act in hand, to obtain unanimous consent for its consideration, so as to obtain the three hours' debate desired. Senator La Follette, whose conception of the economic possibilities of America in China seems to be bounded by the confines of the Middle West, and who is the bitterest opponent of the bill, has stated that he would oppose this unanimous consent. In addition, the tariff discussion has overshadowed everything else. Whether Americans in China will get relief now remains to be seen. Meanwhile, our enterprise is penalized and our trade rivals are getting the better of us at every turn.

An effective China Trade Act is only one of many vital American needs. Of equal importance is a bank with ample capital, headed by a big financier on the ground. At present there are two American banks in China, but they devote themselves mainly to foreign exchange. Dealing in exchange is one of the favorite sports of the Far East because nearly everybody is not only interested but dabbles in it. The first thing that business men want to know each day is the price of silver, which is the basis of trade and finance.

Though exchange transactions provide a profitable activity, American banking in China should be so equipped as to be able to cope to some extent with such great institutions as the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, which is more familiarly known throughout the East as the Hong-Kong Bank, which is the Bank of England of the East. Its headquarters are not in London, but in Hong-Kong. It therefore pays no home taxes. At the head of it is Alexander G. Stephen, who by common consent is the foremost financier east of Suez. One reason why British prestige is so powerful in China is that this great bank is its bulwark. It fixes the rate of exchange every day for the entire East. You can readily imagine how great an asset this is. Our great requirement, therefore, is a financial institution with ample resources and authority. It could be a real aid to American business enterprise.

Another American need is to manufacture goods that can be consumed by the Chinese. Throughout the republic, Chinese business men told me that save in certain specialties our goods were not only too high in price but did not always meet demands.

Consular Commercial Service

Another necessity—and here we again touch the human element—is a consular service created especially for the China field. We do not lack the material for this all-important work. One of our troubles has been that we shift our commercial attachés in very much the same way that heads of businesses change their personnel. A model official of the type I have in mind is Julean Arnold, who is commercial attaché of the American Legation at Peking, but he wisely spends most of his time at Shanghai, so often termed the pulse of China, and the center of American trade interests. Mr. Arnold has lived in China for years, speaks Chinese fluently, and his publications, notably A Commercial Handbook of China, comprise the best guides that I know of for the American who wants to enter that field. Arnold does not wait for business men to come to him for suggestions. He brings the mountain to Mohammed. A half dozen activities have been opened up because of his initiative.

This brings to mind a detail of our consular life with which every traveling American will doubtless agree: It is the utter inadequacy of the buildings that house our consulates. In the Orient what the British call side is a considerable factor with the native. He is much impressed by banks and firms that have imposing establishments. The same applies to diplomatic representatives. They think a nation loses face if it has a dingy legation or consulate. Measured by this standard we usually rank very far down the scale. At Canton, for example, the British consul general lives in a structure that would do credit to an ambassador, while his American colleague has a rented, ramshackle and almost insanitary home.

The same inadequacy applies to business structures. Instead of putting up their own buildings, which would provide permanent and effective publicity for self and country, Americans are content with rented houses. Take Shanghai. Only one really imposing building has been erected there by Americans. They happen to be the Dollars, the shipping people who have done so much to develop our interests in the East. The British have a succession of splendid bank and commercial edifices, notably the new homes of the Hong-Kong Bank, and Jardine, Matheson & Co. In fact, the Bund, or water front, is almost a succession of British buildings.

There are many advantages in this procedure, for land in big ports like Hong-Kong, Hankow and Shanghai is constantly

(Continued on Page 83

Fine Kentucky Burley leaf tobacco aged 2 years in wooden hogsheads *mild and mellow*

—no wonder over 90 million tins of Velvet Tobacco are sold yearly.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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Buy 5 Gallons of Winter Power

June power in nippy November! That's what you want from your car. The kind of power that flattens the hills; that speeds you past the chugging gear shifters.

Here's the way to get it. Follow this program laid out for you by Veedol engineers.

1. Buy a 5 gallon can of the Veedol motor oil designated for your car.
2. Drain your crankcase *now*—and every 500 miles.
3. Refill with fresh Veedol.

Winter or summer, most oils break down under the deadly heat and friction of engine operating conditions. In winter a new menace appears—gasoline dilution.

Gasoline dilution ruins lubricating oil, rapidly increases friction-danger and cheats your engine of power. Losses as high as 10 horsepower are not exceptional! Read these figures of authenticated tests. They show that the crankcase, in one instance, contained 47% gasoline!

Type of Car	Test Mileage	Gasoline Dilution
Medium Priced	231	10%
" "	300	14%
" "	563	47%
High "	214	22%

When you drain your crankcase and refill with Veedol you will begin to enjoy June power in raw November. Veedol is refined ***more*** than other oils by the exclusive Faulkner process. That's why Veedol gives you that *extra* resistance to heat, friction and gasoline dilution.

Buy 5 gallons of winter power—*now!* Follow this timely advice of Veedol engineers, and your winter driving will give you a new zest—*plus a new economy*.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
11 Broadway, New York
Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL
Motor Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 80)

advancing in value. Back in 1841 Jardine, Matheson & Co. bought a big slice of the sea front at Hong-Kong for £365, which was considered a huge price. Today that property is worth millions.

Finally, if we are to realize on our possibilities in China, we must train men for the job. Julean Arnold maintains that one way to bring this about is to establish schools for the training of Americans in the Chinese and Japanese languages at Peking and Tokio. To succeed in any foreign field you must know the language of the people. He suggests that facilities be provided at each school for one hundred men at a time on a two years' schedule of courses, with a postgraduate course of one year for twenty-five selected students. Congress should provide funds for the maintenance of the schools and offer scholarships carrying with them a living income, exclusive of traveling expenses, for graduates of technical and other schools who have made good and want to make foreign trade a career.

Having indicated some of the reasons for our failure in China, together with our most pressing needs, the next logical step is to show the right way, as exemplified by British and German procedure. It will present an illuminating lesson in overseas merchandising.

In the case of the British you find that resources aided by experience, persistency and adequate banking facilities have overcome natural disadvantages. The Englishman, wherever he may reside away from home, is inclined to look with more or less condescension upon the native. In the case of colonial administration he gets away with it because he is efficient and his rule is firm but just. So with business. He may not always be personally popular but he makes money for the people with whom he lives, and he likewise prospers.

The British have achieved their commanding position in China because they have done the things that we have left undone. They have made foreign commerce a profession; big houses organize their directorates on the spot; representatives are given authority, and once in the field they stick.

This is why you find in China a British firm like Jardine, Matheson & Co., Ltd., which is nothing more or less than a modern replica of the East India Company. Wherever you go in the Orient you find its branches and warehouses, for it deals in everything. The flags of its fleets fly on all the Eastern seas. It is the kind of firm that Charles Dickens would have delighted to write about, for its beginnings were steeped in romance and revolved about characters who might have stepped out of the pages of books. Dr. William Jardine, founder of the firm, began as surgeon on a vessel of the East India Company many decades ago. That vast and imperial enterprise so intimately associated with Warren Hastings permitted its servants to trade on their own. The thrifty Scotch surgeon availed himself of the privilege, and thus began the Oriental trade from which grew the great house of today.

James Matheson's Career

James Matheson, the other founder, owed his connection with it to an interesting story. Like scores of other lads at that time—it was nearly a hundred years ago—he went out to Calcutta to serve his mercantile apprenticeship in the business of an uncle. His failure to deliver a certain letter to the captain of a British vessel so irritated his employer that he was dubbed incompetent and ordered home. When he went to get passage an old skipper said to him, "Why don't you try Canton?" Canton was then the key to the Chinese trade. To Canton, therefore, he went. Here he met Jardine and began an association which as a single factor has done more to advance British commerce in China than any other single agency, with the possible exception of the Hong-Kong Bank. The Jardines and the Mathesons have long since vanished from active connection with the firm. For thirty years the *taipan* has not been, as the phrase goes in China, of the royal family, but an Englishman who has grown up in the service. The present head, Mr. A. Brooke-Smith, began as a messenger boy in the Shanghai office.

Jardine, Matheson & Co. have many competitors almost as huge in scope as their own house. One of them is Butterfield & Swire, which also has its hooks in every phase of China trade and whose vessels rival those of the Jardine concern both in tonnage and in extent of operations. Such firms as these show the solidity of the British commercial grip on China.

So far I have given only the external reasons for British supremacy in China. Probe behind it and a unique system of interlocking interests is revealed. Through its operations John Bull gets his share of nearly every good thing that comes along. The four principal factors in the combination are the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, the British-Chinese Corporation, the Chinese Central Railways, Ltd., and Jardine, Matheson & Co.

Perhaps the best way to show how the system works is in connection with railway construction, in which the British have been active. The group provides an all-sufficient circle: The Hong-Kong Bank is the money reservoir; the British-Chinese Corporation finances railway building; the Chinese Central Railways, Ltd., does the actual construction; while Jardine, Matheson & Co. provide the material. By a special arrangement with the Chinese Government the British-Chinese Corporation gets a 5 per cent rake-off on all supplies purchased abroad, and on all bought in China when the amount exceeds 2500 taels. In other words, the group sells materials to itself and gets the 5 per cent commission in addition. There is nothing reprehensible in this business. We would do the same thing if we had been enterprising enough to frame it up. It merely discloses that the British are on the job in China and not overlooking a bet.

Putting on the Screws

British special privilege in China is not entirely confined to big undertakings like railway construction. While I was in China an American company sought to make an arrangement with the Ministry of Communications by which it would receive the same commission on the sale of railway tickets as its principal competitor, a famous British travel bureau. The government informed them that it would allow 5 per cent. The American concern discovered that its British colleague was receiving a fee of 7½ per cent.

When this fact was brought to the notice of the ministry the reply was, "The British Government lends money to China and the American Government does not. Therefore we favor the British."

Shortly after I left China last June a curious situation developed between the British and the American communities at Shanghai. It grew out of the difference in business methods between the two nations that I have described. The primary cause was the failure of the Chinese Government to pay its debts to our nationals. It owes American merchants money for goods supplied to the Chinese Government railroads. Although it has not discharged its obligations to our firms the Chinese Government is paying interest on bonds issued by these railroads to British bankers. Naturally the Americans are sore.

There are two explanations. One is that the British Government stands up for its citizens in China, and the Chinese Government fears British antagonism. In the second place British bankers and merchants, in making contracts with the Peking Government, are careful to see that their interests are protected. Americans write loose contracts and frequently take no steps to protect themselves.

The British discovered long ago that China is always short of funds and pays only where she has to pay. She therefore applies the screws.

Until the outbreak of the Great War the Germans were making great headway in China. The American can also learn from their system, which was based on the purely personal equation. As in South America, the Germans have invariably learned the native language. Moreover, they took a keen interest in the Chinese themselves, made inquiries about their families, sent presents to the children—the way to the Chinaman's heart is through his little ones—and labored patiently with them. The Germans were the first to see the possibilities of the hair-net industry in China, and the natives were grateful.

In a country like China, knowledge of the language is not only convenient for the foreigner but highly remunerative. It is estimated that German purchasers of raw hides in Central China were able to get their goods 15 per cent cheaper than the buyers of other nationalities who had to do business through middlemen. Knowledge means not only power but profit.

Throughout the war the Chinese bore no malice towards the Germans. It was one reason for their reluctance to enter the struggle. Hardly was the ink dry on the armistice before the Teutons were back in the Chinese business game and they are renewing their relationship with vigor and success. The World War disclosed an interesting phase of German business in the Orient. When the big firms at Hong-Kong and elsewhere were sequestered and their books fell into the hands of the British authorities it developed that although the volume of trade was big, the profits were comparatively small. It showed that in China, as elsewhere, the Germans have been content—they are doing it to a greater degree today than ever before—with a big turnover and a comparatively slight return.

Do not get the idea that because we have not realized upon our opportunity in China we have utterly failed. We have made substantial progress, but real achievement has been recorded mainly by the big corporations which train their personnel for special service.

If you know world marketing at all you know that wherever you go you find some evidence of the penetration of the Standard Oil Company, the International Harvester Company, the Singer Sewing Machine Company and the United States Steel Corporation. So far as China is concerned, the International Harvester Company is handicapped by the fact that, as in Japan, the farms are exceedingly small, and the farmer, by reason of his poverty, must stick to primitive implements. Before Bolshevism ran amuck Russia was the great field for the advanced American agricultural machine. Australia has lately become a factor.

In China the pioneer and pathfinder has been the Standard Oil Company, which introduced kerosene and literally lighted the way to some degree of modern convenience. On every Chinese river and in every port you see the Stars and Stripes flying from the American tank steamers or launches.

Standard Oil in the East

What strikes the visitor to China is the extraordinary variety of uses to which the American oilcans have been put by the natives. You wonder what the Chinese did for cooking utensils, baby receptacles, water conveyors, kitchen and dining-room equipment, stoves, trunks, furniture, lanterns, roofs, letter boxes and garden sprinklers before American enterprise displaced vegetable oil with kerosene. I have enumerated only a few of the uses to which the empty cans are put. One enterprising observer made a list of no less than ninety uses for the empty tins. The Chinese name for Standard Oil—*Mei Foo*—is a household word in China, and every coolie understands it.

The important detail here, however, is how the Standard Oil Company equips its men for China and other foreign service. The necessity grew out of the obstacles encountered when the company entered India early in the '90's. American enterprise there was so new that the British banks and commission houses would have nothing to do with our people. The result was that we had to employ Britishers. Before many years had passed the company came to the realization that it would have a British instead of an American overseas organization.

Now began the system which, in many respects, is a model of its kind. Every American who goes to China for the Standard Oil Company must be a college graduate. This is not due so much to whatever efficacy lies in a college education but because college graduates can be mobilized and graded. Character, initiative and common sense are demanded. Every year, therefore, the deans of American higher institutions of learning make a list of graduates who desire to enter foreign-trade service. Those who have earned their way are always preferred. Once selected, these men go through a rigorous technical training in refineries until they know the oil business. They also take courses in commerce. It is only after they have passed a rigid examination that they are sent into the field for three years. One of the first requirements is to learn the language. At the end of the period of probation both they and the company know whether they are qualified. In this way, permanency of

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Give Your Boy
MECCANO

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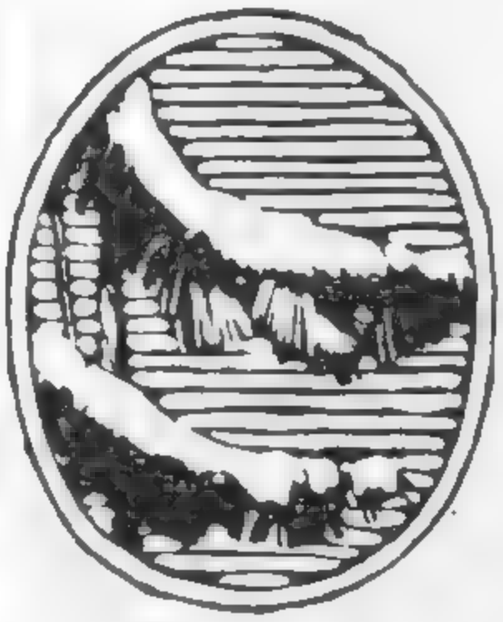

When Winter Comes

For the man who spends much of his Winter-time indoors, our Number 140 union suit combines warmth with light weight. Long Australian wool and choicest cotton yarns are expertly mixed into a fine worsted — soft, long wearing, and of perfect fit. Its trim beauty of finish recommends it to the man who takes pride in all he wears

Wilson Bro's

In every popular weight Wilson Bro's union suits have been created to give men something more than they usually demand. "Wilson Bro's' Way of Measurement" protects them from an imperfect fit. Ask the Man Behind the Underwear Counter

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 53)

representation, the one thing to which the British owe their overseas trade superiority, is achieved. I refer to the Standard Oil system because it meets requirements and because you cannot travel anywhere in China without finding its impress. The high character of its employes has done much to help American commercial prestige overseas

It is not generally known that the Standard Oil Company once embarked upon an immense program of oil development in China in partnership with the Chinese Government. Half a dozen important provinces, including Shan-tung, Chi-li and Ho-nan were included in this program. Although oil was discovered, difficulty of transport—in one instance a 700-mile pipe line through wild country would have been necessary—made the project unfeasible. One aspect of this undertaking is worth pointing out. The Japanese made violent objection to it, claiming that America was being accorded special privileges. An international complication almost resulted. It merely proves that Japan for years had the idea that China was her particular mutton. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the constant Nipponese fear of irritating her white ally prevented her from trying to block Britain's business game.

Scarcely less conspicuous is the achievement of the British-American Tobacco Company, which, as I have elsewhere indicated, is really an American enterprise. Its factory at Pootung, opposite Shanghai, is one of the model establishments of the Orient, with a capacity of 20,000,000 cigarettes a day. What was formerly a dreary and poverty-stricken agricultural district has been converted into an industrial city. Most of the 10,000 employes live in the vicinity.

With cigarettes you touch one of the greatest of trade possibilities in China. Everybody in China smokes, and this literally means men, women and children. It is no infrequent sight to behold a battered beldam ambling down the street, smoking a cigarette, nor is it unusual to see an attractive young girl coming along the highway, appareled in the picturesque pantaloons of the country, puffing away. One of the most amusing sights that I saw on my trip was at a motion-picture theater in Peking. A rich Chinese brought in his five wives. After they were comfortably seated he passed cigarettes down the line, giving the Number One Wife first choice, until all were supplied. In a few moments the entire sextet were blowing circles in the air and chuckling over a Charlie Chaplin reel.

Many believe that China will become the greatest cigarette market in the world. Last year the consumption was over 30,000,000,000. With a population of a quarter their number we burned up only 53,000,000,000. The Chinese market has scarcely been scratched. Thus there is ample room for a big competition.

The Dean of the Colony

American tobacco pioneering was done in China by James A. Thomas, who is the dean of our colony. From the start he had the vision and good sense to coöperate with the Chinese, just as the British and the Germans have done. He has become a conspicuous unofficial ambassador to the Chinese Government. He has done much more than to introduce the American cigarette, for he happens to be the pathfinder in the actual consolidation of American and Chinese banking interests, a necessary coöperation if we are to fulfill our mission. The International Consortium represents a different kind of combination, as you will see later on. In 1919 Mr. Thomas was largely instrumental in organizing the Chinese-American Bank of Commerce, which is the only institution of its kind now doing business. The idea behind it is to foster trade between China and the United States. Founded by special rescript of the Chinese Government, it has been a genuine force. The main office is at Peking, but there are branches at Shanghai, Hankow, Harbin, Tsinan-fu, Chantow and Manila. The Chinese president is Hsu En-yuan, who was former governor of the Bank of China.

When all is said and done, however, one really big American opportunity in China is in railway construction. The country cries for steam transport. The 7000 existing miles are not a patch on what is needed; 20,000 miles more are absolutely essential, and at least 30,000 additional are almost as urgently required. Americans are the best railroad builders in the world. Hence the opening.

Unfortunately, railway construction in China up to the time of the Washington Conference was animated more by nationalistic politics than by necessity. In a previous article I showed how the jealousies of Britain and France impeded traffic. One reason why we have lagged behind in railway building is that we have refused to take part in this bickering. We were a member of the original Four Power Group, which made the loan of £6,000,000 in 1911 for the initial construction of the Hukuang Railway. With this deal our financial aid practically ceased.

Our first attempt in concessions was frustrated by an unhappy chain of circumstances. In 1898 Calvin S. Brice got the concession for the vital link, still unreconstructed, and which will eventually connect Canton with Hankow. It remains the most important unbuilt stretch in the republic. Upon the death of Brice the other promoters sold the right to King Leopold of Belgium. This created a bad impression among the Chinese and they have not smiled upon our subsequent ambitions. The late Willard Straight conceived the project of the Chinchu-Aigun Railway in Manchuria, which also came to grief. Still a third factor construed by the Chinese as unfriendly was Philander C. Knox's suggestion for the neutralization of all the Manchuria railways, which also got the Japanese on our collar. The final straw was our withdrawal from the Six Power Group in 1913. The path of the American railway promoter in China was therefore not particularly rosy.

An International Episode

The latest and most ambitious American railway project in China, which remains a possibility—not a spike has been driven—comes under what is known as the Siems-Carey contracts, so named because they were secured by the late Chester Siems and William F. Carey. Carey, however, was the active representative in China. These contracts involve two notably conceived undertakings. The first is for the construction of 1100 miles of railway with an option to build 1500 miles more. Five lines have been surveyed in the central and southern sections of the republic. Still another was projected through Mongolia. The Russians objected so strenuously—these negotiations began in 1916, before the dawn of Bolshevism—that the venture was abandoned.

Railway surveys in China, especially in the interior, are no springtime frolic. The experiences of the Siems-Carey party in Szechuen were not without their element of real and thrilling adventure. That country is bandit-ridden. While in charge of a pack train, with $10,000 in silver for the pay roll, George A. Kyle, an American engineer, was captured by briganda and held in bondage for fifty-two days. The story of this affair reads like fiction. Kyle's captors hid by day and traveled only at night. They were without horses, and this middle-aged Yankee engineer afterwards told that between darkness and dawn the party sometimes footed from twenty to twenty-five miles.

Kyle's capture became an international episode. Peking frankly professed its inability to find the miscreants, whereupon F. C. Hitchcock, who was Colonel Carey's principal associate, organized a rescue party. At first the Tuchun of Szechuen refused to provide troops for escort, and it was only after threatening the most direful retaliatory measures on the part of the United States Government that he detailed a guard.

Eventually Kyle was released, through the good offices of some Catholic missionaries, who were native Chinese. Curiously enough, during the greater part of his imprisonment Kyle and his captors were within twenty miles of the rescuers. The most characteristic feature of the whole performance was that Kyle's release was largely influenced by Hitchcock's promise, transmitted by a messenger, that the leader of the bandits would be made a major in the regular Chinese Army and his two principal helpers appointed sergeants.

The second Siems-Carey project involves the rehabilitation of the famous Grand Canal of China, built nearly a thousand years ago from the Yang-tze River in the south by way of Tientsin to Peking, to provide a highway for the passage of the tribute rice. Until the fall of the Manchus

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THE one, one hundred and forty-four inches diameter—the other, three inches. These are not "specials." They are merely the extremes of the range in which "American" pulleys are made for every ordinary service. And each "American" saves its proportionate share of power because it combines minimum weight and maximum strength, because it allows the least belt slip, because it runs true and because it displaces the minimum of air per revolution.

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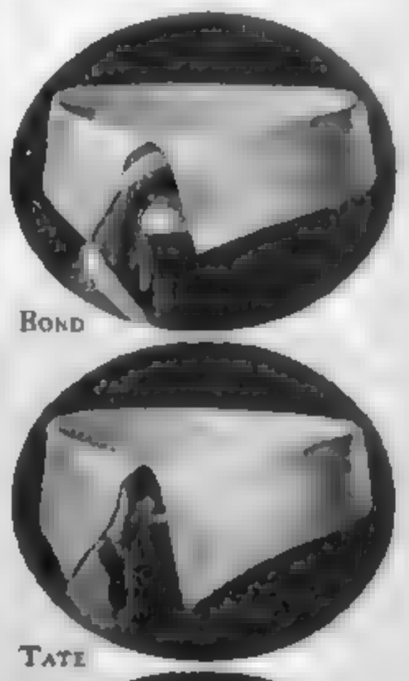

THEY are soft and smooth and flexible and they are non-crackable and unwrinkable—stiff yet unstarched.

And being pre-shrunk and banded they fit faultlessly, do not sag or break down in front, or gape open—and the points are nice and even.

They are made by the expert ARROW-COLLAR makers who are the makers of the best collars it is possible to produce.

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D

every Chinese province paid tribute to the emperors not only with rice but with the beautiful yellow silk called tribute silk, and with bullion. The canal has not been used for hundreds of years, and two hundred miles of it, mainly in Shan-tung, have been wrecked. Here it is crossed by the Yellow River, China's River of Sorrow, which goes on the rampage frequently and fills the conduit with silt and also ravages the adjacent countryside. Colonel Carey conceived the idea of restoring this and other parts of the canal, thereby reclaiming all the contiguous territory.

If completed, this scheme will fit into the larger national conservancy proposition, which will do much to revolutionize social and economic China.

Both of the Siems-Carey projects are held in abeyance because of the chronic obstacles to most development in China, the principal one being the fiscal disorganization of the country. These undertakings are to be financed by bond issues that are to be I O U's of the Chinese Government. China's finances are such that there is no market today for her securities. Incessant political disruption has made the foreign investor exceedingly wary about dumping his money into a maelstrom. With order and unification this American railway program may find ultimate consummation.

The International Consortium

Since I have touched upon the precariousness of Chinese finance we may as well go into the working of the International Consortium, in which we have a stake. Like that terrifying word "extraterritoriality," consortium is likewise an imposing name, whose exact meaning is unknown to most people.

A consortium is merely a group of kindred interests. One was organized for China to render a public service, mainly the construction of railways, canals and roads, on the principle of international cooperation. The original so-called Four Power Group, to which I have already referred and which included Great Britain, France, Germany and the United States, was subsequently expanded into what came to be known as the Six Power Group, through the addition of Russia and Japan. By 1913 it was all set and ready for business. When Woodrow Wilson became President the American group in the consortium, headed by J. P. Morgan & Co., inquired of William Jennings Bryan, then Secretary of State, whether the attitude of the new Administration was to be the same as that of the two previous Administrations, which had encouraged cooperation in the Far East in the interest of the open door and for the stabilization of China. The statesmen then responsible for America's foreign policies disapproved of American participation on the ground that it was dollar diplomacy. Our bankers therefore had to withdraw, and it was one of many blows to American financial prestige in China.

This left a Five Power Group, under whose auspices the Reorganization Loan, as it is called, of £25,000,000 was made to China. The misuse of the proceeds of this loan heightened the uncertainty and hesitancy that foreign bankers felt about Chinese national finance. Instead of using the money for the benefit of the people it was mainly employed to strengthen the personal authority of Yuan Shih-kai and to enable him to wage a successful war against Parliament.

The Great War naturally disrupted the work of the consortium, but with peace and the growing importance of the Pacific as an economic and political center its revival became necessary. This time we took the initiative, because in June, 1918, the State Department requested J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank and the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York, Lee, Higginson & Co., of Boston, and the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, of Chicago, to form a new combination, which they did by inviting thirty-seven of the leading banks and banking houses to join them. They comprise what is now known as the American Group. The other nations represented are England, France and Japan.

The final organization of the new consortium was delayed by a characteristic Japanese performance. Once more you find the Japanese angling for special privilege. The Japanese Group proposed that Manchuria and Mongolia be eliminated from the scope of the consortium. They wanted this profitable back yard all to themselves. Thomas W. Lamont accordingly went out to the East and persuaded the Japanese to see the consortium in a big way, and succeeded in getting them to withdraw their proposal. Mr. Lamont's high conception of the constructive part that the consortium will play in the remaking of China has been a stabilizing force in bringing about cohesion. In this, as in every other important American aspiration in China, our aim has been unselfish.

Strangely enough—and it is just another revelation of their character—the Chinese opposed the new consortium until recently. The old-line bankers resented what they called foreign interference, even though that interference was essential to the fiscal well-being of the nation. In life you find that there are always two reasons for happenings: One is the given reason, and the other is the real one. The fundamental objection in China to the consortium was that it prevented the Chinese from playing one nation against another, thus depriving them of a sport that on occasion was richly remunerative. That the Chinese have seen the light is shown by the formation of a consortium of Chinese bankers, which has pledged itself to coöperate with the international organization.

Profiting by the experience of the Five Power Group with the Reorganization Loan, the new consortium at once laid down the principle that in the case of all loans to China, some machinery must be set up by which assurance is given that the proceeds will be employed for the concrete purposes intended. So far the new consortium has done nothing but get ready for business. It cannot function until China is less chaotic and in a position to fulfill its obligations. If the millennium arrives, the first constructive step will be to build the remaining link in the Canton-Hankow railroad.

The American Group has a resident representative in Peking in Frederick W. Stevens, a capable and experienced corporation lawyer who has made an excellent impression on Chinese officials and financiers. I asked him to relate the reasons for the delay in getting down to business and he made the following statement:

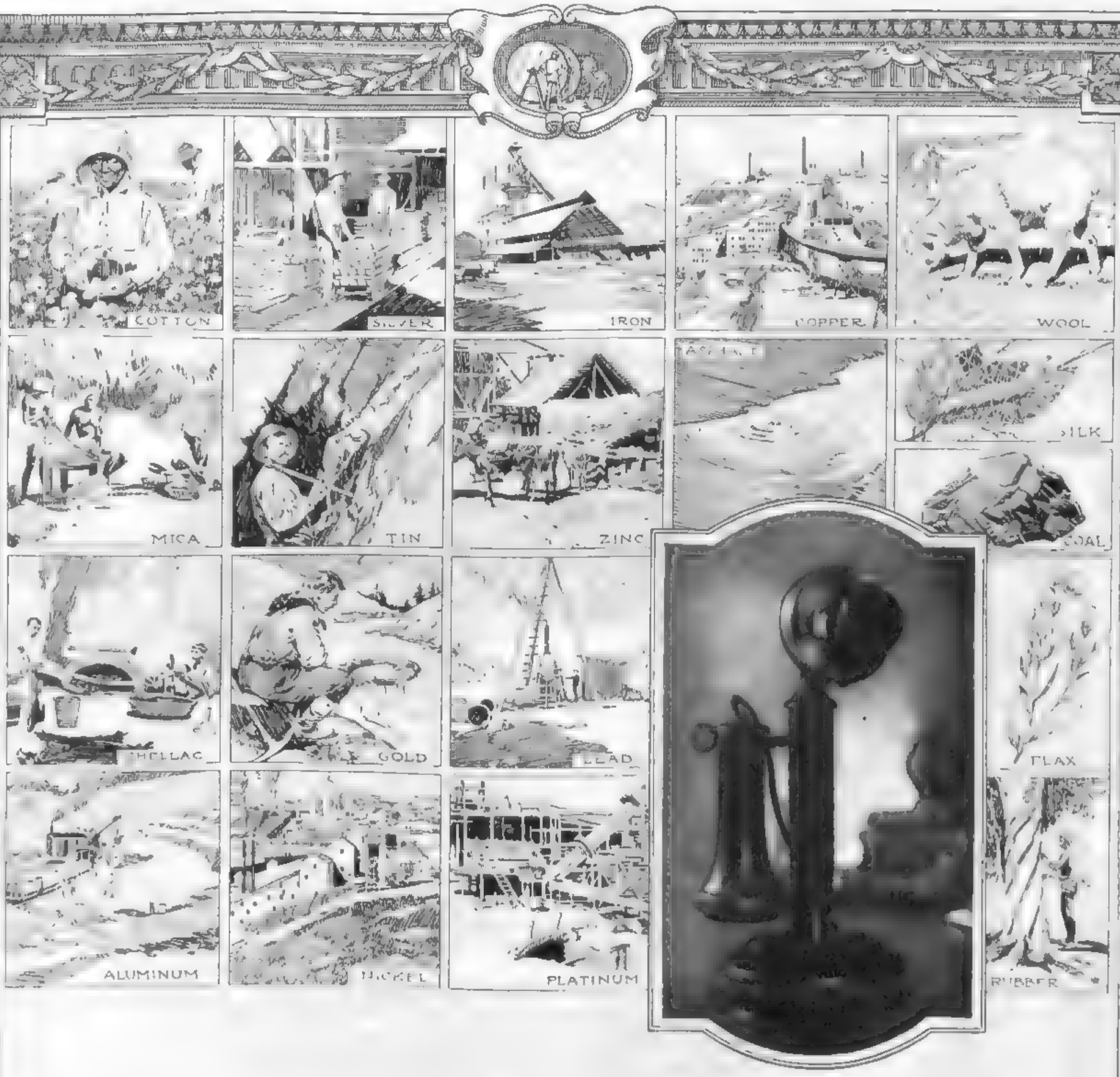
"In considering the delay in the actual functioning of the consortium there are two viewpoints—that of the Chinese and that of the bankers. Chinese experience and characteristics cause some doubt among them as to the asserted altruistic aims and purposes of the consortium and as to the wisdom of further foreign loans, with the former accompaniment of foreign supervision. Chinese distrust of their own government officials of the past has influenced many of them, outside officialdom, to be opposed to foreign loans, lest the proceeds be not properly used. Chinese officials generally and many other Chinese are averse, as any people might naturally be, to foreign supervision over Chinese affairs, which necessarily enters into loan terms."

China's Internal Affairs

"So much may be said from the Chinese standpoint. On the other hand, it may be mentioned that Chinese internal affairs have been quite disturbed; that she has a large floating debt; that her armies have been absorbing a large part of her public revenue; that her most pressing financial necessities have to do with her current administrative expenses; and that loans for such purposes, under the circumstances mentioned, to a government which has not boldly dealt with its financial problems and has allowed its armies to create new deficits every year, do not appeal to bankers. Moreover, wise loans for the construction of railroads and other public utilities—which the consortium banks have contemplated making—involve not only a stable government and first-class security for repayment of the loan but some measure of foreign supervision.

"But under the victorious General Wu Pei-fu, whom I know personally and regard as honest and patriotic in a high degree, there has just been created a financial commission composed of strong and courageous men; organized efforts by other able Chinese are under way to bring about the disbandment of the armies, and there is ground for hope of important results that will allow the consortium, while being governed by banking principles, to demonstrate its usefulness to China."

(Continued on Page 89)



This is what your telephone is made of

IT is astonishing but true that the gold mines of Alaska, the asphalt lakes of Trinidad and the silk worms of China helped to form your telephone.

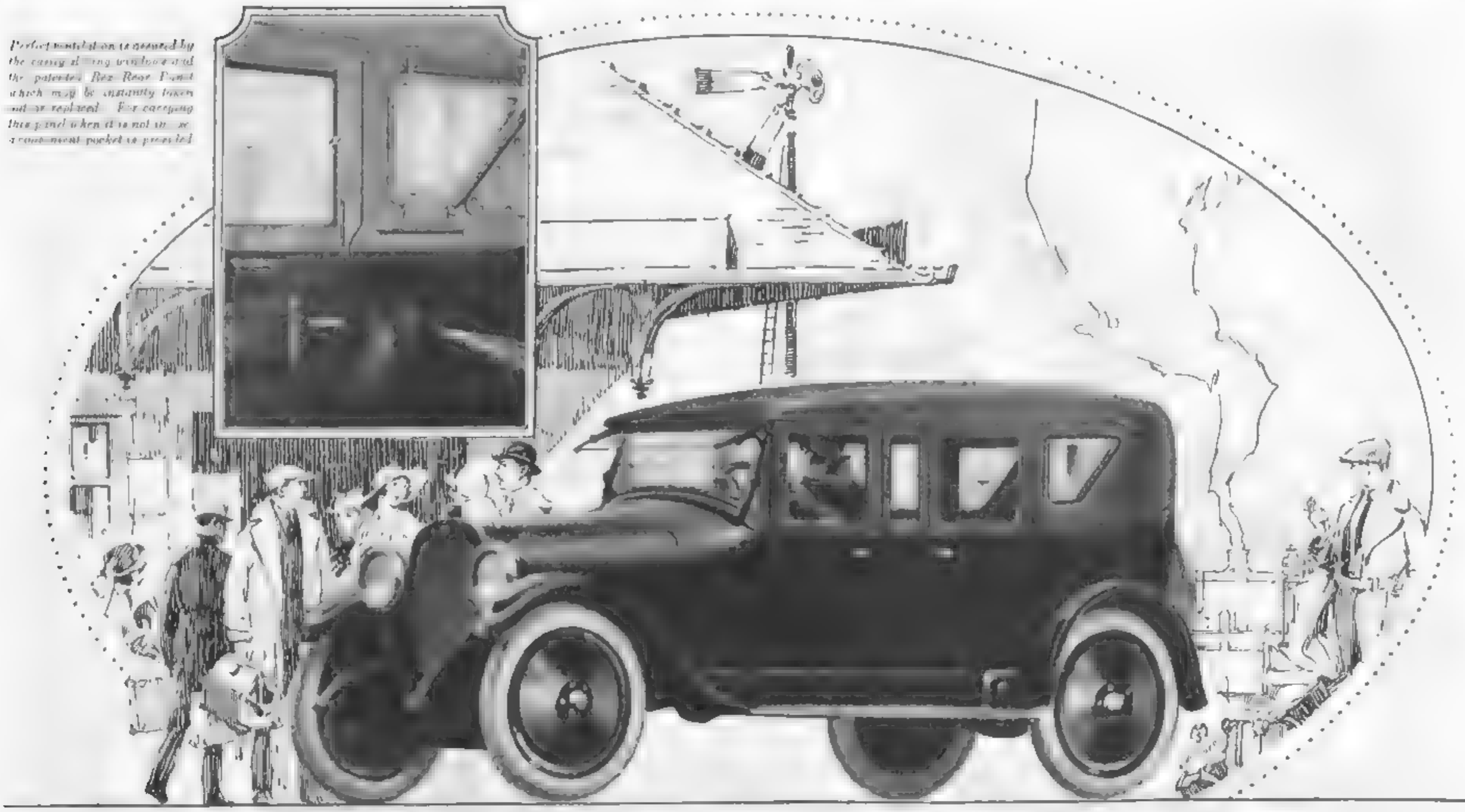
Many and varied are the products needed for a mechanism so delicate that it responds to your whisper, yet so rugged that it lasts through years of constant use.

But when the markets of the world have yielded materials of right quality, the work of producing a telephone is only begun. Then there must come into play the skill in manufacture born of long experience.

Western Electric began making telephones in 1877, and has long since mastered the art.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment


Perfect ventilation is assured by the easily adjusting windows and the patented Rex Rear Panel which may be instantly taken out or replaced. For carrying this panel when it is not in use a convenient pocket is provided

The very definite impression which is abroad concerning the smart appearance of the Rex-equipped car is not due entirely to the generally known superiority in the construction of the Rex Top.

To be sure, the rich sparkle of deeply bevelled plate glass, the appeal of handsome interior trimming and other luxurious appointments undeniably contribute much to the beauty of any motor car.

But over and above all of this, the Rex-equipped car gets a distinction peculiarly its own from the individual "hand-tailored" design of the Rex Top—the graceful flowing curves developed by Rex engineers in perfect harmony with the lines of the car of which it is to become a part.

Rex Tops are immediately available for all of the cars listed below, at a price made possible only by the great production of the world's largest manufacturer of automobile tops. Installation is made in a few hours by any authorized dealer in these cars.

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Essex *Hupmobile* *Nash* *Studebaker*
Dodge Brothers *Reo* *Hudson*

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA
Manufactured under license in Canada by Carriage Factories Ltd., Orillia, Ontario (18)

Rex Top

(Continued from Page 86)

Individual American banks and bankers cannot be charged with having cold feet in China, although so far they have mainly got a cold deal. During the past five years two loans of $5,000,000 gold each were made to the Peking Government. In both cases the government has defaulted on principal and interest. One of these loans was secured by the receipts of the wine and tobacco monopoly. It developed that these assets had already been pledged twice over. A little thing like real security seldom cuts any figure with a bankrupt treasury looking for funds. The British seldom lose out in China because there is close teamwork between the banker and the selling concern, a combination that we might well duplicate. Despite the sorry spectacle that her fiscal record presents, China is fundamentally sound because neither her credit nor her resources have ever been really mobilized.

What is the American opportunity in China? I have already pointed out that once the country is stabilized, railway construction and railway equipment offer a big field. But there are many others. China's hope lies in industrialization. The country almost aches for machinery of every kind, especially cotton and flour mills and power plants for public utilities. Yet we are indifferent. The usual American attitude towards China business is best illustrated in the following story:

At the request of the commercial attaché at Peking an American manufacturer of cotton spindles was induced to send a representative to Shanghai, after dallying for four months. Directly he arrived he said to the attaché, "I shan't sell any spindles out here, but your department was so insistent that I came. Our firm, however, can well afford the luxury of my trip." He was induced to start a selling campaign, with the result that in exactly four weeks he sold 50,000 spindles.

Among China's needs that we can easily supply are motor cars, timber, window glass, electrical appliances, chocolates, tobacco, oil, cotton piece goods, dyes, boilers, belting, novelties of all kinds, proprietary drugs, canned milk, coffee and butter. I could continue this list almost indefinitely.

In this connection it may be well to reproduce what H. Y. Moh, China's foremost cotton magnate, told me regarding our opportunity in China. He said:

"If Americans would invest in Chinese industrial enterprises and at the same time furnish capable men with technical knowledge to supervise them, the good to the country could not be estimated. Our cities are in urgent need of electric-light plants and water works. Money employed in these two activities alone would yield a large return. We realize that foreign money employed in enterprises of this kind will not only yield a profit for the promoters but benefit China as well."

Many Americans have gone on the theory that advertising is as yet an unknown quantity in China. The reverse is true. The British have carried on an effective press campaign of propaganda and publicity. The illuminated sign is casting its radiance over most of the big cities. Shanghai, for example, has a White Way along Nanking Road almost as dazzling as sections of Broadway in New York. We must therefore employ printers' ink if we want to get our message over. Some Chinese newspapers and newspaper plants would do credit to any country. I went to tea in the imposing modern building of the Shen Pao, of Shanghai, the oldest Chinese newspaper, which is not only complete in the ordinary essentials for newspaper making but contains a restaurant and living rooms for the staff, and a large hall where receptions are held.

It must not be assumed that American manufacturers should rush pell-mell to China and set up branch houses overnight. Haste has really been our undoing. The number of American concerns that have entered China and departed is so considerable that in many sections we are called quitters. It is only after careful investigation by men competent to draw the right conclusions, coupled with a determination to be patient under discouraging circumstances, that we can permanently establish ourselves.

The domain of the Pacific with its vast and unplumbed potentialities for trade and traffic is plastic as never before. The next few years will be the decisive ones. In the fierce struggle for economic existence Europe, still groggy from the effects of the World War, is concentrating on the Orient. The last untapped reservoir of purchasing power is becoming the scene of a significant struggle for business supremacy. With intelligence and perseverance America can make the China domain her own. But we must be up and doing. It is a case of now or never.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson, dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Sun Yat-sen and South China.

SHIPPING THE CLARET TO PORT

(Continued from Page 13)

before we could get a three-mile lead on Long Island.

Mutinous talk began to rumble.

"Gentlemen!" at last shouted a tall Southerner whose broad shoulders loomed large above the angry crowd jamming the port deck—the indignant Southerner was, as I recall the name, a Mr. Geltsticker, of Gumbo, Louisiana—"I propose, gentlemen," continued the dashing Southern colonel, "that a committee of protest right away go quick up to the captain and—and ——"

Speechless, the distinguished-looking Southerner faltered, stopped. Just what it was that the hot-blooded Southerner's committee was to tell the captain never was learned. Rigidly he stood at gaze, high on the deck chair on which he had climbed, his eyes looking steadily through a porthole just opposite where he stood. And next, with a maniacal cry, half sob and half terrible laughter, he flung himself down on the astounded mob and fought and clawed his way toward a smoking-room entrance close to the porthole through which he had been looking.

At the height of his exordium from the deck chair, it seems, Mr. Geltsticker had seen the entire roster of the starboard and port bartenders' first dogwatch file into the smoking room, unlock the bar and pipe all hands to grog.

Little remains to be told.

Let me merely add that never shall I forget that first rush. Among all its wild scenes always, too, I shall remember how a wide, raw-boned Texan of obvious frontiersman type—we learned later he was a Mr. S. Pincus, of Curley Wolf, Texas—became wedged at the hip pockets in the smoking-room entrance, blocking all traffic. Kicking him from behind only wedged him the tighter. Strong men behind him screamed and wept in their desperation.

"Around to the other porch of the ship, men!" rang the gallant cry of a New Yorker. I forget his name—it doesn't matter.

Round the ship they raced, galloping forward the length of the port deck and then doubling back on the opposite deck to a starboard entrance to the smoking room, far aft. Their parched tongues hung out as they raced. It was pitiful.

Just to keep the record straight I should like to be able to give here the name of the winner of that round-the-ship sprint, but the name escapes me. I think he was a college athlete; at any rate he was a student from New York City.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon precisely when the hot-blooded Southern orator, Mr. Geltsticker—why is it these old Southern boys of the blood are all born orators?—saw the bar opened. By 3:02 o'clock the smoking-room cash registers were ringing with the uninterrupted steadiness of a railroad crossing's warning bell. Another two minutes later the smoking room was as solidly stuffed as a Philadelphia ballot box always was stuffed on the Sunday night before the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, back in the old days.

In those first moments of German frightfulness one with a name like mine of course stood no chance. How Michael Finnigan secured a good place, his right resting on the bar itself, I could not understand; at least not then.

I could see him inside a few feet from where I stood outside.

The best I got was a place at a smoking-room porthole, but outside looking in. I was one of a long waiting list. We could

HATCH

ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1914

HATCH ONE BUTTON UNION SUITS for men and boys are made in various qualities and weights of fine combed cotton and soft warm wool to suit every person and purse. A handsome illustrated catalogue describing all the lines that we make will be sent free on request.

This garment is featured at good stores almost everywhere but if you cannot get exactly what you want easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free anywhere in the United States.

Men's Suits—$2.00; $2.50; $3.00; $3.50; $4.00; $5.00.

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ONE BUTTON

TO get a certain result in underwear making we eliminated all the unnecessary buttons down the front—leaving just one certain fit-insuring master button at the chest. The

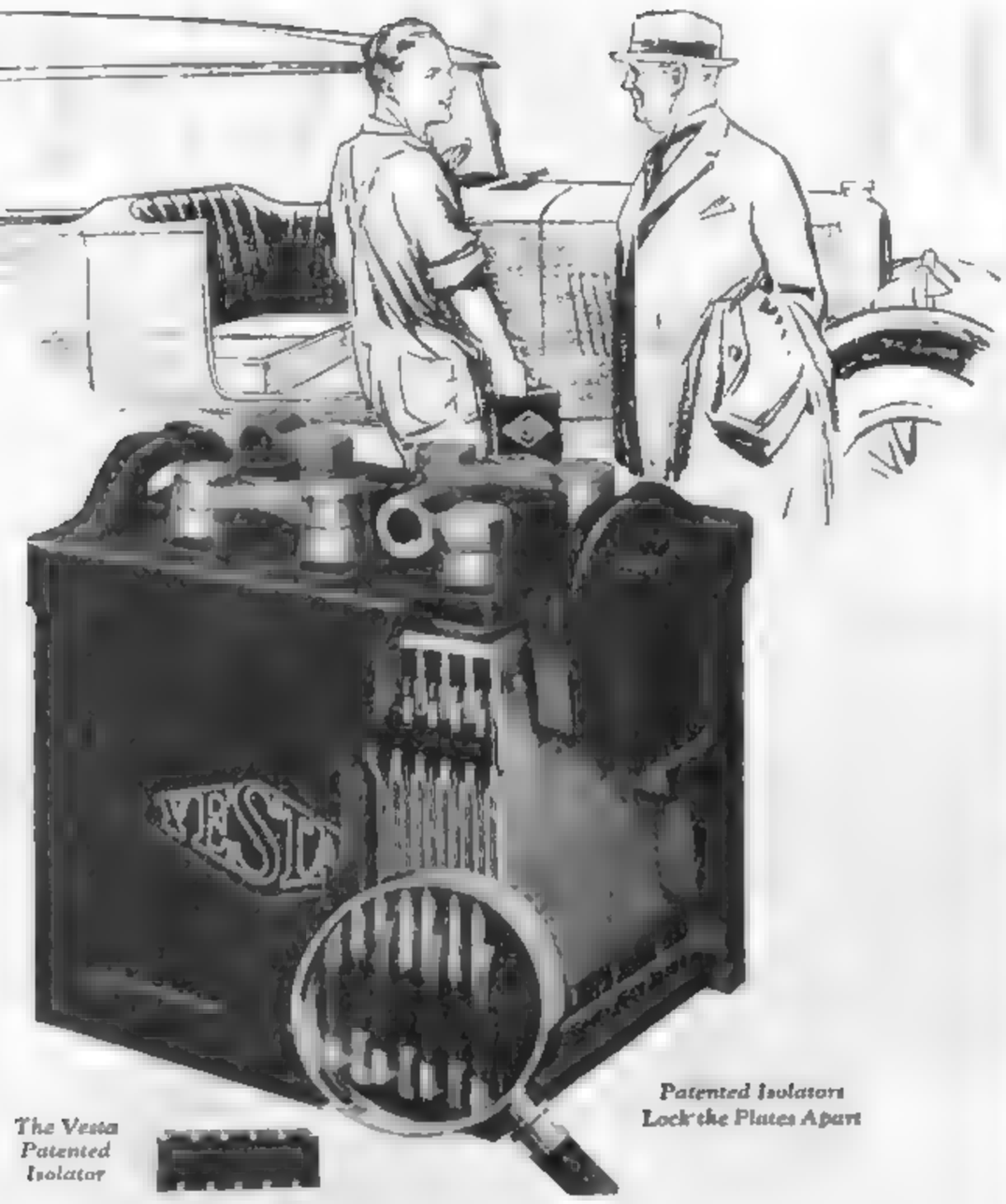
HATCH
ONE BUTTON UNION SUIT

is your type of garment if you are the sort of man who is not all buttoned down in habits of dress. If you want simple ideas, time saving, freedom from repair bother and lost buttons, this suit will please you. Its range of selections in fall and winter weights offers the right degree of warmth and unsurpassed value in return for your money. Knit to fit; not buttoned into shape.

Try them this winter and join the hundreds of thousands of wearers whose standards we keep in mind with every suit we make.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY
Albany, N. Y.

UNION SUIT



The Vesta De Luxe

Showing new model Heavy Duty Vesta in its handsome hard-rubber case. Note how the Isolators lock the plates apart. No other battery has them. There are special A and B Vesta Batteries for your Radio Set, too.

The CHOICE of Experienced Car Owners

SOME day—perhaps today or tomorrow—you will follow the example of hundreds of thousands of experienced car owners who have definitely selected the Vesta to replace their original batteries.

On that day you will begin to know the meaning of real battery service. And as days grow into months and months into years you will appreciate more than ever the quality of the Vesta, because no battery, we believe, will last quite so long, require so little attention or cost less per month of service.

Only the Vesta Battery has the patented Isolators and Impregnated Mats which prevent the various sorts of short circuiting that shorten battery life. Any one of the 3,500 Vesta Service Stations will gladly explain these features. These stations, operating under the famous Vesta code, render service impartially on all makes of batteries.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
CHICAGO

(56)

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY
Costs Less Per Month of Service

stand and wait, but were not served. As hour after hour after hour passed, the sun blistering our necks on deck, the slosh and splash of the ice-cold real thing in Pilsener coming to us through the open portholes from within, we who panted for admission to the exclusive club inside prayed that a club member would drop dead, and thus create a vacancy.

Late in the afternoon we had new cause for hope. A grizzled sailorman lugging a stout piece of canvas—the canvas was just about large enough to wrap round a bloated human body, we noted—came to a halt outside the entrance to the smoking room and spread the canvas on deck. Hope jumped to the zenith when the sailorman next brought forth stout sail needles and coarse threads.

We cheered when finally the old salt stepped aft a bit and promptly returned with weighty lumps of scrap iron, of the sort used to sink a body buried at sea.

Goody, goody! Somebody indoors who couldn't handle the stuff had died!

For two hours and forty minutes by our watches the sailorman stitched and stitched. As dusk was settling on the sea he had sewed the canvas to a shape roughly the length and possibly the breadth of a man who had died from guzzling Pilsener from three o'clock in the afternoon until late summer sunset.

The sailor's hard afternoon of work completed, he dragged canvas and weights toward what remained of the barrels of beer on deck and tried to fit the canvas jacket over the cakes of ice piled on top of the beer barrels. The canvas covering for the ice was too small. Chagrined, the sailorman wrapped the scrap iron in the canvas, chucked the afternoon's work overboard and proceeded aft to take up his next important duty.

One man did drop in his tracks just as darkness set in. Unfortunately he was merely another of the overflow standing outside looking in. And oddly enough the venerable gentleman who dropped dead—he was a member of an old New Orleans creole family named Schlippenpfatz, we learned—was the ship's total abstainer.

In justice to the poor old man it should be explained that his doctor was sending him to a German spa to take the cure, because of an illness that had absolutely forced him to go on the wagon. But in spite of great age and illness, he had given the blistering afternoon and evening to climbing furtively, secretly, from the depths of the E deck to the hurricane deck, from stem to stern, on some sort of fruitless search.

Finnigan to the Rescue

I asked him, a moment before he expired in my arms, what he had been seeking. With the last energy left in him he turned his head from side to side, peering about cautiously before answering.

"Dammit all," were his last words, "I was trying to find on this ship a good, reliable, sea-going German bootlegger who would take a chance and slip me a glass of plain water."

At midnight that night, with a nautical "Heave!" and a "Ho!" and a farewell "Attaboy!" we flipped the old boy over the side.

But enough of the tragedies of the sea.

Some time after the midnight funeral good old Finnigan saved my life. I had felt since the bar opened that if help were to come to me the good Finnigan—who, with the sole exception of myself, was the only passenger aboard with a name like that—alone would help me. Kind flocks to kind.

Following the midnight funeral I had resumed my vigil outside the porthole nearest the smoking-room bar, waiting for someone inside to resign or die, when Finnigan turned and saw me gazing in wistfully only a few feet from where he stood. And immediately Finnigan began to push his way along the bar toward my porthole, cautiously, and always careful not to lose his front-row status. Once during his cautious progress he came close to serious mishap. Someone pushed him so roughly that he all but lost his grip on the edge of the bar—and he told me later he couldn't swim a stroke. Finnigan halted only when he had reached the extreme end of the bar nearest my porthole. He had an idea, and it was wonderful.

"Listen!" he called guardedly across the short space—short but, oh, how long!—separating us. "Borrow the captain's cap and then come back here and I'll tell you how to work it."

The captain, I learned after racing to the bridge, had turned in for the night hours before. The only bluejacket in sight absolutely refused to leave the wheel and rout the captain out of bed. The best that the blue-clad boy at the steering wheel could do for me was to lend me his own sailor cap.

Placing the cap on my head in a jaunty way that made one think of the Prince of Wales, I hurried back through the darkness to my smoking-room porthole. Immediately good old Finnigan directed me to climb up on something, stick my head inside the porthole as far as possible and receive final instructions.

I received them and then proceeded to let loose Finnigan's magnificent idea. For a man with a name like Finnigan he had a sane head.

"Mates!" I yelled to the startled drinking club indoors, my head pressed into the porthole farther, much farther than I could possibly have pressed it on any morning after thereafter. "Mates, attention! I desire officially to announce that the same draft beer you've been drinking here all day and night is being sold at five cents the seidel less in the second-class smoking room. And at even a greater proportionate reduction, mates, the second-class smoking-room bargains on our fine stocks of Kentucky ryes and bourbons, Haig and Haig ——"

I myself couldn't hear the rest of my announcement. Probably in the instant panicky rush toward first-class smoking-room exits no one indoors heard even as far as the name of the second of the Haig boys. There is nothing so excitedly irresistible as a bargain sale to us thrifty old Yanks.

On to Bremen

Before the rest of the patient waiting list out in the dark could think, I was inside the now all but vacant smoking room and anchored beside good old Mike Finnigan at the bar. Thereafter, or until I landed at Plymouth, we never were separated for a moment. On the nights that the smoking room was closed for a bit of airing Finnigan and I, being the last to be thrown out, always got sleeping places on deck closest to the smoking-room entrance and slept there, Finnigan athwart the starboard sill and I athwart the port.

Consequently we two, of course, always led the port and starboard rushes that converged and met at the bar the moment the smoking-room doors were unlocked for business each morning. Hunger often during the week drove even the most patient standees behind us to the dining saloon, but never Finnigan and me. Finnigan and I were content with the bar sandwiches. Munching between drafts day after day, we two settled question after question of love and life and death. The old, old days were back again.

Naturally I took it for granted, since Finnigan had said that he was headed for his boyhood home in the old country, that he was going ashore at Plymouth. But on the last morning, with the tender waiting alongside, he still clung to the bar. He would not even step over to the port side of the smoking room to gaze out upon the beautiful soft farmland hills rising high beyond Plymouth harbor. Remembering his name, it occurred to me that perhaps he had suddenly decided he would not dirty his boots with the hated soil of the oppressor, and I suggested as much.

But he merely shook his head, gave me his card in parting and turned back in silence to his beer. He was going on to Bremen.

Regretfully we parted. He hadn't bought once on the way over, I recalled while the tender was gliding smoothly toward the near shore of England, but I cared not. Of more importance was the fact that he was the only passenger with a name like mine aboard, and racial blood at times is thicker than Pilsener.

I am not ashamed to confess that it was with misty eyes I read the card he had handed me. It was one of Mike's business cards, and it ran:

MICHAEL HERMAN PFENNIGHANN, PRES.
PFENNIGHANN & PFLEITE BAKING COMPANY
MFRS. OF "THAT DIFFERENT" P. & P. BRAND
VIENNA BREADS, COFFEE CAKES
AND PRETZELS
OFFICES AND FACTORY
BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TELEPHONE, SLAUGHTERHOUSE 0786

So I stepped ashore, tapped my feet reverently on British soil, and cried with a half sob, "Well! Well! So this is England."

DU PONT

THIS is the du Pont Oval..... It is the trade-mark only of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, and appears only on products made by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

You will find it on the labels of Paints, Varnishes, Enamels, Lacquers—a complete line of such products that beautify and protect your home, your factory, your car, your furniture, etc.

It identifies the lovely articles of Pyralin Toiletware that adorn your wife's dressing-table.

It is stamped upon the rolls of Fabrikoid that go to the country's great makers of automobiles and furniture, for upholstery . . . . to the makers of fine luggage and to the bookbinders and half a hundred other industries.

The textile mills, the leather plants and two score other manufacturing industries find the du Pont Oval on the containers of the Dyes they use.

It identifies the Explosives which release the ores needed by industry and fuel to keep you warm, which blast paths through mountain and forest for your roads, which clear and drain land for larger crops, bringing food for your table at lower cost. On shotgun shells, it insures the safety and accuracy of your shooting.

And users of Pigments, Acids and Heavy Chemicals of many varieties know this du Pont Oval as a mark of the highest quality.

* * *

The du Pont Oval appears on this varied, this seemingly unrelated family of products, because of the ability of du Pont Chemical Engineers, who have been able to utilize the chemical knowledge or the basic raw materials that we need in our prime industry .... the making of explosives .... in making these articles that the du Pont Company feels are of value and service in other industries and to the public.

In the future .... and now we can only glimpse it .... the du Pont Company hopes to contribute, as it has in the past, to the comfort, the security and the prosperity of the American home and American industry.

The Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities .. a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the laboratory's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that have revolutionized industry in the past generation.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc. *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK

Watch for these other big photoplays

The Rex Ingram Production
"The Prisoner of Zenda"
by Anthony Hope

Quincy Adams Sawyer
From the Novel by
Charles Felton Pidgin

Viola Dana in
"The $5 Baby"
by Irvin S. Cobb

Clara Kimball Young in
"The Hands of Nara"

Laurette Taylor

in

Peg O' My Heart

·By J. Hartley Manners

In fairness to yourself you must not miss the screen version of the most popular play of the generation.

Played by the same beloved Laurette Taylor who made Peg famous—who played Peg eleven hundred and twenty-seven times on the stage.

Scenario by Mary O'Hara
Directed by King Vidor

A METRO PICTURE
Reg U S Pat Off

See that you See
METRO PICTURES
They Entertain

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Nos. 5 to 19, Inclusive: Haw! Haw! Pretty good, I calls it.

No. 3: Pretty soft, getting paid for a lot of other people doing your work. Say, Henry Jones just got back from Europe. Says he got a dinner in Germany for fifty cents you couldn't duplicate here for five dollars.

No. 4: How does he know? He never had five dollars. Well, how about a little bridge?

Etc., etc., etc.

Today I canceled my three subscriptions and threw away the encyclopedia. Hereafter my social evenings will be spent with typical Americans like myself. The literati are too much of a mental strain.

—*Baron Ireland.*

From the Salome Sun

PUBLISHED for the Tourists and
The Travelers across Arizona
For Those who Ride and sometimes
Like to read and laugh a bit—
To give them a Smile for every
Mile and help them forget the
Many Bad Bumps in the Road;
To try and make State Officials,
Highway Officials & Supervisors
Ashamed of themselves for using
Millions of $$$ of Public Money
Building Branch Line Highways
Everywhere all over Arizona and
Not spending One Single Dollar
To improve the Old Indian Trail—
The Main Traveled Highway and
The Shortest & Best Route from
Phoenix to Los Angeles—the
Road that always has and always
Will be the Best Road to Travel.

We hear that the Board of Supervisors are going to do some more Road Work up here somewhere. Every Four or Five, or maybe Ten Years, when there is More Road Money than they can spend down around Yuma, they send up some of their Best Friends or Relatives to do Road Work. They go away off in the Brush Somewhere and Hide a lot of Little Sticks with Numbers On, for miles and miles and a month or so, until the Road Money is all gone—then they go back home again, or to Yuma. Then in Four or Five or maybe Ten Years, some more Best Friends or Relatives come up here again and Try to Find some of the Little Sticks the others Hid Four or Five or maybe Ten Years before. The one that finds the Most Sticks with the Biggest Numbers on will probably be elected Supervisor or Highway Commissioner this time.

It will soon be Rattlesnake Season again. Will some kind-hearted Tourist from Kentucky please leave us a prescription? There are some Big Bad Bold Old Rattlesnakes around here. P.S.—We will take good care of the medicine, for fear some of the natives might go out and get bitten on purpose if they knew we had it.

Here's Luck to the cars I like to see—the ones with the empty tanks—that buy ten gallons of gas from me, and leave with a smile and thanks. Come Again.

—*Dick Wick Hall,*
Editor and Garage Owner.

Song

CLARABELLE has golden hair,
Mabel's eyes are blue,
Nancy's form is passing fair,
Mary's heart is true,
Chloë's heart has proved to be
Something else again,
Not so much on looks is she,
But she gets the men.

Doris deals in verse and prose,
Stella's brow is high,
Martha, swift and skillful, sews,
Maud can bake a pie,
Chloë neither sews nor cooks,
Cannot swing a pen,
Doesn't seem to run to books;
She just gets the men.

Winnie's gayly dancing feet
Fly on fairy wings;
Silver bells ring, clear and sweet,
When Belinda sings.
Fair and true and talented
Are they all—but then
Little Chloë knocks them dead;
Chloë gets the men.

—*Dorothy Parker.*

DRAWN BY G. B. HARRIS

Masked Burglar—Telephoning While Householder Covers Him With Gun: "Hello! Police Headquarters? I Been Caught Robbin' 344 Laurel Avenue. Send an Officer Up to Release Me"

An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent

No. 827
Short Davenport Bed

Daytime Luxury Plus Nighttime Comfort

The Kroehler davenport bed is designed, primarily, as a distinguished piece of living room furniture. In appearance it is just like any other fine davenport, with soft, yielding cushions and rich upholstery. Yet, to achieve this daytime beauty, it sacrifices nothing of nighttime comfort.

It is as much a *real* bed as it is a *real* davenport. You do not sleep on the upholstery, but on a patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs. One simple motion converts it from a davenport to a full size, 72 x 50-inch bed. By day the thick, removable mattress and bedding are concealed within the davenport. Nothing indicates that the Kroehler is also a bed.

This convenient and luxurious bed-davenport takes the place of an additional bedroom and subtracts from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

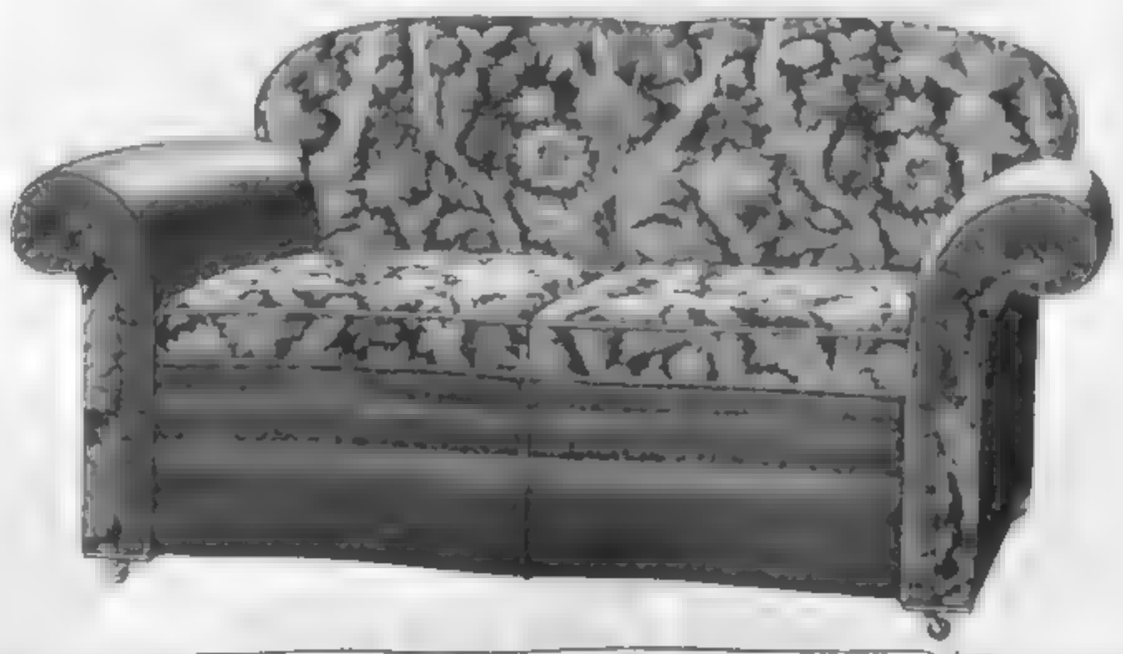
The Kroehler davenport bed is made in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish; with chairs and rockers to match. Upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. Don't accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds cost no more.

Write for free book of attractive designs and name of dealer

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago

Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER
DAVENPORT BED



The Invisible Bed Room

2714

This is the number of the plated, ball-tip, loose-pin McKinney Butt.

Closet doors make tidiness complete

"LET'S have plenty of big, roomy closets," insists the feminine partner, when the new house is being planned. For garments must be hung up and housekeeping tools be stored out of sight before her feeling of orderliness is satisfied.

A great deal of care is required in erecting the doors that hide these storage places. They should not obstruct passages or interfere with the furnishings of rooms when open. When closed they should protect. Often they carry the weight of heavy, full-length mirrors. They must respond quietly and easily to your desires.

The utility of these or any other doors depends on the hinges. For long, hard use and efficient service choose McKinney Hinges. For nearly sixty years McKinney Hinges and Butts have met the requirements of architects, builders and home-owners on all entrances.

You will find many valuable ideas about house planning and the selection of hardware in a little book, "Suggestions for the Home Builder," which we will gladly send you. With it comes a companion booklet, illustrating and describing garage doors and complete sets of hardware for their erection. Write to us for these books.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
Western Office, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts and Hardware

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, windows and screen hardware, steel door-mats and wrought specialties.

THE KNIFE OF KALLE

(Continued from Page 15)

Finn seemed different. The second mate had told her that Kalle was crazy. Surely, then, taking a line from some others she had failed with, the Finn must prove to measure up to her hopes. She thrilled to see a slow smile creep into the weathered, deep-seamed face.

"Yah, ta islands is fine, miss," drawled Kalle. "T'ey is like a deat vhale plown up vit' gas. From distance t'ey look rount, unt shinin', unt gleamin' vit' ta sunlight, unt unterneat' t'ey is all rotten." Kalle ceased and shook with a silent chuckle, turning away to avoid looking into Mary's startled, almost disgusted face.

"Oh, but that's not true!" she cried.

"Yah. It is true. Golten sands, unt palm trees, unt leetle houses mate vit' leafes among ta 'biscus; unt ta sands is hoppin' vit' lice unt fleas, ta houses stink vit' olt meat tins, unt ta peoples haf sores on t'eir leks unt feets, unt ——"

"Oh, stop, do!" laughed Mary, thrusting her finger tips into her ears. "I'm sure all those gorgeous South Sea Island tales can't be so utterly false."

Kalle was staring up into her face, his own features growing more and more involved in puzzlement. He understood only part of what she said, but he understood every bit of her expression.

"Yah, buks, unt smells, unt dirt ——"

"Stop! Well, then, if the islands are so dreadful, surely the sea must be clean and beautiful. All this ——"

She flung an arm around impulsively, indicating the poppling whitecaps on the blue rolling sea, the scurrying woolly white cloudlets that only warned of finer weather, the stately fabric of the bark itself, leaning gently to the crooning breeze under the thrust of her three lofty masts clothed to the gleaming trucks with swelling snowy canvas.

Glistening black shrouds, stays and backstays cast ebon lines of shadow athwart decks scrubbed white as a shark's tooth; points of fire in the late sun's glow trembled where binnacle and skylight brasses proved the industry of the boys and the vigilance of the mates. Yes, it was a glorious picture. No man could live untouched by such benign influences.

"Don't you feel your work becomes a pleasure in such surroundings? Oh, you must!"

Kalle was thinking of the day when he would find that golden hoard, under the will-o'-the-wisp. His long months of dire labor at sea were but the dark interval before the dazzling dawn.

"Huh! Go to sea for pleasure, go to hell for pastime," he grunted, and turned his back rudely, drawing his knife from the sheath and trying the edge on his thumb with loving solicitude.

Mary frowned at his rudeness. She credited it to his ignorance.

"Oh, please show me your knife!" she persevered.

She was determined to make him talk now. His strangeness intrigued her; she was certain it was not due to craziness altogether. Now she saw him brighten up and turn towards her again, inquiry in his eyes quite as bright as the steel in his hand.

"What a splendid knife!" She smiled, and held out her hand.

"He's goot knife, goot knife," returned Kalle, turning the handle around to show notches and scars of fire. "Five men it has killed. Four more, unt t'en ——"

"Wait! Let me sit beside you, and you shall tell me all the wonderful story," cried Mary.

Kalle blushed through twenty years of sun and sea grime, moving along the rim of the harness cask.

The moon came out, the great stars leaned so low they looked as big as silver salvers. Kalle was talking in a low gentle voice that had lost all diffidence. Mary sat entranced, gazing up into his hard unlovely face with rapt attention.

The bell struck—one—warning the watch that eight bells was within fifteen minutes of due. Kalle got up, slipping his knife back into the sheath.

"Wait!" cried Mary, catching his belt. "Do all Finns really believe these things? That if you cut yourself with a knife bad luck will follow you unless you burn the handle?"

"All Finns?" echoed Kalle impatiently. "Sure, t'ey peliefs it. Ain't it true? Vhy vouldn't t'ey?"

"And that if you have a knife that has killed nine men you can find the treasure of the Aarre Hauta that lies under the will-o'-the-wisp? Really, truly believe it, Kalle?"

She used his name prettily; it had been the one little bit of comradely kindness that had opened his heart to her, for even her praise of his knife could never have unlocked his hardened breast so completely.

"Ay peliefe some tay ay cut four notches more to my knife, unt t'en Ay find ta golt. Yah, Ay peliefs it, missy. Vhen comes ta tay, Ay puy a golt ring for you."

Kalle left her standing staring after him.

Kalle's discovery of a ready sympathetic audience worked a subtle change in him. He went about his work wearing a smile that earned him many and various epithets. He would always lose sleep to weave wonder tales for Mary; she never tired of listening to the lore of the northern people.

Others noticed. The skipper and mates chaffed her about her conquest. She had shown them very early that flirtation was not one of her sports. She was no prude; oh, no! She simply cared nothing for idle dalliance with semisentimental young men. So they had respected her preferences, and had ceased to hint at the relationship between moonlit nights, starry heavens and heart throbs. They had the more reason to jolly her about her shadowing the frowning Finn who had changed into the grinning Finn, as they dubbed him.

She laughed happily enough at their gibes. They were friendly. She was not quite sure what she ought to do, however, when some of the seamen began to wink at her, nudge one another as they passed her, and later on make audible remarks about the luck of Kalle.

Being still completely entranced, between the spell of the sea and the lure of Kalle's yarning, she did nothing. She found herself regretting the passing of the days which brought Pitcairn ever nearer, whereas at first she had eagerly marked off each day as one more notch towards the attainment of her ambition. Not that she regretted her decision to exile herself among the tribe of the Bounty's mutineers; oh, no; but Mary Manning was discovering in her being a love for the sea and ships which made her rather sorry she had not made a long, complete voyage before committing herself to a life of teaching and service.

"Ah, but long voyages cost much money!" she mused. That she had never had. But the thought made her laugh gently to herself, for it reminded her of Kalle's stout belief in his treasure.

"And only to think of him killing men with that knife!" she smiled, watching him as he passed forward along the main deck. He stopped to untangle one of the ship's cat's babies from a staysail netting which Sails was mending, and a woman could have been no more gentle. It was a kitten she had begun to make a pet of; the survivor of the litter, saved only at her desire that she might take it ashore in Pitcairn. She hurried down to the maindeck.

"Thank you, Kalle," she smiled. "That was good of you. I thought you said cats were bad luck. I expected to see you throw my kitty overboard."

Kalle grumbled, for shipmates were grinning broadly over the mizzen stay, where they waited for Sails to send up the staysail netting.

"Cats is pat luck—plack cats," he grumbled. "Same as plue stripes, unt sky pilots, unt—unt ——"

He stopped, and blushed, if such a leathery face could be said to blush. Mary laughed merrily.

"And women," she said. "I know, for you told me yourself. But kitty is tabby, not black; and so far I haven't brought any bad luck, have I?"

"Soon ve shall see. Ta veather is not so goot. I vouldn't make fun of ta luck, Missy Maija ——"

Wapping was one of the men waiting for the netting.

"Go on, Rooshian, kiss 'er!" he yelled.

Mary started, shocked. She blushed crimson with anger, and ran aft on the edge of tears. She went straight to tell Captain Digby about it.

"D'ye know which one it was?" he asked.

She did not. The mate was told to find out. He went among the men and asked.

(Continued on Page 97)

REAL SILK

GUARANTEED

HOSIERY

Ankle Fit

Women who wear REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY—and there are millions—have coined a new hosiery expression—"Ankle Fit." The REAL SILK method of knitting gives the pure, twelve-thread silk such permanency of shape that repeated laundering does not produce slack or wrinkle. The special processed lisle toe, heel and top insure longer wear. In snug fit, shimmering beauty, and durability, women everywhere are getting more from REAL SILK than they thought any hosiery could give them. You can obtain REAL SILK GUARANTEED HOSIERY only from our Representative, who calls at your door. He is a resident of your community especially selected to render you a service.

BOX OF FOUR PAIRS *Five Dollars*

REAL SILK METHODS WHICH BENEFIT YOU

Your opportunity to obtain this unusual quality of [illegible] silk hosiery at this price is made possible because 1. We sell direct from our mills to you. 2. We are the world's largest exclusive makers of [illegible] silk hosiery specializing on a single [illegible]. 3. We import our raw silk direct from Japan. 4. We perfect every manufacturing process from raw silk to finished product in our own mills.

HOW YOU CAN OBTAIN THIS HOSIERY

It is not obtainable in retail stores. We have our own branches in more than 200 cities. Our representatives will call with samples; take your order and collect $1 deposit. For $4 balance when hosiery is delivered by your postman direct from our mills through the mails. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with every box. For your protection look for the Real Silk Representative wears the Real Silk gold button on his lapel.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS : INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Ankle Fit

Copyright 1924
Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc.

Model F-92
Girls' Mahogany Lotus Lace Boot

The Brown Shaping Lasts make the inside of Buster Brown Shoes conform to the requirements of physically perfect feet, thus insuring correct foot development.

Smart Styles

Style trends are as marked in Buster Brown Shoes as in the fashions for grown-ups. The graceful lines are enhanced by clever color combinations in the various popular leathers.

While Buster Brown Shoes excel in smart styles that make the feet look neat, they keep them shapely, strong and sturdy—prevent annoying foot-ailments—and insure health.

They will outwear ordinary shoes—because they are built for service, from dependable leathers, and have genuine Goodyear welt soles.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts, which provide proper space and correct support for each bone and muscle of the growing feet.

They are built by the Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.—also makers of Brown-bilt Shoes for Men and Women—and are sold by good stores everywhere at $4.00 and up, according to size and style.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

(Continued from Page 94)

Wallaby impudently told him it was the doctor's cockatoo. The bird had been dead a week, and Wallaby's mates laughed at the joke. The mate returned to the poop with helpless anger in his face.

"The men are getting out of hand!" he grumbled. "If the Old Man won't let us treat 'em to rough stuff, soon they'll treat us to some."

All of which was so much Greek to Mary. She had heard much about the uncouthness of men of the sea. She accepted the rough habits and manners of the men of the Lady Elsie as part of the discomforts of a voyage. She even forced herself to forget the latest offense.

At supper some days later, when the sky had been a brilliant blue all day, going down behind a bank of blazing color, Mary staggered to the table, seizing hold of the skipper's shoulder with a catchy little laugh.

"Why, whatever is the matter with me?" she cried. "I'm all tottery. The deck seems gone crazy, captain, and the ship is steady enough, isn't it? There's no more wind, is there?"

"Not yet," returned the skipper. "There's a heavy swell underrunning us though. Wind'll come, no doubt."

Before midnight half a dozen sharp squalls had come up and passed; the men stood by royal and topgallant halyards through the watch instead of snugging themselves away in dry wind-proof burrows. The bark leaned giddily at times, surging forward with a long pitching dive that drove sleep from Mary, and herself out on deck. There the keen fresh air revived her. She got a raincoat and close-fitting hat, and stood behind the canvas weather screen; her dizziness passed, and she thrilled to the tremendous grandeur of the gathering storm.

There came a spell of calm between squalls when the lightning was well-nigh incessant; then the rising seas and marching cloud rack were presented in an appalling picture of beauty. The skies were maelstroms of vaporous threat; the seas grew to portentous power in uncanny fashion, lacking wind.

Creaming crests hissed and slithered down the glassy slopes of black hillocks of water. Soon the hillocks would become mountains; the crests fly athwart the bark, stinging with spite. Now the heaving seas passed beneath the Lady Elsie unbroken, making her reel and bow, but leaving her unstayed in her course.

Captain Digby rested in his cabin, fully dressed, one eye on the barometer, one on his book, both ears alert for sounds of warning on deck. The glass was down, and falling, but that alone was not alarming, yet; presently orders were shouted above, the heavy patter of torrential rain drummed within the cabin, and the skipper leaped from his berth, snatched up oilskins and boots, and went out.

Men were slouching along the main deck. Mary clung to her shelter, flushed with high elation, intoxicated with the scene.

"Better go below!" the skipper shouted as he passed her.

"Oh, must I?" she cried.

"No must about it, but you'd better."

Mary stayed. The skipper glanced around at the black horizon, unlighted by lightning now, but vaguely outlined by the careering crests of racing seas. Men far out on the jib boom fought to furl the flying jib; a man high above Mary straddled the gafftopsail and rode it down. The pelting rain, which had started to fall straight, now streaked across the ship like shot, sure sign of a terrific wind behind it.

"When the rain comes 'fore the wind,
Halyards, sheets, and braces mind,"

quoted the skipper. "Take in royals and t'gallants'ls, Mr. Bolt," he said.

The mate bawled the orders: "Le-go royal halyards! Clew up lively! Bring in weather r'yal braces! Up, a couple o' hands, and stow 'em!"

Down in the dark waist of the ship men stumbled and cursed at the fiferails, seeking for the gear in black chaos. Streams of water poured down from the saturated sails. A spear of yellow light touched the group with devilish radiance as the carpenter carried his lantern around, examining hatch fastenings. A shrill unhuman voice screamed at the braces, singing the ropes through the sheaves.

"Hey—hey—hey—hey—roundy—come roundy!"

Men hauled on clewlines, dragging the sails up to the yards, and a cataract of water soused the men beneath.

Over the weather quarter a squall shrieked, the forerunner of the real gale, and the lee rail dipped into the foaming sea. The men at the lee braces were swept aft, torn from their holds, mouthing obscenity at the storm.

"T'gallant halyards!" roared the mate. "Let 'em go! Let 'em go, you wooden men! Clew up, and make 'em fast!"

Mary stood under the pelting rain and stinging spray without being aware of either. She was fascinated. The weird howling of the men at the ropes, the rising screech of the wind through the mazy rigging, the slashing swish of the seas alongside, the heavy dead thud of the great combers against the iron side just before a torrent of roaring water crashed in over the bulwarks—these were the occasional big ones, growing rapidly more frequent, she noticed—all the groaning and clanging and squealing of stressed masts, overburdened scupper ports and giddily swinging blocks, made in her ears a terrific hypnotic harmony that drove from her now and forever all possibility of sea sickness. She found herself envying even the roughest, evilest of the bark's tough crowd.

"You're all wet. Better go below," the skipper advised again. He was going back to his book.

"Oh, I want to stay!" she had replied. "It's magnificent!"

"Why don't you turn in, miss?" the mate wanted to know. "Wish I had the chance!"

And, "Glory, Miss Manning! You must like it!" grumbled the more youthful second mate as he slipped past her to snatch the poor remaining part of his broken watch below.

She laughed at them all. Her hair was plastered to her face with brine; the salt stung her cheeks and eyes until both burned; her feet were soaking wet, and she knew her raincoat was never intended to withstand such pelting; but she clung strongly to the rail of her shelter, facing the storm with a pretty defiance. If ever she felt a chill creeping over her, if ever a greater than usual sea frightened her with its tremendous bulk and power, she had but to glance aft and feel thrilled with unconquerable power herself. There by the big wheel stood Kalle the Finn. His rugged face was expressionless as the wood itself. His brows were drawn down to protect his eyes, but his eyes glittered in the dim light of the binnacle lamp as they glanced at the compass from time to time. No sea, however erratic, however sly, could creep up on the bark to harm her unseen while Kalle held the wheel.

"He's magnificent!" she cried unconsciously.

She applied the same term to the man as to the storm, with good reason. Kalle, as he stood there on the gratings, looked as immovable, as stolid as the storm was irresistible and raging.

She scarcely knew how long she had stood there. If bells were struck she never heard them. But so suddenly that she started as if from a dream the decks seemed filled with men again. Captain Digby appeared beside her. He gave her no word now. She felt somehow that the storm was fiercer, the ship laboring.

"It'll not blow out so soon as I thought," the skipper told the mate. "I'll run her off a bit. Take in the mains'l and spanker. She'll bear the four tops'ls and full fores'l."

"Hands t' brail in the spanker!" roared the mate. To the second mate, just appearing: "Mr. Green, take your watch to the mains'l."

Four men blundered up from the welter of the main deck and groped at the mizzenmast for the spanker brails.

"Ease away that outhaul!" somebody yelled.

"What's wrong with them lee brails?" roared another, unseen.

The thunder of the flapping sail, the seemingly chaotic turmoil which was really uproarious order and system, the darting figures of men that looked in the darkness far too clumsy to dart, all together terrified Mary as no mere fury of the storm could do. She crouched tightly in her corner, shuddering.

Kalle had been ordered to remain at the helm until the work was done, instead of relinquishing it to his relief of the other watch. That was because he was a sterling helmsman and the occasion called for fine helmsmanship. Mary derived some measure

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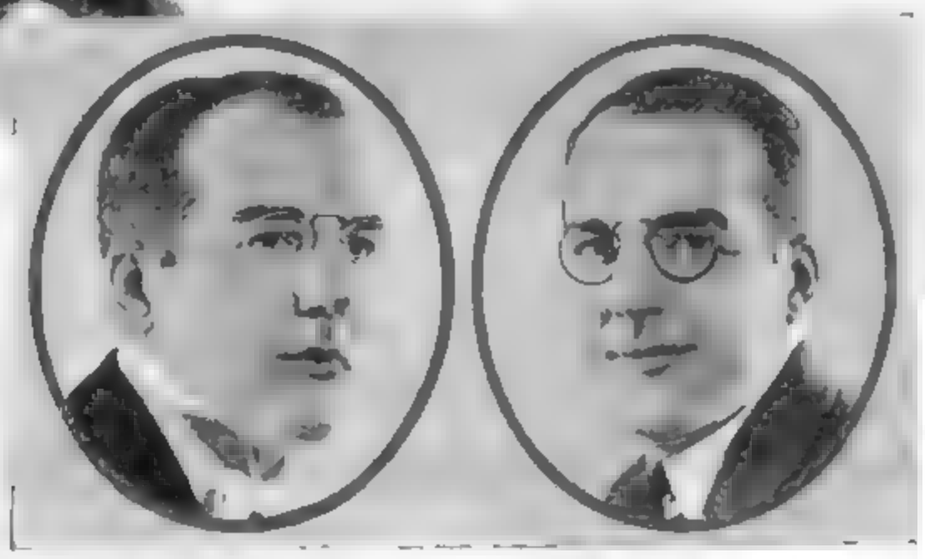

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of comfort from the fact that it was still his dark expressionless face on which the binnacle light shone.

"Hay-ay-ay—Ho, Hay!" shrieked an unmusical demon somewhere in the blackness of the main deck. Blocks squealed. The thunder of the brailed spanker faded into a whisper when the great main course began to volley its spite with thrashing clews.

"Hay-ay-a-hay—Ho, Ha-ay! Come up wi' the tack!"

The spirit of the thing was creeping into the girl. There was something so gripping in the roaring fight between puny man and relentless ocean. The men at the spanker finished their job—set up the boom guys, slacked the lifts and hauled taut both vangs; now they were going to help their mates furl the mainsail. Sailorlike they made haste slowly, for the last men on the yard would get the easiest station, and furling a main course in a breeze is no sort of job to attract a watch of hoodlums just turned out.

Two of the four dodged aside by the ladder, faking a stumble, letting the other two pass them. And one peered through the flying rack into the weather screen.

"Hully sailor! Here's the bloody Finn's smart Judy!" Wallaby leered into Mary's face. "All in the narsty wet too!"

"Bli' me! Ain't she the real thing though!" Wapping grinned. "'Ere, let's 'ave a bleedin' kiss, lovey."

His wet, harsh oilskin sleeve went around the girl's neck, and his evil face was thrust into hers. She felt sick, but her fists beat his grinning lips. Still they touched her face.

"Out the way, y' lousy cockney! Give a good-lookin' bloke a show!" roared Wallaby, and grappled with Wapping.

Mary slipped free in the first minute of what promised to be a real fight. She was bewildered at the sharp awakening out of her storm reveries into the real storm of brutish passion. Scarcely conscious of direction she moved away, backing anywhere; and the booted, oilskinned, dripping figure of the skipper caught her arms, set her against the deckhouse, and passed along to the grappled pair of stormy Lotharios.

What he said mattered little. Mary saw Wapping and Wallaby suddenly separate and disappear down the ladder. She heard them curse her, curse the skipper, curse the ship, and threaten dire reprisal; then she shut her ears, for they reached heights and still aspired, until the watchful mate detected them by their very noise and booted them into the rigging, still mouthing uncleanness.

A weariness came upon her. She went to her cabin and slept uneasily. Somehow she was annoyed because Kalle had not left the wheel to come to her assistance.

A beam of warm sunlight through the port glass aroused her. Leaping from her bunk she found the deck slanting at an easy angle, the angle of fine weather, and steady. Mellowed by distance and closed doors she heard men chanteying at royal halyards.

"'Liza Lee athwart my knee,
Ah, he, are ye most done?
'Liza Lee all on my knee—
Clear the track, let the bull-gine run!"

A wailing, shivery sort of quavering pipe it was; the chorus was bellowed in a dozen keys and accents:

"Wi' me Aye Rigajig in a low-back car,
Arh—he—arh, are ye almost done?
'Liza Lee settin' on my knee—
Clear the track, let the bull-gine run!"

She peeped through her main-deck window. The fore-royal was going up handily. Sunshine touched the grimy seamen and she forgot the dark shadows of the storm. Opening the window she reveled for a few breaths in the sparkling air of a perfect morning.

A moment later she shut the window hastily, her ears tingling at the further adventures of 'Liza Lee.

She uttered a mild protest to the skipper at breakfast.

"I can't understand it," he told her. "I've picked up a lot of queer fish in the way of crews in my time, and sailing ships don't look for improvement as years roll on; but there's something about this crowd that's different.

"That Finn you're so interested in got hammered well awhile ago. I suppose he tried to stick up for you against the two brutes who insulted you last night. If I were you, miss, I'd keep out of the way of all of them. We'll be up with Pitcairn by nightfall, anyhow."

"Thank you, I will," Mary replied thoughtfully. "Did they hurt Kalle?"

"Punched him up pretty much. He scared them off with that ugly knife he carries. It's a wonder he didn't stick one of 'em."

"I'm sure it is! Why, Captain Digby, do you know what he believes about that knife? If a man like that horrid Wapping, or Wallaby, who's just as bad, believed what Kalle believes, and had such a knife, there'd be mutiny and murder ——"

"Whatever are you driving at, Miss Manning?" the skipper broke in testily.

Mary told him briefly the story of the Aarre Hauta and the knife that had to kill nine men. When she finished he laughed gently and patted her hand.

"There's little doubt the man's touched, my dear. Don't let such fairy tales disturb you. Kalle won't stick anybody."

She looked for Kalle and spoke to him as he went to the wheel during the forenoon watch.

She shuddered at the sight of his badly bruised face.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"Ay t'ank you, Missy Maija," he grinned.

The grin was ghastly. He had told her among other things that Maija was an affectionate diminutive of her name, Mary. She colored slightly at his tone as he used it now, for a deep warm glow shone in his blue eyes.

"Ay am not hurt," he said. "T'ey can't hurt me. T'ey shall not hurt you. It is yoost ta pat luck of ta plue stripe on ta ship. Nefer mint, missy."

"I think those men are brutes!" she cried. "I wonder you haven't killed them with your knife!"

"Maype Ay vill some time. Soon you go ashore. T'en you are safe. T'en perhaps Ay cut ta notches on ta knife ant dig up ta golt. T'en Ay pring for you a golt ring, Missy Maija, pecause you have spoken goot vords to me."

"Get to the wheel, you!" bawled Mr. Bolt angrily. "Miss Manning! It is against ship's rule to talk to men on duty."

Kalle shuffled aft without reply. Mary flushed hotly and favored the mate with a glance of contempt. Then she went to begin her packing.

When almost done she heard a cry from aloft. It seemed to come from a vast distance.

(Continued on Page 101)

Avalanche Lake, Glacier National Park

"You dear boy, how did you know they were my favorites?"

IT was really a very simple matter. All the man did was to bring her a Johnston Choice Box last time, which enabled him to find out her favorite confections without asking about them. So this time he was able to bring her the kinds, found in the Choice Box, which she particularly liked.

Johnston's Choice Box disposes of the candy buying problem in a delightful way

It contains 22 selected kinds of the finest chocolates and other confections we have made in 74 years of candy making. The name of each piece of candy is plainly printed on a card exactly underneath the piece. When a piece is lifted out you see the name

When you bring the Choice Box to a girl, just note the kinds she seems to like the best, look at the card, and remember the name.

In Johnston's Choice Box comes Johnston's Choice Book, which lists the contents of the most popular Johnston boxes. This book told our young man the name of the Johnston box which contains a preponderance of her favorites. It happened to be "T-H-A-T PACKAGE"—with honey nougats, French caramels, raisin clusters, apricot square and other confections.

So he did not blindly ask for "a box of chocolates." He knew exactly what she wanted.

Give her Johnston's Choice Box. Show her this added attention to her pleasure. It is the little extra effort to please that girls appreciate. Any Johnston box is a compliment to her, but the Choice Box is the supreme compliment in candy.

You should be able to get the Choice Box at any good store. But if any dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon, filling in the dealer's name.

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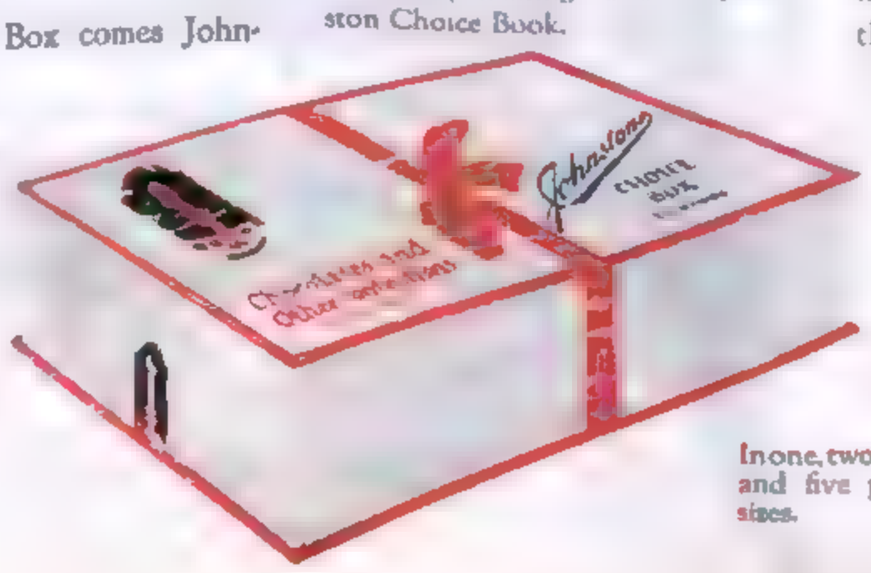

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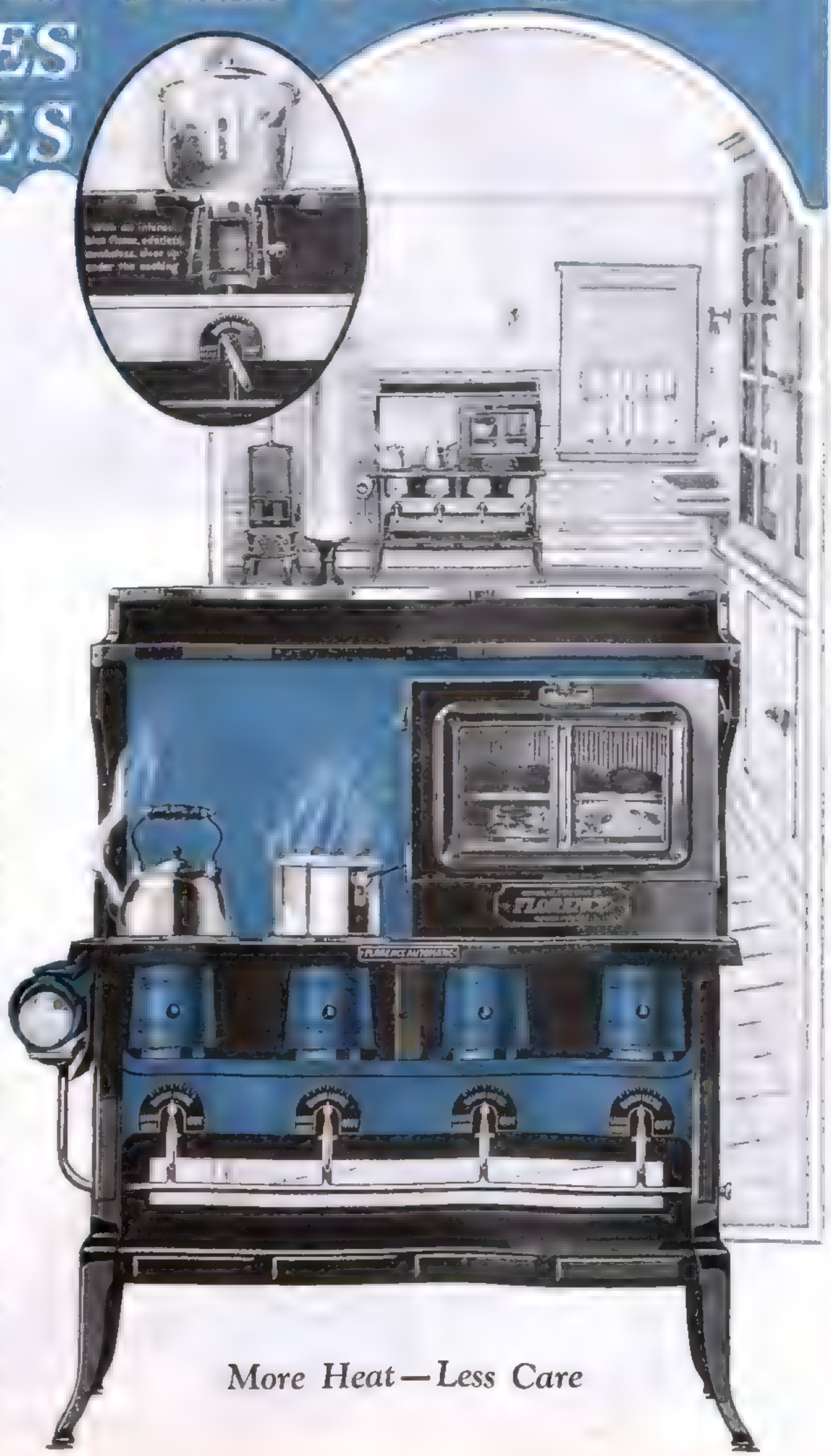

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Light the burners when you are ready to start cooking. Turn them out when you are through.

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More Heat—Less Care

(Continued from Page 98)

"Land ho! Dead ahead, sir!"

Running up, full of eagerness, Mary caught her first glimpse of her new home. At first she saw nothing but the same blue sea, the same blue sky and fleecy clouds.

"There it is, Miss Manning," the second mate told her, and guided her sight to a tiny dot straight over the jib-boom end. It was no more than a slight irregularity in the hard-ruled line of the horizon; but it grew distinct as her eyes adjusted themselves to distance, and Mary had learned, among other things taught in schools, that the visible horizon is so many miles distant from so many feet of altitude.

"I see it," she said, and tried to make her voice sound enthusiastic. "What a tiny place. It can't be far off, can it? Shall I ask the steward to bring up my baggage?"

The second mate laughed indulgently.

"It's tiny, miss, but it's lofty. That speck's quite forty miles off yet. Plenty of time. You won't get ashore today."

Forward a gang of men labored noisily under the carpenter's direction, hauling up links of rusty chain cable with murderous chain hooks, shackling on the starboard anchor and ranging the cable in readiness for anchoring should the wind prove favorable. There were cases of clothes and shoes, bags of seeds and boxes of books to land, besides the teacher's paraphernalia, and Captain Digby meant to run into Bounty Bay and land his cargo and passenger all dry and comfortable.

As the bark raised the island, and the trees on the declivitous heights became distinguishable in the slanting rays of a westering sun, all preparations for bringing up were finished, and the men resumed their regular watches. A few settled themselves about the fore hatch in the second dog-watch with tobacco and song, having seen enough of the bit of an island; some, the greater number, hung with Wallaby and Wapping over the landward bulwarks, standing on the spare spars to better the view, laughing and jesting one another after the fashion of deep-water sailors anticipating the purple pleasures of a regular pay-off jaunt ashore.

"'Twas one fine day in th' mont' of May, as
I was outward bound;
I had no tin t' buy some gin, as I walked th'
streets all 'round.
Me coat was out at elbows, an' I was sore in
need,
So I shipped as a jolly little sailor boy aboard
o' the' Rivalede."

A bull-throated young able seaman roared out the song, and half a dozen rusty pipes gathered breath to bawl forth the chorus.

"Hey, stow that bloody racket!" yelled Wapping, stepping down from the spare topmast. "C'm 'ere, Wallaby, 'n' you queer fellers too. I'll tip ye a bloomin' ditty as 'll fit us better."

Wapping and Wallaby had long since established themselves as rulers of the forecastle. The chorus was choked in uttering. The only sounds breaking the awkward hush while Wapping prepared to burst into song were the soothing murmur of running seas, the sleepy sigh of wind, and the shrill chirruping screech of steel on stone.

"Hey, Rooshian, stow that bleedin' row!" bellowed Wapping savagely.

Kalle got up from the grindstone obediently, trying his blade on his well-scored thumb. His weathered face and mild blue eyes were turned towards the hatch in perfect docility. Wapping's mouth opened wide, his eyes half closed, his body swayed bearlike as he roared forth:

"In Ham-ster-dam there lived uh maid,
Mark well wot Hi do aye;
In Ham-ster-dam there lived a maid,
An' she wos mistress ov 'er tryde,
I'll go no more a-ro-ovin' wiv you—fair—
maid."

And like the breaking of surf on a rocky coast the chorus broke:

"A-rovin', a-rovin', for rovin' 's been my
roo-oo-in,
I'll go no more a-ro-oh-vin' wiv you—fair—
maid."

"I can't understand what's got into the men lately," remarked the skipper. He stood beside Mary at the poop rail. The mate was there, too, keeping an alert ear forward, for the chantey Wapping sang held blushful possibilities.

"They're mighty queer today, sir," he replied. "It's that precious pair, Wapping and Wallaby. A good many of the younger men are well with them too." The song entered upon a stanza which promised embarrassment. "You won't care to hear that song further, miss," he said, coloring.

Mary hurried below, swift to take the hint.

The bark stood off and on through the night, and with the first peep of dawn anchored in sight of Adams Rock. Shore boats came off, islanders climbed eagerly on board, an elderly man was there to receive the stores. All gave Mary a surprised and genuine welcome.

Mary stood at the gangway among her baggage, waiting for the ladder to be lowered; and Kalle the Finn hovered near by, anxious to be the first to carry down her bags, soft and deep yearning glowing in his face.

Suddenly came uproar; oaths and threats. Down ropes from the rail swarmed four of the Lady Elsie's crew, there ensued a brief sharp tussle, and the islanders were pitched out of their boat, leaving the grinning sailors in charge. On deck other seamen tossed down sea bags, which in turn were heaved from the forecastle by still others. On the poop the two mates stared for a moment in amazement. Captain Digby was in the cabin checking off lists with the elderly islander. Mary saw nothing strange. She accepted everything she saw as part of the regular business of a ship coming to port. But Kalle detected something amiss.

He muttered in her ear, "Petter go pelow, Missy Maija! Here it is trouble!"

As he spoke, before she could either obey or answer, Wapping leaped up the poop ladder, followed by Wallaby and three more seamen, each man armed with belaying pin or knife.

"What's this? What d'you want?" roared the mate angrily.

"Git out th' way, y' bloody man-driver!" growled Wallaby, and struck the mate down with a blow of an iron pin.

It was the signal for a furious onset. The second mate snatched up a handspike from the rack and leaped astride the mate. Kalle thrust Mary aside and lurched into the fracas, drawing his knife. The noise brought the skipper halfway up the stairs, where he was met with a knife thrust, hurled back on top of the islander, and the companionway door shut on him.

Now more seamen left the business of the bags and ran aft, to add their weight to the attack. Wapping seized Mary roughly, and bore her to the rail, thrusting his grinning face close to hers.

"We're stoppin' 'ere, old dear, and you're goin' to be our Judy, Wallaby's an' mine. Give us a kiss!"

Now Mary screamed. She fought furiously, ripping Wapping's face with her nails. Some time in the long ago her ancestors might have been vikings, pirates, crusaders; at least they had bequeathed her fighting blood; and Wapping let her go with a curse, fumbling for his knife.

"Y' bleedin' little cat!" he screamed.

She ran around the deck house, seeking a weapon.

Now the fight was general. The mate was up again, shouting at the top of his lungs to the absent members of the crew to come aft and help. The only answer was from two of the men from the boat, adding to their enemies.

Kalle was in the midst of all, wielding his knife with silent, terrible efficiency. When the mate first went down a grinning sailor hammered the Finn joyously over the head with a belaying pin, contemptuous of his fighting value. Kalle stayed on his feet, and his light blue eyes glittered brilliantly as he sank his treasured blade hilt-deep in his foe's throat.

The odds were ten to three; and so suddenly had the affair been precipitated upon the mates they lost still more advantage at the beginning. The skipper was hammering at the door with something heavy; but he was still out of the fight. The mate went to his knees again, stricken hard by a knife. From his knees he brained his foe with his handspike before sinking down completely. The second mate was backed against the mizzenmast by four men, and one reached around the mast to knife him from behind.

Mary snatched up the mate's relinquished club and brought it down with both hands on the man's head. He fell with a grunt, and she tottered, feeling sick. Wapping again seized her, bearing her to the side. Another man struck at the second mate, struck home.

"Kalle! Oh, Kalle!" she cried.

Kalle was staggering under a host of antagonists. Two men lay at his feet, dead or dying; Wallaby kept somebody between him and the Finn, seeking to strike one decisive blow that would have no comeback to himself. It was harder every minute to push a man forward. That deadly knife was terrifying. Two fresh men were running from forward brandishing chain hooks, yelling hilariously. They had not yet felt the Finn's steel.

Kalle heard Mary's cry. Still silent as Fate itself he surged forward, heedless of blows that rained upon him, making terrible play with his knife.

"Come on, Wallaby!" yelled Wapping. "Leave 'im to th' rest!"

The companionway door was splintering. More blows sounded; the skipper had found assistance from the steward or the islander. The seaman nearest to the Finn faltered. After all, they were of poor stuff for mutineers.

"Oh, Kalle, save me!" cried Mary desperately. Wapping had her halfway over the rail.

"Ay coming, missy!" snarled Kalle.

Blood streamed from him; his eyes were agonized. Wallaby saw him totter, leaped in to strike him down, and Kalle's knife won its eighth notch when the slippery hilt struck hard against the Australian's breastbone.

"Ay coming, Maija! Vun more notch I haf to get, t'en ——"

He panted and tugged at his knife. It came hard from the breast of Wallaby. Kalle's eyes were blinded with blood, his knees seemed too weak to bear him. Still Maija was calling. As he tottered, the slippery knife fell from his cramped fingers, and he peered blindly around for it. His hand touched it. One of the men with the chain hooks reached out with a howl of hate, hooked the Finn through the groin and hauled him back; and Wapping saw his chance and seized it.

Dropping Mary again he leaped at Kalle with upraised knife.

"Vun more notch!" moaned Kalle. He plucked at the chain hook that pierced him, dumbly, unconscious of the impending stroke.

"Ay come, Maija!" he whimpered again.

Mary crouched swiftly as Wapping let her go. She picked up the knife, red-slippery. She saw Kalle fall heavily, reaching out towards her even as his eyes closed; and the knife flew from her hand, flew with all the strength of her arm and the good will of her fervid prayer, straight to the exposed armpit of Wapping.

She plunged headlong across Kalle as the companionway burst open, letting out the skipper, the steward and the old islander.

It was a subdued little group that stood about a low grass hammock before the elderly islander's house. Kalle still breathed, but faintly, and Mary, pallid and wan, watched him with anxious eyes. The skipper used every resource of his medicine chest, but knew Kalle's case was without hope.

"If he would only open his eyes again!" whispered Mary.

She had cleaned off some of the red from the precious knife, and had scratched on the wooden handle three notches. She began to notch the fourth fresh one—the ninth, the all-important notch.

"Oh, won't he open his eyes again?" she breathed.

"I wouldn't worry if I were you," the skipper said kindly.

"But it was all he lived for! It was the dream of his existence!"

"He's comin' to," muttered the old islander.

Mary bent low, she held the knife close to Kalle's face.

"Look, Kalle! Look! Nine notches! Oh, now you will find the treasure, Kalle! Look, I have cut the last one for you!"

Impulsively she stooped and kissed his lips, his hard salt lips. His pale blue eyes opened wide, and a great golden light shone in them. His fingers closed on the charred and reddened knife haft. His lips moved.

"Ay pring you ta golt ring soon, Maija," he said faintly.

"What's it all about? Treasure? He won't find no treasure, he won't. He's good an' dead, he is," grumbled the old islander.

Captain Digby looked intently into Kalle's face. Then he gripped Mary's cold hand.

"If you ask me, I should say he's found his treasure," he remarked, and he closed the wide, triumphant, dead eyes.

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Duofold
Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

WINNIE AND THE COPPERHEAD

(Continued from Page 9)

It had been an effort for Sandra to sit up and take notice of the blackmailer long enough to tell Winnie all about it. She was quite content and happy now that she had handed the trouble over to somebody else though she was very sympathetic with and sorry for Winnie—having to think like that!

But Winnie, clear as crystal, faintly flushed with sun and health and exercise, straight and slender as a lance, lovelier than May and Sandra put together, was not aware of the sympathy or of any need for it.

It took her perhaps a quarter of an hour to plan out a list of questions that Sandra must answer presently and the rest of the adventure into the grim region of hard thinking was mainly cantering and racing the shadows of the hawks and rooks across the grassy slopes.

II

LADY LESSBOROUGH was strenuously engaged in watching a violent game of tennis between the auburn-headed Mr. Rufford and another athletically inclined youth, a nephew of Sir Paul Anderson, when Winnie returned from her ride. But the fair-haired beauty had tired of watching, and was very ready to stroll away with Winnie and reply to any questions of which she remembered the answers.

Winnie collected a good deal of information, and went off to change for an hour on the river.

But even before she reached her room she had given the information a first consideration and decided that the lovely Sandra had no really marked gift for assisting her friends to get her out of those difficulties which in the nature of things must happen now and then to any lady.

"He is very cunning, and he has chosen his victim well," mused Winnie as she went up the broad stairs. "Sandra is much too indolent to help herself very much—and I am afraid that none of her answers to all those questions will be very useful to me. She does not even suspect a soul—and there isn't a single thing I can think of to make a beginning—at least, not until the blackmailer makes another demand."

Her sweet face was a little downcast as she entered her room—but not for long. Lying on her dressing table was a sealed note, addressed to her in a strange handwriting, in pencil. She opened it with a faint thrill of curiosity, anticipating nothing of much interest.

On a plain sheet of notepaper without any heading she found, in the same bold penciling as on the envelope, this simple, unembroidered statement:

> Lady Lessborough's affairs are her affairs—not yours. You are warned that if you meddle with matters that do not concern you, you yourself will be the next candidate for my attentions. You have been very lucky in the past, but, for your own sake, ask yourself the plain question whether people who are after as big a stake as the Lessborough money are likely to spare you if you get in the way. Remember that your own past won't bear too close a scrutiny. Step off—and keep off. PROOF.

Three times Winnie read that formal warning—each time more carefully. Then she smiled a little, put down the letter, hurried off her riding kit and into a kimono and relaxed into a chair.

"Ah, Proof," she said in her softest, gentlest voice, "I think you have made what they call a false step. If you had left well alone I don't think I could ever have helped Sandra. But now—perhaps you have spoiled all your own plans."

She reread the letter, and if her wonderful eyes were abstracted as she looked at it her swift wits were all on parade, present and correct and busy.

She murmured a little to herself as she thought.

"He means it—if it is a man. And I think he must be someone who has gleaned some knowledge of how I have had to defend myself in the past, and who knows that I am not quite so simple as people will insist on thinking me. He is very crafty to invite me to use my own judgment as to whether a blackmailer with a fortune within his reach will hesitate because of me." She shook her pretty head. "No, I don't think any man capable of blackmail like this would hesitate at anything. Sandra is so rich—and there seems no way out for her. This—this viper—has only to send a short letter to Sandra's trustees and they have to take away her fortune. The next heirs—beneficiaries, I think they call them—after Sandra would insist. No matter how kind the trustees are nor how much they hate doing it, they would have to do it. So she will have to pay—and pay and pay. Only just because she fell in love with Major Wellhaven in wartime. I would have married the man I loved in wartime. At all costs. When every day might have been the last. It is cruel. Crueler for Sandra than it would be for even a nobody like me. For Sandra would be helpless without her money. And that isn't her fault. She has never been taught anything—or even how to take care of herself—the way daddy taught me!"

She returned to the letter, concentrating on it with every ounce of her brains.

"He means it. He is bad and he is quite capable of anything. I must be careful, I see that. I shall have to be very cautious." She frowned a little. "It must be someone in this house—in touch with someone here. But there are such a lot and so mixed."

She mentally paraded and inspected the twenty-odd people of the house party, but got nothing from that. They all came under one of three headings—well-to-do business men, friends and old city associates of Sir Paul; a few lifelong idlers either with real private means or with an appearance of possessing them; and several of the younger set.

Patiently the girl went through her mental list, ticking them off one by one. The city magnates passed muster at once—they were too big fish. The idlers, on the whole, got off lightly—they hardly had the brains or cunning. The younger set ——

Winnie stopped the procession in her mind—picked out one man and set him apart. Her eyes darkened suddenly.

"You are the man!" she whispered. "Either you—or one of the servants—or both of you." She nodded.

"Jack Rufford! The very last man one would ever suspect."

She pondered the auburn-headed one, his open amiable manner, his apparent indifference to money, his ready and universal friendliness.

"Oh, who could possibly suspect him?" she whispered breathlessly. "But—who else could possibly know? He was standing under the terrace when Sandra called to me about helping her in some trouble. I am sure he heard. If so he is the only one who could have written this note to me. Sandra's maid is the only other who could have overheard anything!"

A tiny recollection winged back to her mind—some airy joke May Fasterton had made a few days before about finding Jack Rufford whispering with Sandra's maid in the corridor—readily explained by the copper-haired youth. He had discovered a hole in his favorite golf stockings and was persuading Lady Lessborough's maid to darn the stocking. He had chosen her because she was very pretty, he had explained naïvely. Everybody had been amused for a few moments—but Winnie was no longer amused.

She was asking herself who could have overheard Sandra's request from the window but Rufford; or who have overheard her confidences to Winnie and May Fasterton but Sandra's maid.

"And, in a way, it helps account for that written warning," mused Winnie. "I know he is—interested in me. And he may have written trying to frighten me into leaving the difficulty alone—in case I happened to discover anything that would make me suspect and detest him. If I had been someone he disliked he need not have written a warning at all!"

She sat up.

"I am sure I am right! Jack Rufford! He must be bad—he must have done bad things before—to venture on a cruel, snakish scheme like this! And if he has done bad things before, perhaps I might be able to find out what they were!"

Then it occurred to her that even if she had found the right man she was no nearer helping Sandra Lessborough.

Even though she proved Rufford to be the blackmailer, Sandra would still be at his mercy. True, Sandra need only inform the police—but the instant she did that her income would cease. Rufford might be convicted and imprisoned—but that could not save her income.

(Continued on Page 104)

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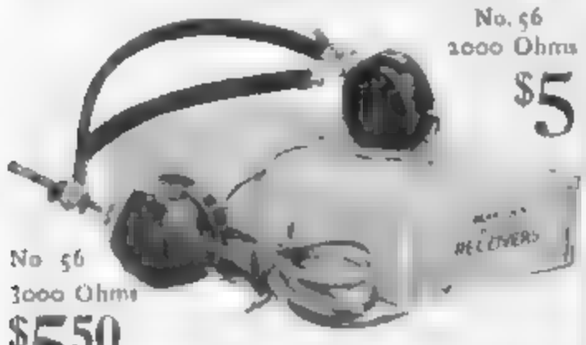

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(Continued from Page 102)

Winnie's eyes were violet dark and her face grave as she looked in her mirror preparatory to doing her hair before lunch.

"You are as helpless as Sandra, my dear," she said softly to the wide-eyed vision of Best-Beloved. "This man, whoever he is, seems to be a master blackmailer—like that fearful snake daddy shot once in India—a king cobra—is a master snake. No—not that"—her eyes danced—"a copperhead!"

She released a heavy coil of sheer gold.

"The mongoose is little and nobody notices it much, but it always contrives somehow to kill the cobra; and if a mongoose were matched against a copperhead I think he would destroy the copperhead too."

Her wide eyes fell on a little Chinese plate that hung on the wall facing the mirror, and the slender white fingers, busy with the bright curls, were still for a moment.

Then Winnie turned, went over, took the plate from the wall, and looked at the back of it attentively.

It was a dainty bit of old Chinese cloisonné, beautifully made centuries before by some incredibly patient yellow craftsman, long forgotten. Not content with achieving his intricate design at the front of the plate, he had fashioned a pattern of tiny leaves and flowers with thread-thin wire and many colored enamels at the back, and rubbed it as smooth as glass.

He had not lived in vain, that Chink artist of old time. His little masterpiece was precisely what Winnie needed just then. Ordinarily a little cloisonné plate is not to be recommended as a good weapon with which to hunt copperheads—unless the hunter knows how to use it.

Winnie did know. She polished the smooth back of the pretty trifle thoroughly, then put it on her dressing table, took out a pot of face cream, and began to hurry.

She sang softly a little air as she dressed—nothing much, just some playful scrap of a song about a little maid who used to stand by the sea and cast bread on the waters in the hope that it would return to her after many days—as, sure enough, it did, and heavily gold-plated and incrusted with gems, at that.

She was a practical little maid in the song that Winnie sang.

Rufford, drifting along the corridor to his room a little later, chanced to pass Winnie's door just as she came out.

She was a little flushed and excited and had a Chinese plate in her hand.

"Oh, please, I am looking for Lady Anderson, Mr. Rufford. I've found such a lovely little bit of cloisonné in my room, and I wanted to ask about it. I—I am a collector—in a tiny, modest way—and I don't quite know whether this is Chinese or old Japanese work. Do you understand cloisonné?"

The copperhead surveyed the shy, lovely, laughing face before him with avid interest—even with a species of intent greed.

"Eh? Oh, rather, Miss Winnie. What I mean—I know what I like and what I don't like, don't you know? May I see?"

He took the plate and studied it gravely, turned it over and back again.

"A topping good bit, I should say, Miss Winnie. No mark, of course—can't exactly place it—not an expert, naturally. Chinese, I should say." He made a wild shot in the dark. "Er—K'ang-h'si, don't you think, Miss Winnie?"

Winnie decidedly did not think so, but she did not bother to correct him. It was obvious that he knew as much about it as a merman knows of Ming—but it hardly mattered. Unless she had been very unlucky she had gained something a little more valuable than his opinion on the plate.

A deep gong began to grumble somewhere in the house, and Winnie turned back to her door.

"Luncheon—and I am not a bit ready yet," she said and disappeared.

For a moment the copperhead stared at her door, with a new, curious and rather disagreeable smile on his lips. Then he moved on down the corridor with his fists stuck deep in the pockets of his flannels, after the manner of that simple child of Nature, the casual young sportsman, whom he impersonated outwardly so very well but resembled inwardly so very little.

He was extremely pleased with himself, was Mr. Jack Rufford, and almost as pleased with Miss Winnie—quite the most attractive little thing in the place. He promised himself that if it were humanly possible he would contrive to take Winnie out on the river after lunch.

But he failed himself badly.

Winnie had business in London that afternoon—and minded it.

III

MR. GEORGE H. JAY, agent, stared with rather hard prominent eyes at the back of the Chinese plate on his desk.

"Hah, Miss Winnie, you are going in for a new line, are you?" he said. "Well, they tell me that there's a lot of money in these antiques—if you know enough about them. Collecting, hey?"

His eyes traveled back to Winnie a little dubiously.

"Far be it from me to discourage anybody—and certainly not you, Miss Winnie—but I should be no friend to you if I did not warn you before you lay out much capital on collecting that if you take it up seriously you are going to find yourself up against a crowd of merchants that could extract the teeth of a night watchman in his sleep for sake of the filling—and not wake him either, ha, ha. As keen as that, yes, Miss Winnie. There's money in collecting, yes, certainly—for the people who provide the collectors with their collections."

"Oh, but, please, I am not going to be a collector of antiques, dear Mr. Jay!" cried Winnie reassuringly.

"Eh? That's good—that's wise! But—this colored dish is an antique, surely?"

"Oh, yes, of course—but it isn't mine, you see—I only used the plate to collect something else." Gentle Mr. Jay's interest became more marked. "It isn't the plate that I value—though it is very pretty. It is the fingermarks that should be on the back of the plate," explained the girl.

"Ah—fingerprints, hey? Come, come, that's interesting! Fingerprints are valuable sometimes." Mr. Jay's eyes began to gleam a little. But Winnie did not seem too sure. "Oh, perhaps these aren't, please. I don't quite know yet. I wanted to ask for your help—if you are not too busy?"

"Busy? My dear Miss Winnie—nobody's busy nowadays," complained the gentle George H. "I don't mind admitting to you that I haven't paid expenses during the last month. This gray old London is a desert as far as business is concerned—and there hasn't been a caravan sighted for months. You can't do business in a desert unless somebody takes a chance and starts out a caravan or two. I'll confess to you, Miss Winnie, that I've been hoping as hard as my hope will let me that your lucky star would shine, and that you'd be needing the services of old George Reliable Jay before long. And I'll not deny that I like the sound of these finger tips—I like it very much indeed. What way can I serve you, Miss Winnie? You've only got to name it."

Winnie nodded.

"Ah, that's how you always talk, dear Mr. Jay, and it is so kind. This is only just a little thing, and it might lead to nothing at all. But I have been wondering if you could help me. You see, the happiness of a friend of mine is at stake. I am trying to save her happiness."

"Yes, yes, that is so like you, Miss Winnie. Always thinking of other people's happiness—when you aren't fighting to protect yourself. Does the lady stand to lose anything else besides her happiness, Miss Winnie?"

Winnie sighed.

"Oh, yes—her whole income—thirty thousand pounds a year."

Gentle Mr. Jay's lids flickered.

"Ah! How awful! We must save her. At all costs we must save her happiness, Miss Winnie!" he said, his voice full of compassion. "Not necessarily because of the income—not necessarily so—but—er—because of—natural good feeling." He fixed his eyes on the plate. "What do you wish me to do, Miss Winnie?"

"Oh, please, I hoped that you could have the finger tips photographed and that you might know somebody who could try to find out anything about the person who made them. You see, I am afraid he is trying to do a very cruel and wicked thing—so bad that I think he must have done other things before he sank so low. It might help my friend in some way if we could find out anything about this man."

She paused, her blue eyes anxious.

Mr. Jay gave a great and gusty sigh of relief.

"I see, Miss Winnie—I get you perfectly. And I'll be frank with you—as usual. It's not an easy matter to get fingerprints privately verified at the only place where there's a real record—Scotland Yard—but you have come to the right man to overcome the obstacles—Old George H. This thing is difficult, and I'll not deny it. It is going to cost more than a trifle—I'll confess it. But—it's going to be done, Miss Winnie. Leave everything to me, G. Resolute Jay! I don't say I can do it myself—but I've got a friend who knows a man who can. Believe me, Miss Winnie, if the man who finger-tipped that pie dish is in the records I am the man to get his record out."

And Winnie, recognizing an old familiar gleam in the glassy eye of the agent, returned to Abbeylands Court well satisfied that as long as Sandra Lessborough was in receipt of her thirty thousand a year she had in the gentle Mr. Jay a friend who would never allow her happiness to be out of his mind.

Winnie was utterly charming to the copperhead that evening.

"It won't be very pleasant," she had told herself plaintively in the train on the return journey, "but, after all, the plate may lead to nothing, and there isn't very much to go upon yet."

But though Rufford came to her lure like a cannibal trout after a troutlet, though he uttered with every appearance of sincerity many subtly clumsy compliments and would even have ventured on endearments, he was far too skilful to leave the minutest of loose ends hanging for Winnie's hovering wits to seize upon—except once at the end of their séance. But if that was a loose end of the skein for Winnie it was also one for Rufford. It was just a bit of bad luck.

Lady Anderson, passing their cozy corner in the drawing-room, suddenly bethought herself of a little matter, and paused.

"You look very content, you two," said the lady, smiling as a good hostess smiles to see her guests apparently happy. "It was quite all right about that cloisonné plate, Winnie. I only had time to nod when you spoke of it after lunch—so many people talking. Did you take it to the photographer's?"

Winnie felt the man beside her stiffen suddenly.

"Oh, yes, thank you, dear Lady Anderson. He promised to return it tomorrow. I asked an expert about it, too, and he thinks it is Middle Period Japanese—not Chinese at all."

"Ah, perhaps he is right. I only pretend to know that it is pretty and worth photographing. My husband is the antique enthusiast."

She smiled and passed on.

"What was she talking about, Miss Winnie?"

The girl was aware of a faint, odd vibration in the voice of the copperhead. She laughed softly, looking straight before her.

"Oh, it was nothing, Mr. Rufford. You see, I collect photographs of antiques, old china and things—to learn about them. Some day I hope to be prosperous enough to collect the real things. I was fascinated by that dear little plate I showed you—and asked Lady Anderson to let me have it photographed for my collection. That was all. Do you think that is a silly hobby?"

She turned to him, her blue eyes wide—and in full working order.

She knew that she was on the right track then. His own greenish-yellow eyes had changed. They were hard and curiously intent, inquiring.

Deep down, far under the pupils, Winnie fancied she caught a strange, faint, reddish glare. His face was dark and full of suspicion. But he was extremely quick. All that was gone in an instant. He was normal at once.

"Oh, I don't know, Miss Winnie. Everybody must have a hobby, what? Old china and that sort of thing appeals to lots of people. It's a jolly good idea to collect photographs. I come across some fine bits in pals' houses sometimes. I could get photographs of them for you if you liked. What's your photographer's name and address?"

But Winnie was ready for that. She rose, appearing not to have heard his last few words.

"May Fasterton is beckoning. She wants to tell me something," she said sweetly, and left him.

He looked after her, glanced stealthily at his fingers, and back to Winnie.

(Continued on Page 107)

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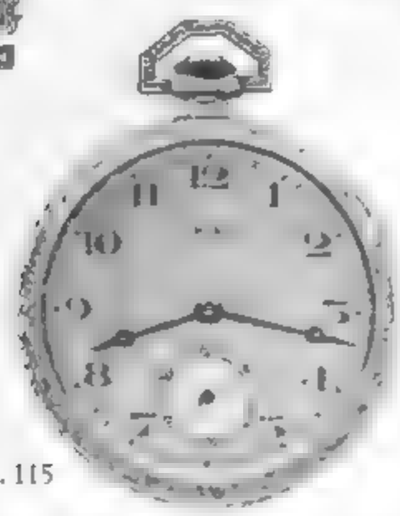

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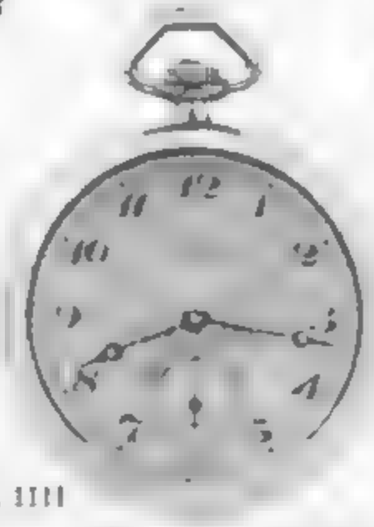

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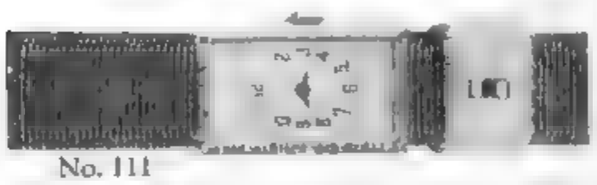

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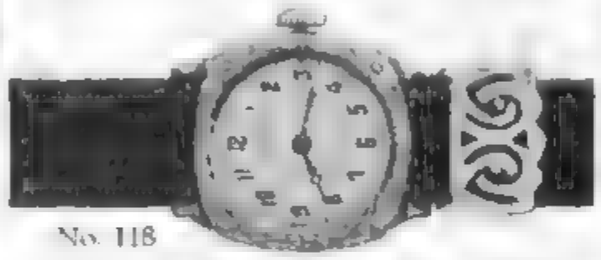

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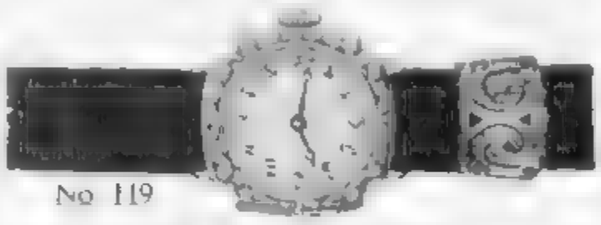

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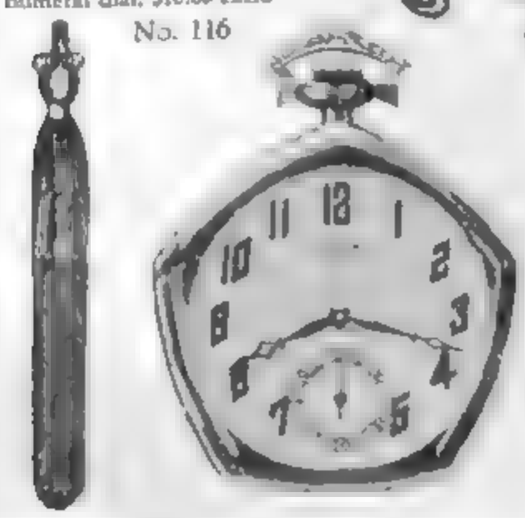

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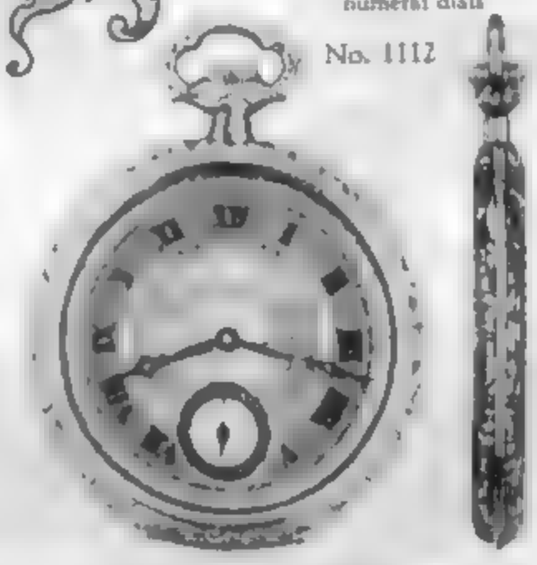

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Dietrich Gruen Extra Precision This mark identifies the finest timepieces made by the Guild. Certain extras in workmanship, finish and adjustments are added, making it a veritable timepiece de luxe

Both Precision marks identify Gruen Watches of the highest timekeeping perfection attainable

Actual photograph of "Caterpillar" Tractor at work on Ideal Section of Lincoln Highway ©

Building the World's Finest Mile

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road work. There is a "Caterpillar" of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever tractive power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

Recognizing the public's interest in better roads, the Lincoln Highway Association is now building an "Ideal Section" near Dyer, Ind., which represents in detail the combined experience and exactions of America's foremost highway engineers. With its right-of-way broadened to 100 feet to provide full landscaping possibilities, with a 40-foot concrete roadway designed to accommodate future increases in traffic, and with all specifications of methods and materials following the most advanced engineering practice, this "Ideal Section" will stand for years as a perfect example of economical and permanent road building.

The contract for this important project was awarded to J. C. O'Connor & Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Realizing the exacting power requirements under the rigid specifications, this experienced firm selected the "Caterpillar"* Tractor as the *ideal power* for uprooting trees, widening the right-of-way, cutting down banks, scarifying, grading, filling and hauling materials. On this, as on every cross-country highway or local road improvement project, the "Caterpillar"* provides the utmost in capacity and in economical power.

In all parts of the country "Caterpillars"* are being used by contractors, counties and townships to grade and maintain vast systems of dirt and gravel roads, and by cities for public works of many kinds. No other power method effects such savings of time and labor. No other method so definitely protects the interests of the taxpayers in the expenditure of road funds. Our motion picture, "The Nation's Road-Maker," showing the building of the "Ideal Section" of the Lincoln Highway and other jobs, will interest every motorist, taxpayer and good roads enthusiast. Upon request we will arrange an exhibition or send our illustrated catalog.

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THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
Branches and service stations all over the world

(Continued from Page 104)

"I wonder. What a fool I was to handle that infernal plate! I thought it felt odd—smeary. But that's absurd—she hasn't brains enough. All the beauty in the world, yes—but brains—nay, nay!" He shrugged. "Impossible. And suppose she did! They'd be of no use to her. Fingerprints! As much use to her as a photograph of the Chinese alphabet to a butterfly!"

He laughed softly—staring across the room to Winnie, who was chatting to May Fasterton and the beautiful Lady Lessborough. They were laughing, he saw, as though over some scrap of gossip—and the hard suspicion died out of his eyes. The copperhead had been alarmed, but now he coiled again to bask in the sunshine of success. Like others before him, as dangerous and venomous as himself, he underestimated little Winnie Wide-Eyes, for he had not the remotest idea of what the ladies were discussing.

Before going to town that afternoon Winnie had asked May to find out all Sandra could tell her about the antecedents of Sandra's maid. Now Winnie was learning how extremely little that was.

IV

TWO tranquil days followed, during which Winnie made no further effort to tempt the good-looking copperhead into any slip or indiscretion. There was no need of that now, for gentle Mr. Jay, having spied a caravan in the desert, lost no time whatever in making an all-fours pounce upon it. He had telephoned his little client that the photographer had successfully magicked two completely adequate sets of prints off the plate, and that his subsequent investigation promised well. His mysterious friend who knew a man who had access to the records had proved friendly for what he, Mr. Jay, personally regarded as a very modest figure—considering what was at stake—and the result would shortly be forthcoming.

So that the days were sunny on the river for Winnie, and she was gracious to Rufford.

He, too, basked in the sunshine and his suspicions were asleep. He complained once that Winnie kept him rather at a distance, considering what chums they were. But the child, reclining on a mound of soft cushions at her end of the comfortable punt which the copperhead was poling, only smiled and said that perhaps—in a day or two—she would change towards him. And that was true.

On the second of the lazy days he spoke tentatively of gifts. Would she, for example, grant him the privilege of offering for her acceptance a lovely little ruby-backed eggshell plate of the Chien-Lung period of which he knew and could obtain? Winnie asked him to describe it—which he did. Then she sighed a little and declined. She knew that plate—she had seen it two days before. It was offered for sale at an antique dealer's in town. And its figure was a modest three hundred and fifty pounds Winnie would have loved it—but not as a gift from the copperhead, who, obviously, would extract the cost from Sandra.

Rufford accepted the softly expressed rebuff. He was a patient man, and could bide his time. He had missed his aim with that coil, but he had others. A girl like Winnie was worth waiting for, and when he had finished with Lady Lessborough would be time enough for Winnie.

Then Sandra Lessborough left unexpectedly to join a party at a country house some fifteen miles away. Winnie and May Fasterton motored across with her. It was a delightful run, but the sun was brighter, the scenery more beautiful for Winnie than for her companions—for she had received that morning a long letter, carefully registered, from Mr. Jay.

Sandra Lessborough was as depressed as it was possible for any lady with such a beautiful neck to be. Just before leaving she had found on her dressing table a brief intimation from the unknown signing himself Proof, that he required five thousand pounds at once and forthwith. She was instructed to procure that sum in moderately small notes, pack them, place the package in the mouth of a rabbit burrow under an isolated tree in the park—said tree and burrow being carefully indicated by a penciled map—and leave it there.

Lady May's fine eyes sparkled with anger as Sandra narrated the facts of this latest manifestation of Proof's desire to get rich quick.

"But it's infamous!" she exclaimed. "This sort of thing—strikes at the er—very—er—roots of society! Oh, Winnie—Winnie—can't you possibly make those wonderful wits of yours produce a plan to scotch this invisible snake. He must be caught! Why, it's the sort of thing that might happen to anyone! Sandra would give anything you liked to ask for if you could help her."

"Why, of course!" breathed Sandra. "For that matter, I would give anybody anything they asked for now—while I have it to give. Anything rather than yield it to this unknown creature. Though it is very sad to think that, if this continues, I shall soon have to see about learning how to earn my own living!"

There was a delicious pale flush of excitement on Winnie's cheeks as she leaned forward.

"Please, Sandra dear, don't be unhappy any longer. You won't be bothered any more after today by Proof—though there may be one little shock that I can't save you from."

They stared at her. She looked very sweet and demure in her little linen summer suit as she sat opposite them in the big luxurious car.

"Winnie! What do you mean, child?"

The Ladies Fasterton and Lessborough leaned forward, stirred, almost startled, from their usual pose of cool, faintly satirical indifference.

"I—I think I shall be able to extract the fangs of the serpent tonight," said Winnie, her eyes wide and like stars of sapphire.

May Fasterton looked intently at her for a second, then laughed.

"What did I tell you, Sandra?" she said with a little shrug. "I am always right."

Sandra, roused for once, was all for hearing the exciting details, but Winnie was not yet ready.

"Please, not now. I don't want to say anything more now. Tomorrow May and I will come over and tell you everything. Only—the blackmailer is so crafty and—quick—that you may yet be disappointed," said Winnie. "You must be quite sure not to let your maid know anything at all about this. And if you will let me have the note from Proof and the package of notes—they may be very useful to my plan."

Sandra was only too anxious to be obedient. She had telephoned her bank to send a messenger with the money to meet her at the house to which they were now going.

Lady Fasterton's eyes suddenly lit up with the blaze of a great idea. She was probably fonder of Winnie than of anybody she knew or anything she possessed, and it was a cause of some discomfort, if not distress, to her that the child was not well off. She really admired Winnie's intelligence and never hesitated frankly—and publicly if necessary—to rate it as incredibly superior to her own. Winnie never accepted charity, she knew, but like many others who do not accept charity, the child was distinctly firm for what she earned. May encouraged that, for the sooner Winnie got rich the better the wealthy wife of Lord Fasterton would be pleased. She foresaw some quite amusing times when little Miss Winnie was rich enough to travel about with her more or less on terms of reasonable financial equality. And to achieve this result kind Lady May never had the slightest hesitation or compunction in assisting the transfer of some portion of her rich friends' surplus to Winnie's temporarily depleted exchequer.

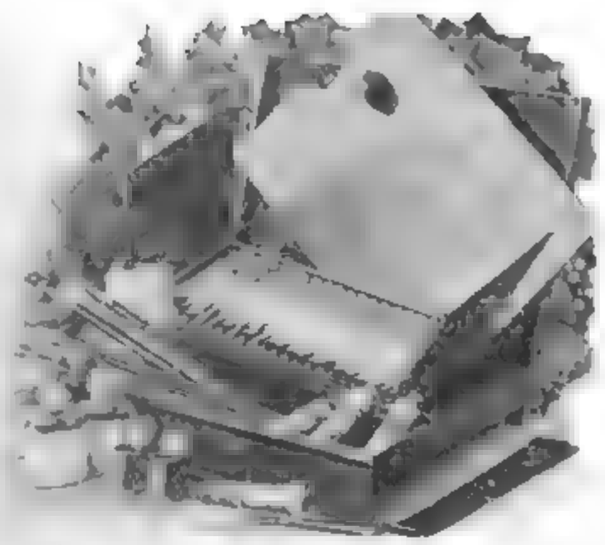
"I think you are perfectly wonderful, little one—and as sweet and modest as you are wonderful. Sandra, we must help Winnie get as rich as she deserves. When she has extricated you from the coils of this—this snake in the grass, can't you think of someone else who would pay for the application of some real brains to their difficulties?"

Sandra was quite sure she could.

"Oh, yes—I think most of my friends are in difficulties of some kind. Perhaps lots of them are being blackmailed or something for their indiscretions. I should be very surprised if they aren't."

Continued on Page 109

Three Times Winnie Read That Formal Warning—Each Time More Carefully



The Greatest Gift of Joy

Make this a colorful Christmas for young folk, by giving Weber Painting Outfits of oil or water colors or pastels.

Give the opportunity for self expression; gratity creative instinct, perhaps point the path to genius.

A painting outfit offers greater wealth of unalloyed joy than any other gift at the price.

WEBER PAINTING OUTFITS

Colors of Weber quality, imported brushes, handsome cases; every detail voices quality.

Outfits at various prices bring such gifts within the reach of any purse.

Stationers and Artist Supply Stores have Special Holiday Showings of Weber Outfits.

Illustrated folders of Christmas suggestions sent cheerfully on request.

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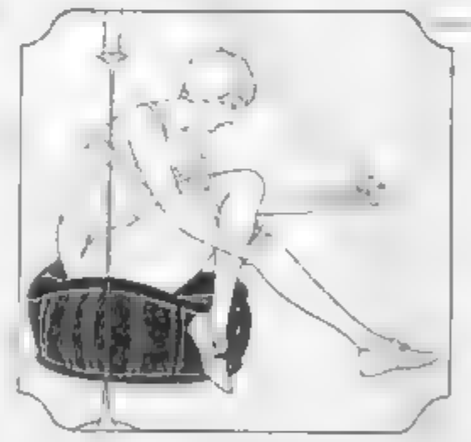

There's a wealth of warmth and comfort in CosyToes. These luxurious slippers, fashioned from the finest of wool, give the feet snug protection.

Appropriate styles for Men, Women and Children
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CosyToes feltwear
California's Qualiteed Slippers
FROM SUN-BLEACHED WOOL

Stop Those Big Gas Bills for HOT WATER
DURING THE HEATING SEASON

This Booklet Tells The Story

Heater attached to your heating plant supplies your hot water needs day and night at practically no extra cost. Connected to your boiler or furnace using present storage tank. Free booklet gives name of dealer and kind of heating.

EXCELSO SPECIALTY WORKS
222 EXCELSO BLDG. BUFFALO, N.Y.

EXCELSO WATER HEATERS
Sold by All Plumbers and Steamfitters

On Guard!

Your banker stands guard ceaselessly providing your funds with protection

"On Guard" Week

Nov. 18th to 25th

Banks all over the United States join in great deposit-protecting program

Your banker always carefully guards your funds in every way possible with prompt provision against any preventable loss. He aims, by these constant endeavors, to deserve and hold the public faith which has enabled him to develop his business to its present strength and prosperity. During this week he will make a special effort to put you "On Guard" against any preventable losses.

Insured checks protect you from "check-raisers"

Thousands of good bankers now provide insurance against the fraudulent alteration of bank checks, thus eliminating another element of danger. Help your banker defeat the check-raiser and protect your bank account by using Super-Safety Insured Checks. They are insured against fraudulent alteration to the amount of $1,000.00 for each depositor. Bankers offer this unusual added protection for the greater security of your checking funds.

Bankers gladly furnish this protection without charge

In appreciation of your business, and as a further evidence of his interest in your welfare and the safety of your funds, your banker gives you these Super-Safety Insured Checks. With them, you do not need to simply trust ingenious ways of protection. You can write your checks with pen and ink or typewriter, and be positively protected against loss through fraudulent alterations. Look for a banker in your locality who gladly offers you this accommodation without charge

Ask your banker for one of the individual insurance certificates shown in the column at the right, protecting you with $1,000.00 of insurance against loss through fraudulent check alterations.

SUPER-SAFETY **Insured** BANK-CHECKS

The Bankers Supply Company

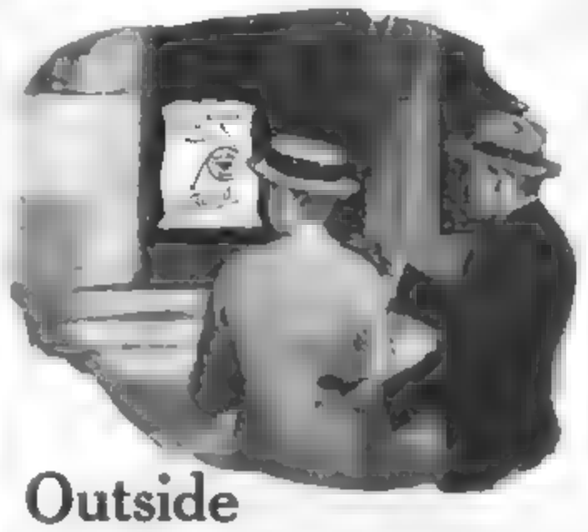
The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

Ask Your Banker

HARTFORD

Thousands of banks present this evidence of protection



Outside on the door

You will find this transparent window sign on the doors and windows of banks providing Super-Safety Insured checks for depositors' use. It is evidence that inside you will receive, without charge, the positive protection of $1,000 insurance against loss through fraudulent alterations of your checks.

Inside on the "cage"

You will find this little aluminum sign beside the window of the teller's "cage" inside the bank that gives Super-Safety Insured checks. Tell the banker at the window that you want these checks. Tell him you don't want to trust to ingenuity for protection against check-raising losses. Ask him for these checks and eliminate check-raising hazards.

Get this $1,000.00 of insurance with your first deposit

When your banker gives you your Super-Safety Insured checks, he will provide you with this $1,000.00 insurance certificate protecting you against loss through fraudulent alterations. This certificate is issued only with checks insured in the "Hartford" against loss through fraudulent or felonious alteration. It stands guard between Super-Safety check users and losses caused by altered checks. Get yours today

(Continued from Page 107)

"That will be delightful," cooed May. "Won't it, Winnie?"

Winnie smiled a little demure smile—half sad.

"I don't think I am so wonderful as you always think, May dearest," she said. "But I love helping people if I can."

"Of course—but they must be rich people, naturally. There are organizations for helping the poor—but the unhappy rich have to fight for themselves, poor things."

Two of them laughed a little at that. But Sandra did not seem to think it at all amusing.

MR. GEORGE H. JAY made a second report in person that evening, calling immediately after dinner.

"As you know, Miss Winnie, I am far from being the sort of man to hang festoons or garlands round my own neck—to buy my own bokays—or to erect any triumphant arch in my own honor, ha, ha—but I'll venture to say that there is not a whole multitude of men in the city of London who could have fought for you in this matter the way I've fought—and, you may say, won. At least, I hope so. When you gave me that plate and your instructions, you handed me, so to put it, an orange. I've done my best and I guess I've squeezed that orange dry. I've brought you the juice—and left the skin at Scotland Yard, so to speak!"

They were sitting in the big library—rarely occupied except by the servants when dusting the books—and Winnie, exquisite in a new little frock, was sorting a number of papers. Into one envelope she put some of the papers that Mr. Jay had brought and gave it into his charge.

"You won't be far away, dear Mr. Jay, so that if these are necessary I can always ask you for them, can't I?" she asked. Then from a dispatch case she took, with slim gentle fingers, a wad of notes that made the gentle George H. first of all stare and throw up his head like a startled stag, then beam like a lighthouse. "And if you would please care for these for me a little while, dear Mr. Jay, that would be so kind of you too. They belong to Lady Sandra Lessborough." Her voice was sweet to Mr. Jay, like distant music, drawing nearer.

"Why, surely, surely, Miss Winnie—they will be safe with me."

"And if you would wait here, please? The billiard room adjoins this—through that door. They are playing there now. I expect I shall be only a little while there. If there is anything you would care to have, will you ring for it?" She smiled. "Sir Paul is very proud of his prewar whisky," she added—and left it to the gentle one's discretion and inclination.

"A grand little hostess," mused Mr. Jay, his prominent eyes following the love-in-a-mist frock and the glorious golden head like a flower above it. "And—no sloth at business," he added, patting his wad pocket. "No, sir, that's what I like about her—she's a girl that ain't above allowing a margin for a man-size rake-off."

Winnie went softly through into the billiard room, where a number of the more irresponsible of the party were thoroughly enjoying a rather riotous game of lunatic pool. These had been shooed out of the drawing-room because they were not adapted for even temporary existence in the rarefied atmosphere created by a frizzy-haired person at the piano who was reproducing, with both hands and feet, large quantities of the art of Debussy.

Lady Fasterton was umpiring the lunatics—with extreme efficiency, as she frankly told Winnie. "So well adapted for it, darling!"

Winnie was looking for Mr. Rufford.

"Oh, May dear, have you seen Mr. Rufford ——" she began, but broke off, for the copperhead entered even as she spoke.

Winnie beckoned him and he threaded his way across.

"Oh, how bitterly angry he looks," she told herself.

And that was true. A little hard wrinkle had carved itself between his brows, and there was a pale flare in his eyes. His lips seemed to have thinned and hardened.

The blue innocent eyes of the little love-in-a-mist lady dropped to his dress boots. They were damp and soiled slightly—as if their wearer had been strolling in the park.

Winnie had found a cozy corner on a leather settee in one of the deeply embrasured windows. She patted the place next to her with a species of shy invitation, and the copperhead dropped into it.

"Have you been walking in the park, Mr. Rufford?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Miss Winnie. Had an idea that I should enjoy a cigar in the moonlight."

"I expect it was very nice."

"Would you like a stroll out there?"

"Oh, no, thank you—at least not yet. You see, I am tired a little. Lady Fasterton and I only got back just before dinner. We motored over to Norman's Hall with Sandra Lessborough. And that reminds me—there is something I have to give you from Sandra."

She produced a package. She felt him go rigid beside her—on guard in a flash.

"From Lady Lessborough!"

He put a tinge of surprise into his tone, took the packet, thanked her casually, and would have slipped it into his pocket. But Winnie stopped him with a feathery touch of finger tips on his wrist.

She was sitting round, facing him now, and her blue eyes were very intent.

"Sandra thought that it was so much more convenient for me to hand it to you than to give you the trouble of going out to grope in a rabbit hole for it!" she said slowly and distinctly, watching his face.

His strong fingers closed sharply over the package, crunching the paper, and a curious change passed over him. His face paled, his cheeks seemed to hollow, and a singular reddish glitter fired his eyes. But he maintained a perfect control over his voice.

"So you have managed to find out who Proof is, after all, have you? I always had a lurking idea that you would. But if you have been clever enough to puzzle that out you are clever enough to keep it to yourself!"

"But, please, why?" Winnie's voice was even less agitated than his own.

"Why? For Lady Lessborough's sake, first—for your own sake next. If you don't ——" He thrust his head nearer to her, in a queer, menacing, flattish action. "If you do not—I warn you that I will have no compunction. I will squeeze her dry to the last shilling! And you, you clever little devil—to the last kiss!"

Winnie's face was wholly tranquil.

"But, please—won't you open the packet before you threaten so—so malignantly?" she pleaded.

He stared for a moment, then broke open the flap, thrust in questing fingers and brought out—by no means any money, but a perfect print from a photographic negative, of a set of fingerprints, and a letter.

"Ah! Mine, I suppose? From that infernal Chinese plate?" His voice vibrated.

"I—I am afraid so," sighed Winnie. "There is another set at Scotland Yard, from Mrs. Lee-Exmouth's jewel case, which was emptied by a hotel thief two years ago—for whom the police are still looking. The prints correspond—they were made by the same man. And though the police could not find him they knew a great deal about him."

His face was drawn, like tight parchment, and his eyes flickered swiftly about the room at the laughing crowd fooling about the billiard table. Winnie, noting the rapid darting glance, thought of the tongue of one of the snakes after which she had named him.

"This thing—this letter—I'm not going to waste time to read it now. What's it about?"

"Oh, just to show you how completely Lady Lessborough is out of your coils, Mr. Ambrose Wellhaven," said Winnie softly, "I will tell you the contents if you wish. You are a cousin of Major Tony Wellhaven. You eloped with Eve Wellhaven, the major's first wife, in the days before the war—and you and she became adventurers. The police know that about you—and I learned it from them. For some reason—I think with a view to future blackmail—you notified the major that his wife was dead—and, soon after, he married Lady Lessborough. In the hope of his doing that you must have been watching him closely. I can't think of any other way by which you could have known—unless it was through some nurse or hospital orderly with him when he died. You found out the terms of Sir Youghal Lessborough's will—that can be done for one shilling at Somerset House, I know—and then you realized your good fortune. You and Eve Wellhaven had intended to blackmail the major and his war wife in any case, but the terms of Sir Youghal's will came as a godsend to you. But you were

Out-distancing Yesterday's Best

THE stage-coach, the old wood-burning engine, the modern trans-continental express!

The quill, the steel pen, the self-filling fountain pen, and now the modern Dunn-Pen!

The more you know about fountain pens, the more you will appreciate the big practical improvements embodied in the Dunn-Pen. It's built on a scientific principle that does away with the usual rubber sac in a fountain pen. It thereby greatly increases ink-capacity.

The Dunn-Pen holds nearly three times more ink than the ordinary self-filling pen of its size. Instead of a rubber sac or ink-container that takes up space, it has a simple, positive pump-action that fills the whole barrel and cleans as it fills. No valves, seams or springs—nothing to get out of order. It's the perfected fountain pen!

You ought to try this modern Dunn-Pen. It's as handy as handsome—splendidly balanced, beautifully finished. No other pen can approach it in appearance or performance. No other pen is backed by so liberal a *guarantee on every part.*

DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

UNLIMITED GUARANTEE
the marvelous
DUNN-PEN
The Fountain Pen with the Red Pump Handle
is hereby guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction. The Dunn-Pen Company, Inc., agrees to replace, without charge any part of the Dunn-Pen that shows defect of any kind, at any time.
DUNN-PEN COMPANY INC.
NEW YORK

"CAMEL TATLER"
with strong, sturdy, transparent barrel showing ink-supply at a glance. Made also with black hard rubber barrel. 27 styles. $2.75 up.

Ellis Parker Butler

Notice: This is the fifth of a series of six advertisements appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Ellis Parker Butler, world-famous humorist and author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "Perfect Behavior," "Red Head," etc. Mr. Butler accepted this commission only on condition that he be permitted to say exactly what he pleased on the subject.

Says Charlie Yong—50-50 American:

"You marry me or I kill Lo Sang Kee"

To my notion the meanest thing a man can do is to give away the plot of a play. I never do it. I have not done it in this series of "East is West" advertisements. All I have said is that Ming Toy, the little "Chinese" maid who "don't feel China," meets an athletic young American (Billy Benson) and is then hurried to a love-boat to be sold into matrimonial slavery. That happens in China and presently little Ming Toy is in San Francisco. I have not said how she gets there, or why But in San Francisco a new villain pops up—the 50-50 Chinaman Charlie Yong, who is going to get Ming Toy if he has to steal her and murder everyone else.

That does create a situation! Charlie Yong is the fat-but corseted chop suey king of San Francisco, and he usually gets what he wants. I don't mind saying he is the most consummately conceited ass I ever ran across and that I felt a most extreme dislike to having him get Ming Toy. Charlie Yong is one of the fellows with such a big lump of grinning egotism that you want to kick him downstairs every time you see him, even if you have to hire a carpenter to build the stairs. It is a genuine pleasure to dislike Charlie Yong; a man feels nobler and better for disliking him. To sit there and dislike Charlie Yong for half an hour is better than going to church. You come away feeling that this is still a good old world while there are people left that you can dislike as joyously as you dislike Charlie Yong. And even Pollyanna, dear child! would be glad—glad—glad to see what Charlie Yong gets in the last reel of "East is West."

(Look for my last advertisement next week.)

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in

"EAST is WEST"

Directed by Sidney Franklin

Adapted by Frances Marion from the play by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Originally produced by William Harris, Jr.

A First National Attraction

groovy so merciless to Lady Lessborough that she ventured to consult her friends. One of them happened to be me. You chanced to be close by—under the terrace do you remember, Mr. Wellhaven?—and you overheard her call to me that she was in trouble."

Winnie paused a moment. The copperhead was listening intently.

"You had been very crafty and clever up till then—but then you made your first mistake."

"Ah! And what was that?" he asked in that new, thick, vibrating voice.

"You wrote to me—and warned me not to meddle." She smiled. "You see—only you could have known that I was going to meddle—you and one other."

"One other?"

"Yes—Lady Lessborough's maid."

"What has the maid to do with it?"

"The maid," said Winnie slowly, "is Eve Wellhaven, your confederate. She was never divorced from the major, so, you see, she is his widow, not Lady Lessborough!"

She was watching his face—its sudden ugly, almost murderous threat.

"Control yourself," Winnie whispered swiftly, "or I will call out to the men in this room—and they would have no mercy on you!"

His hands clenched.

Winnie administered the *coup de grace*.

"Lady Lessborough is not his widow—she was never legally his wife—for he was still married to Eve Wellhaven. This is so sad—in one way—for Lady Lessborough—but she is innocent really—for she never knew. She loved the major—and they both believed him free to marry. But it is fortunate for her in another way—for it saves her completely from you or any other serpent, Mr. Wellhaven!"

He swayed his head, partly nodding. And he denied nothing.

He was staring with a horrible hunger of hate in his eyes.

"You velvet-footed little cat! If you had told me all this in the park I'd have killed you."

Winnie nodded, wide-eyed.

"Oh, yes," she answered blithely. "That is why I told you in the billiard room."

He stood up sharply, staring down at her.

"To think that you—a child like you—could kill the most perfect plan ever thought out—a—a——"

He stopped, probably struck by the desperate urgency of getting away, and without another word moved off, passing among the players with a fixed smile like a mask on his narrow lips. He was through the library door.

Winnie followed him, guessing his intention, for she knew him to be a man of swift decisions.

She was just in time to see the end. Without a glance at Mr. George H. Jay, who was caring devotedly for a large tumbler of some amber fluid, the copperhead glided to the French window of the library, opened it silently and stepped out. There was a sudden flurry of feet, somebody swore—and Mr. Jay beamed benignly upon Winnie.

"The detectives, Mr. Jay?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Winnie. With a warrant for the theft of Mrs. Lee-Exmouth's jewels two years ago. It's been waiting nearly two years for him. Do you wish to see, Miss Winnie?"

"Oh, no! Please not!" Winnie shivered. "I must go to the telephone. I—I have good news for a great friend of mine."

May Fasterton joined her en route.

"I've been watching you, little one. Something has happened. What is it, Winnie?" she coaxed.

"Proof is on the way to prison for stealing jewels—and Sandra is free of him! I will tell you and Sandra everything presently." She paused by the telephone, utterly charming in her love-in-a-mist frock. "Only—please—it is so sad for Sandra. You see—she was never really legally married to Major Wellhaven at all! It was quite an innocent mistake—but what will she say?"

The vivacious May frowned, thought, frowned again, then suddenly smiled.

"Sandra will sigh—and blame the war. Then she will motor over here as fast as her driver can bring her, to hear the whole dreadful story—and to pay you the fee you have earned so well, little one."

"Fee, May?"

Winnie was quite perplexed.

"The five thousand that was to be placed in the rabbit burrow. And I shall be very angry if you don't take it, Winnie."

"Oh, May—must I?"

"Indeed you must, darling. Sandra might have lost her whole fortune but for you. She will insist."

And Sandra did—fortunately for the grateful and comforting 10 per cent of gentle George H. Jay, who, even as Winnie broke the news on the phone, was nursing it fondly in the library—waiting, waiting.

Chimney Rock, North Carolina

The Watchman of the Coal Pile

A fascinating chapter of business history that has a vital bearing on the coal shortage and your pocket-book

ON A DULL April morning, in 1913, George D. Hoffman arrived in Chicago with a valve in his pocket and very little else. His destination led him down through the busy streets of the old West Side; streets where the strident cries of teamsters pierced the dull rumble of jostling trucks.

Entering one of the largest of the plants, which stand shoulder to shoulder and glare at each other, Hoffman asked for Mr. Nickel, Vice-President and purchasing agent. It was characteristic that Hoffman should seek the biggest man in the biggest business of its kind in the country; a distributing concern which sold heating equipment wherever heat is needed; an organization whose branch offices dot the cities of the world.

After a short wait, Hoffman was ushered into an office where Nickel sat behind a big desk, frowning over his papers. Finally, the Vice President glanced up and smiled as he recognized the short, sturdy, earnest man who stood quietly before him. He stretched out his hand. "'Lo there Hoffman! Glad to see you. What's on your mind?"

Hoffman slowly drew the valve from his pocket and placed it on the desk. "Here's a new radiator air-valve for steam heating systems. It's my own valve. I want you to buy it."

"Hum!", said Nickel thoughtfully. "If you made it, it ought to be good. But—" he shrugged his shoulders, "You know how we're fixed—practically tied up to The Universal Radiator Company. All our branch houses are stocked with their valves. It's a good valve, too. In fact—", with a grin, "If I'm not mistaken you personally sold 'em to us in the first place. I don't see just why we should buy your valve, Hoffman—do you?"

A Prophecy

"MR. NICKEL," said Hoffman very quietly, "You can't afford *not* to buy my valve," and pausing as though to measure every word, "You can't afford not to buy it because within the next few years this valve is going to save thousands of tons of coal for people with steam heating systems. It's going to give them a degree of heat-comfort they've never had before. It will function as no other valve will. It is absolutely in a class by itself."

"That's tall talk, Hoffman," objected Nickel.

"Yes it is, but you know something about me, at least."

"Yes," agreed Nickel, "I know that you don't overstate things as a rule."

He was silent for a minute, then turning quickly toward Hoffman, "Can you prove what you've said about this valve?"

"Yes!" replied Hoffman.

Nickel rose, picked up the valve, and said shortly, "Suppose you come upstairs with me."

They climbed two flights of stairs and entered a room filled with pipes, and gauges and the sound of steam. The temperature was tropical. A tall man in shirt sleeves rose and approached them.

"Mr. Hoffman, this is Ed Wilson our chief engineer," said Nickel. The two men shook hands.

"Mr. Hoffman," explained Nickel, "Has a radiator vent valve that he says, is a world-beater. And he claims he can prove it. I want you, Ed, to do anything he says, give him as much time as he needs, test his valve in every way possible and give me a report."

The Proof

"I'M WILLING to be shown," said the tall engineer, his eyes twinkling as he looked down at Hoffman through his glasses.

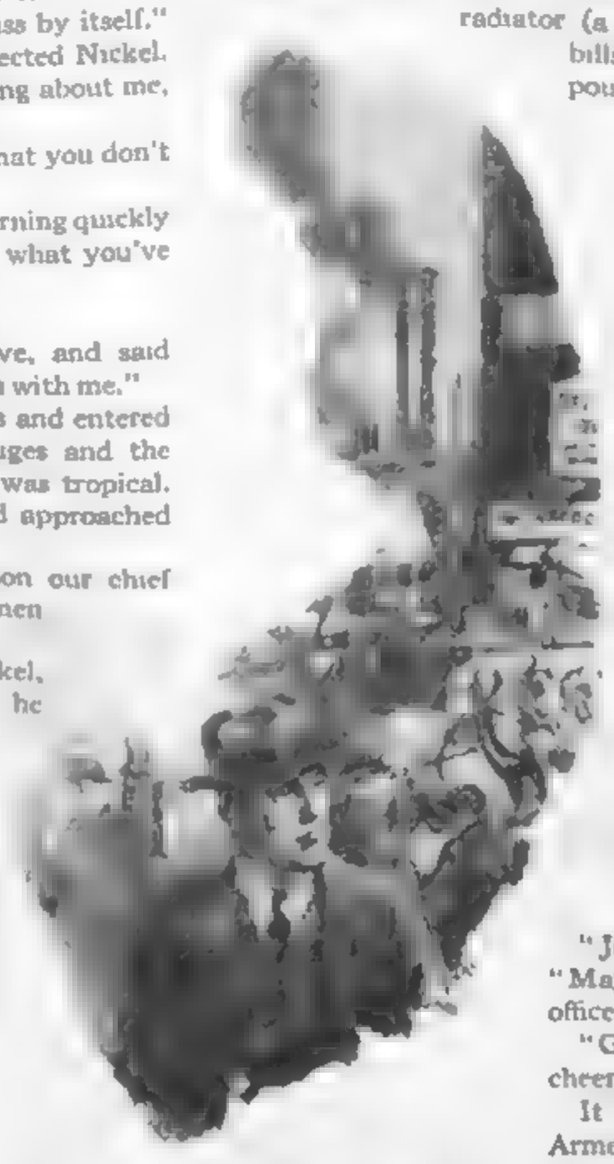
As Nickel started for the door he called over his shoulder, "How's that, Hoffman, all right?" But Hoffman didn't even hear him. Already he had his coat off and turning to Wilson said briskly, "First thing I want, Mr. Wilson, is to have a radiator set up here; arranged so we can shoot steam and air and water into it; so we can reproduce exactly the conditions which exist on a radiator in actual operation. Then I want to send out and get every single make of valve you can find."

Late that afternoon, the experimental radiator was in operation and Wilson's men had returned with every known radiator air valve.

Three solid days and a good part of three nights, Hoffman and Wilson tested and retested and recorded. Steam and water and air were shot into that radiator.

Some of the valves failed to prevent the escape of steam and the radiator hissed in that disagreeable way you've often heard. Other valves sputtered and dripped and leaked water. Others failed to vent all the air from the radiator (a costly failure that piles up the coal bills). And most of the time the radiator pounded and banged and rattled like an untamed flivver. But there was one valve which seemed to subdue it instantly into silent, good behavior. One valve which consistently and unfailingly performed every operation perfectly. One valve that was in a class by itself. And that valve was the one Hoffman had carried in his pocket all the way to Chicago.

—and a good part of three nights, Hoffman and Wilson tested and retested



—the cries of teamsters pierced the dull rumble of trucks

The First Letter of Success

AS A RESULT of these tests Wilson's report to Nickel said, "Everything Hoffman claims for his valve is true—and a little bit more." And as a result of this report Nickel gave Hoffman an order which staggered him. Then, calling his secretary, Nickel dictated a letter to all his branch offices, briefly telling of the tests and instructing them to see Hoffman.

"Is that fair enough?" he asked as Hoffman was leaving.

"Just one more thing," Hoffman replied. "May I use your letter to your branch offices, to get other business?"

"Go as far as you like!" said Nickel cheerfully, "And good luck!"

It was that letter that made Hoffman. Armed with the approval of one of the biggest men in the business Hoffman literally swept the country. Stopping only at the biggest distributors he received an order wherever he stopped.

Within a year of the Chicago visit, Hoffman was flooded with letters from home owners, engineers and dealers all over the country. Letters which read—"Your valves cut a third from my coal bill." "Radiators are now 100% hot and absolutely silent." "More than paid for the valves the first winter through the coal they saved." And then one day came a letter which said, "We call your valve The Watchman of the Coal Pile." And the name was so appropriate it stuck. Today the Watchman of the Coal Pile is known from coast to coast.

They're Still the Same

NINE years have passed since the Chicago trip. In those years Hoffman has worked constantly to make a tiny improvement on the valve here, or a little refinement there. As each *new* make of valve appears on the market it is thoroughly tested by the Hoffman Laboratories, just as Hoffman and Wilson tested them in Chicago. And it is just as true today as it was nine years ago that the Hoffman Valve is in a class by itself.

It is an interesting indication of character, in these days of slipshod manufacture, that in spite of its superiority, *every single* Hoffman Valve made is put through the most rigid tests before leaving the factory. No wonder they are guaranteed in writing to give five full years of satisfaction.

How it Affects You

AND now you may well ask, "What has all this to do with the coal shortage and more especially with my pocket-book?" The answer is simply this. On a steam heating system, engineers agree that the air valves on the radiators come pretty close to controlling the situation. They can range in efficiency from a point where they make the system criminally wasteful of fuel to the high point of Hoffman perfection where they make a marked saving in your fuel bills.

In a year when the price of coal is prohibitive it will pay you greatly to have your Heating Contractor replace (in a very short time) your present radiator valves with No. 1 Hoffman Valves, Watchmen of the Coal Pile. They'll greatly reduce your coal bills. And, aside from economy, it will be a convenience to use less coal this year, when it is so difficult to get; especially when you get, "more heat from less coal."

Hoffman Valves besides making your radiators 100% efficient, eliminate disagreeable hissing, sputtering and banging caused by faulty air valves.

Hoffman Valves will more than pay for themselves this winter. And remember they're guaranteed in writing for five full years of satisfactory service.

During the coal shortage, let the No. 1 Hoffman Valve, Watchman of the Coal Pile, be your Fuel Administrator!

Note—With the exception of Mr. Hoffman's name, the other names used in this article are, for obvious reasons, fictitious. The story itself is fact

Check this coupon and mail to the Hoffman Specialty Co., Waterbury, Conn.

☐ I desire to prove to my own satisfaction that Hoffman Valves will increase my heat-comfort and decrease my coal bills. Enclosed is $2.15 for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve to test on my worst radiator. If I am not satisfied I can return the valve and receive my money back without question.

☐ Please send me the booklet, "More Heat from Less Coal," which explains in detail why Hoffman Valves save coal and increase comfort.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

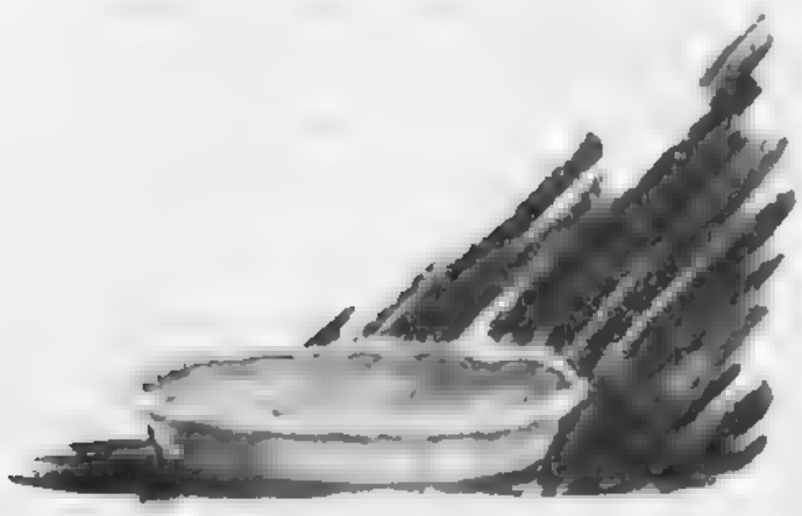
Home for Thanksgiving and "Mother's cooking"!

Mother's plans for a pantry full of holiday good things will surely include a big, white coconut cake, rich with home-made goodness. And the Thanksgiving pumpkin will have a rich, new flavor because this year it's to be a *coconut pumpkin pie.*

The tender, juicy meat of the ripe coconut which BAKER has sealed in an air-tight can, ready for instant use, adds the distinctive flavor to the old time cakes and pies, the puddings and candies Mother makes. Moist and sweet, it is a pleasing addition to salads, a delicate finish to baked apples and can be used in an endless variety of nutritious, appetizing dishes.

Send for New Recipe Book

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
Philadelphia



Coconut Pumpkin Pie

Put one pint mashed, stewed pumpkin, in which three tablespoons butter have been melted, into a bowl and add one pint milk (if Baker's blue can Coconut is used, add the coconut milk to the sweet milk to make one pint), one-half teaspoon each ground mace, cinnamon and allspice. Mix all well together and add one cup sugar and one can Baker's Coconut. Then beat four eggs well and add to mixture. Line the pie pans and bake the under crust. Fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven for half an hour. When cold, sprinkle lightly with white powdered sugar. This quantity will make three pies.

Coconut Milk Sponge

Use one can of BAKER'S blue can Coconut

To four well beaten eggs, add two cups of granulated sugar and beat together steadily for fifteen minutes. Add a teaspoon of vanilla or almond flavoring. Sift two cups of flour (measured after sifting) three times and add two teaspoons of baking powder in the last sifting. Stir into the eggs and sugar. Bring the coconut milk and enough sweet milk to make one cup to the boiling point and pour over the above ingredients. Bake in three layers in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Put together with—

Coconut Icing. Boil without stirring two cups of sugar, one-half cup of cold water and one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar. When it threads from a spoon, pour onto the well beaten whites of two eggs. Flavor, beat until thick, add the can of coconut and spread quickly

BAKER'S COCONUT

3 kinds

In Baker's blue can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts grated and sealed up in the wholesome, natural coconut milk.

In Baker's yellow can—the pure, fresh, white meat of selected coconuts shredded and sweetened; sealed up while still moist with its own wholesome, natural juices.

In Baker's blue cardboard container—the dry shredded meat of selected coconuts, carefully prepared for those who still prefer the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind

THE GOLF COME-ONS

(Continued from Page 18)

I shall now cite an instance. There is nothing novel about it. What happened at the club I have in mind has happened at scores of other clubs all across the country. What happened will happen again many times unless the 90 per cent of so-called dufferdom rises in protest against the 10 per cent of expert domination; rises in protest and makes that protest stick.

There was a golf club in one of the smaller cities that had a membership of two hundred or two hundred and fifty business and professional men. This club had an eighteen-hole course that had cost the club members a lot of money, which they had paid cheerfully enough because they wanted to play golf. It was laid out by a man who had some rational golf ideas, and who provided a course that was neither too difficult nor too easy. There were adequate penalties for zigzagging about and getting off course, and so on; but a golfer who could shoot them fairly straight could go out and have a good afternoon's fun, and get around in ninety-five or so, or a few more, or in rare instances a few less; and the members had great sport.

However, this course developed a couple of players who got down in the early eighties, and now and then broke into the seventies. They were good golfers, as golfers go, and they usually played with the professional because the other members were so decidedly outclassed by them. These two stars were men who had incomes, or support.

One was the husband of a woman whose father had left her a large fortune, and he didn't have to work. The other was the son of a big banker, and he didn't have to work, either. So they could give much time and attention to their golf.

The professional was one of those braw Scotch laddies who gave his instructions in a dialect that was a cross between Robert Burns and Harry Lauder, and thereby gained much merit among the golfers—one of those canny Scotch lads who would be a caddie at St. Thomas but is a pro over here, and who sells his dialect even more expertly than he merchandises his skill.

Courses for Crack Players

As the golf progressed at this club the two amateur stars grew much dissatisfied with the course. It wasn't hard enough for them. It wasn't a championship course. It was mere child's play for them to go out and shoot around in the seventies, after a time, albeit it was almost miraculous for any of the other players to break into the eighties. The professional said so too. He frequently made the course a stroke or two below par, which was seventy-one. It bored him stiff; gave him no real outlet for his undeniable talents. What was needed, as the professional and the two stars saw it, was a real championship course, sixty-five hundred yards long and heavily trapped and bunkered. This thing—huh! Any dub could eat that course up. It was laid out for ladies. No use of them playing it. Reflection on the club too. Ought to have a championship course. To be sure, there wasn't a champion within a thousand miles of them, nor any chance of a championship match, save for some local affairs; but that made no difference. They knew about the Engineers' course, and Skokie and the National and a lot of those hard Eastern courses, and they ought to have one. Local pride demanded it.

The rest of the members didn't demand it. They didn't know what it was all about. The course was heavily enough bunkered for them, heaven knew, and had sufficient traps and penalties, and then some. But the two stars and the professional talked and talked and urged the remaking of the course on the club committees, and one day they brought in a golf architect. This lad walked over the course with the greens committee and said it had great possibilities—great poss-i-bil-i-ties. Take that Number Seven, for example. Why, by setting the tee back here and changing the fairway here and building a new green here and putting in some traps here and a bunker here and switching Number Eight and Number Six around to admit of these changes, that Number Seven would be one of the great golf holes of the country! In fact, it would be almost a replica of the famous, the world-famous, Whin-Whan at St. Haggis-by-the-Sea.

Oddly enough, the golf architect had a few models of suitable putting greens and traps, and so on, with him—models that, expanded to suit the topographical requirements of this course, would cause it to take rank as one of the really great golf courses of the country. These models were made of clay and were built on boards and all painted up, showing contours and all that sort of thing, and were as pretty as little red wagons, and as alluring as lollipops to a child. Of course, these were models. He, the golf architect, would be glad to make an intensive study of all the possibilities of this course, which, he had no hesitancy in saying, were very great, and prepare a set of especially made greens models that would be suitable for the conditions to be met. No expense—that is, merely nominal expense. And it would be much more satisfactory to the club officials if they could see in miniature just what could be done to make their course a magnificent and eventually a historic one.

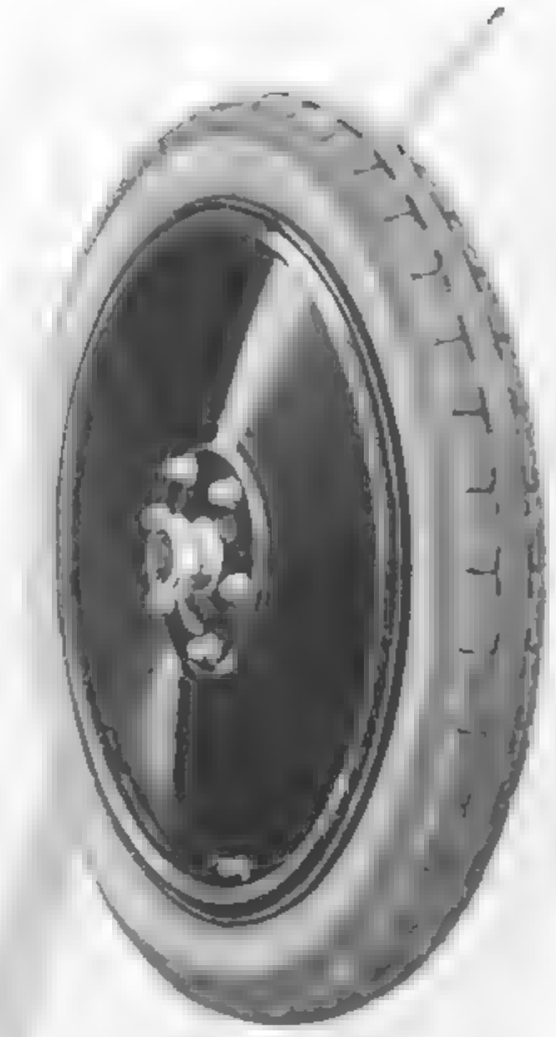
Duffers Pay the Freight

Well, to shorten a familiar tale it has happened everywhere—the two stars worked hard, having nothing else to do, and the professional urged it strongly, and the members didn't know much about it except that it would be a big boost for the club; and presently the golf architect, assisted by the professional and the two amateurs, put it over and the work of reconstruction began. They tore that golf course up by the roots, put in undulating putting greens and scattered traps and bunkers around thicker than the stars in the Milky Way. They set back tees and lengthened fairways and installed a sprinkling system and put humps here and bumps there, and by the time they had finished two things had happened: There had been several assessments on the members of the club for money to pay for these changes, and the game of every last member of the club had been penalized from ten to twenty strokes—that is, every member save the two stars, not, of course, forgetting the pro.

They spent thirty or forty thousand dollars—maybe more—in fixing over that course, and for what? For two members—for the stars and the pro. They set the rest of the members to toiling in and out of traps all the way around what had been a reasonably comfortable course, moiling in sand and trying to get out of holes and putting on greens that had permanent waves in them, because the course that had been amply sufficient for their needs wasn't hard enough for the smallest sort of a minority of their membership. Also, they ran the club expense up so high that they could get few new members because the costs were prohibitive, and dozens of young fellows who might have joined on a reasonable basis couldn't afford to join. But they got a championship course—so called—and they gave their two stars and their pro a better chance to show off, and they are paying for it yet, and will be for quite a spell.

They didn't need a championship course. They had a good course that, with the expenditure of not much money each year, would have sufficed amply for all the golf they wanted to play. But being poor fish of golf consumers, golf come-ons, suckers, they fell for all this reconstruction. They allowed the small minority of experts to penalize not only their games but their pocketbooks, and they got nothing out of it save an opportunity to niblick themselves out of a lot more traps than they previously had, the same costing many thousands of dollars. However, that seventh hole is almost a replica of the world-famous Whin-Whan at St. Haggis-by-the-Sea; never forget that. Also, that seventh hole costs almost every one of them about three more strokes per round than the old seventh did, and a hundred dollars assessment every now and then on top of dues, fees, and so on.

Likewise, the local paper can now point with pride to the fact that the two stars are real golfers, having done the new course—regular championship affair, with new greens and everything—in umpty-ump: and one of these days the open champion and the international champion will come along and play over it and tell the members they have a fine course—one of the best they ever played on—which flattering and



Preëminence

The high and growing favor in which they are held is due in no small part to their distinguished record and long-established preëminence on the continent of Europe.

More than fifty well known foreign cars offer Michelin Steel Wheels exclusively as disc equipment. And France, after exhaustive tests with many types of wheels, ordered them installed on her army trucks during the World War.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, H. C. S. and Nash are among those American Manufacturers who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment

Five Convex Wheels Per Car

BUDD WHEEL COMPANY
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BUDD Michelin STEEL WHEELS

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AT less than half of its former cost, in many cases, a completely machine finished cast Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing, for practically any purpose and any machine, is now available immediately and at any time. Old customers of this company have seen their bills cut right in two by the application of Bunting's Standard Bronze Bushings, carried in stock at all times at the factory and all branches.

The manufacture, maintenance and repair of all machinery moves to a new and lower cost level by the application of Standard Bushings conceived and perfected and carried in stock by this great and experienced organization.

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agreeable information will cost the members of that club some five hundred dollars in hand paid to the two champions before they will drive a ball, and will no doubt make those continuing and continuous assessments easier to bear.

Pathetic, isn't it? And asinine. Here were two hundred and fifty men who had a good-and-sufficient golf course setting their games back from ten to twenty strokes, setting themselves to wallowing in and out of traps and flubbing around precipitous approaches and humpty-dumpty putts, setting their pocketbooks back a good many thousand dollars, simply because a couple of their members could play better than they could. Here were two hundred and fifty ordinarily sane and successful men of affairs who bought and paid for at a high price a lot of golf woe they didn't need and never can assimilate, simply because they accepted the claim made by the experts that the poorer player has no rights, is merely an excrescence on the links and of no consequence whatsoever except when it comes to digging up the money. Meekness unexampled. Humility unqualified. Suckers to the *n*th degree. Duffers is right!

But is that case unique? It is not. It is only one of the great number of instances in this country where golf courses are being made and remade to suit the game and the capabilities of the very few rather than for the needs and capabilities of the great majority that supports them and makes them possible. The fact of it is that the golf courses of this country are now in process of such refashioning and construction as the professionals and the near-professionals and the star amateurs, who are not 10 per cent of the total golfing population of the country dictate, with no regard for the capabilities or requirements of the other 90 per cent, and with the permission and submission of that vast majority.

The tail not only wags the dog but the dog submits supinely. The dog apparently thinks that is as it should be, and the tail, which consists of the professionals who make their living at golf and the golf architects and the golf paraphernalia sellers and the glittering low-scoring amateurs, jolly well sees to it that that idea sticks. What excuse would there be for a professional, for example, if he could not play far better than any club member, and what is the easiest way for the professional to maintain his supremacy? Why, by stiffening up the course, remaking it, bunkering and trapping and lengthening and tricking it; by putting it beyond the capabilities of the bulk of the club members. And how could the glittering amateurs retain their proud positions save by this same expedient? And who pays for it? Oh, boy! Ask the great toiling, moiling, niblicking majority of the club members. Ask about 90 per cent of all the club golfers in this golf-swept land.

A Case in Point

There are three kinds of golf courses: Club courses which are owned and operated by an association of socially amenable golfers in any locality; privately owned courses, usually owned by resort hotels; and public courses. Of course, a privately owned course is kept up by its private owner, and he can do what he likes with it; and public links, to which I shall refer later, are concerns of the communities that support them. I am speaking of club courses where men and women pay initiation fees, pay dues and other fees, and should—whether they do nor not—have a say in the management. The club courses hold the important position and are the backbone of golf in this country.

However, they do strange things on privately owned courses, also. I sat this summer and watched the massacre of what was intrinsically the most beautiful golf hole in this country—the eighth at Pebble Beach, California. It stretches along the edge of the Pacific Ocean. The drive is from a tee near the green of the sporting seventh, which is a one-hundred-and-five-yard pitch right along the ocean's precipitous edge, with the tee sixty or seventy yards higher than the green. The drive on the eighth is uphill to the plateau of Arrowhead Point, and the second shot is across a chasm formed by one side of the notch in the arrow.

The chasm widens as it nears the green and the shore slopes sharply down. The green is on the very edge.

Barring the mental hazard of the high walls of the chasm and the knowledge that a sliced second shot will surely go into the ocean, the second isn't a hard shot for a fairly good player. If one has a long drive, well out in the plateau, a full mid-iron will negotiate it, and a brassy will get one over if the drive is not too short; but not out of the center of the fairway. A line drawn straight across the water from the seventh to the eighth green would form the base of a triangle, with the shore lines making the two sides of the triangle, the apex being about three hundred yards from the tee, and a hundred yards, on the other side, from the green. The walls of this chasm are from a hundred feet high on the tee side to fifty feet where the green sits at the shore edge.

Naturally the shot of the timorous golfer is to play to the left when making a drive, then shoot a second out past the apex of the triangle and a third down the slope to the green. So they put some traps on the left side of the fairway to catch these timorous drives, and those traps are rightly placed. Then they had a hole of which the greater part of the fairway was on a point jutting out into the ocean, green and beautiful, with the sheer cliffs on one side of it, the ocean all around it, Carmel Bay curving away from the right of it and a fine grassy slope reaching from the place where the point joined the mainland to the green. It was a wonder. For sheer natural beauty there is no hole to compare with it.

The Experts Get Busy

Did they leave it that way? Not at all. Some expert, or some coterie of experts, decided that there must be traps on that slope from the top of the hill down to the green, and they put them in, great deep holes, cellars, really, and on the edge of these they erected at great expense enormous mounds traps and bunkers in the most approved golf architecture—disfiguring the landscape, spoiling the beauty of it, marring the symmetry and charm of it, and for what purpose? I asked about that. They said the object of these excrescences was to penalize the player who sought to sneak a shot across the narrow part of the chasm and get a roll down the hill, and force him to play across the wide opening to the green. Perhaps the ball makers were in on it. Those cliffs are high and steep, and the ocean is below.

Presumably the natural beauty of a golf course must give way to the rigors of the game. Why consider the landscape if a few experts think it is necessary to mess it all up with a hideous succession of hills and hollows? And then, of course, we come to the timid query: Was it necessary, notwithstanding the opinion of the experts? It was not. For, mark you, the three-shotter isn't penalized at all, because he can get his drive, play out to the top of the slope instead of trying to shoot across the chasm, and then pitch the ball over these traps and bunkers and get his roll to the green, just the same; and the said traps and bunkers are not on a part of the slope that would affect the second shot of the two-shotter in any way. He shoots below them and gets his roll, too, just the same as when the traps were not there.

It would occur to any but a golf architect and an expert if the idea was to spoil that roll-down-the-slope business a sand trap the length of the green at the bottom of the slope would do the business, because that would catch the three-shotter and force the two-shotter to play squarely for the green instead of for the middle of the slope. A simple and inexpensive sand trap would have done the trick, and a beautiful hole would have preserved its beauty.

What is the object of golf in this country for the average player—the professional man, the business man, the man who keeps the clubs going? Is the object recreation and exercise, friendly competition and good fellowship and getting together to enjoy the most fascinating of outdoor games? Or is the object of golf the development of a group of experts at the game at the expense of those who seek to get recreation and exercise from it? If it is agreeable to the vast majority of golfers to penalize their own games, restrict their own enjoyments, make a task out of a pleasure for the purpose of allowing the comparatively few experts to play on links suitable to their requirements, there isn't much to be said except that the golfers who submit are all the experts think they are and say they

(Continued on Page 117)

Three Luscious Varieties For You To Enjoy

Know These Finest Apples, from Famous Wenatchee

NOW you can have your favorite apple better than you've ever known.

The "Jonathan" and the "Delicious" are at their best. And the "Rome Beauty," too, the finest apple for baking, you'll want for frequent use.

All are perfect apples, grown by apple specialists in the favored Wenatchee District.

Try them. You'll learn why apple lovers everywhere demand Wenatchee Apples

An Ideal Section

NATURE designed the Wenatchee District in the state of Washington to grow finest apples. Everything favors them.

Clear, cold breezes from the glaciers fan the orchards every night and make Wenatchee Apples firm, sound, crisp and zestful.

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The soil, volcanic ash, is rich in minerals which are never washed out by the light rains.

Even the water supply, pure and cold from mountain streams, is fully controlled. Each tree gets just enough water when it needs it.

And Wenatchee Growers, trained by 20 years experience, bend these perfect conditions to the one task of growing perfect apples. With guarded skill they thin each tree of over half its crop, so the apples which are left have full advantage of the tree's vitality.

No Extra Price

YET with all their wonderful qualities, Wenatchee apples bear no extra price.

This is because Wenatchee Growers concentrate on perfect apples. They let no poor fruit grow. They waste no time and effort on apples which will not sell. They sell all and therefore can sell them at a common cost.

So everyone can have these finest apples.

Ask your grocer for Wenatchee Apples. He can get them quickly if he happens to be out. Buy them by the box, because apples, which keep, cost less that way. And these are fine-keeping apples. The last is like the first.

Note the phrase "Eat WENATCHEE APPLES" which is plainly stamped on every box of genuine Wenatchees.

Find these new qualities in your favorite apple—goodness that you never knew it had. Try luscious Wenatchees. You'll need no urging once you know them.

Eat The Right Apple At The Right Time

Jonathan—October, November, December, January, February

Delicious—November, December, January, February

Rome Beauty—November, December, January, February

Stayman—December, January, February

Spitzenberg—December, January, February

Winesap—February, March, April, May, June

The famous Wenatchee Apple District, Washington. Known the world over for the apples it produces

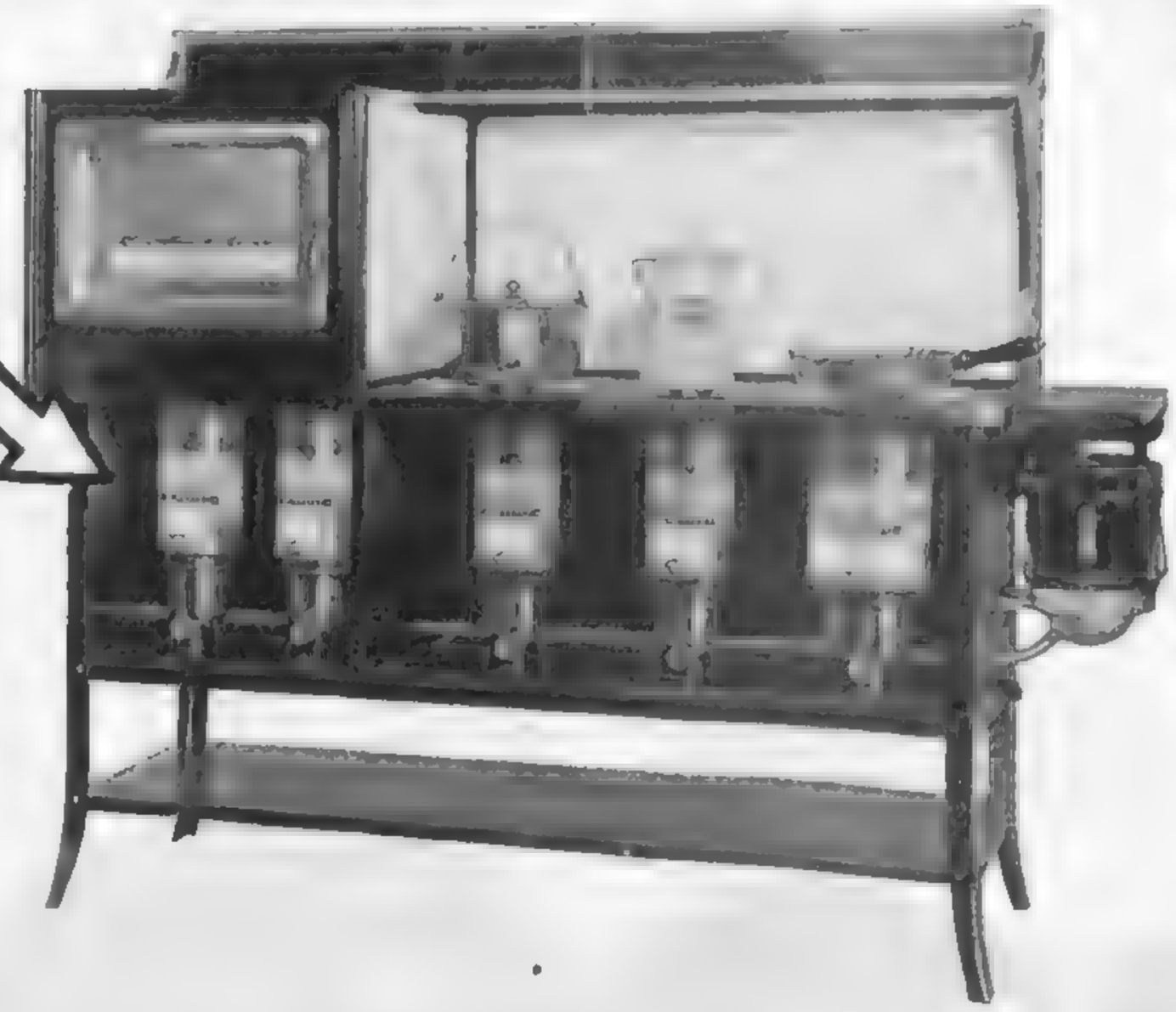
"An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away."

Eat Wenatchee Apples

TRADE MARK

These apples include the six most popular varieties—*your favorite* among them

The Complete Oil Range *for* Year'Round use In City and Farm Homes



The SUPERFEX *Burner A Revolutionizing Invention*

What You Get in This 5-Burner Oil Range

1. Cooking Speed of the giant gas burner in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner. Cooking speed of the standard gas burner, in the standard size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. Built-in, heat-retaining oven.
4. One Giant and four Standard size SUPERFEX Burners—those under oven may also be used for surface cooking if desired.
5. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil the fuel available everywhere.
6. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
7. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin Quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
8. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all chimneys.

Kitchen Tests Show Speed and Satisfaction of Gas at Much Lower Cost

IN kitchen tests conducted by an experienced cook, meals for a family of five were cooked on a New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners at a fuel cost of less than 3 cents each. That is much less than the cost of cooking with gas, even at the low rate of 85 cents per thousand cubic feet—and very much cheaper than electricity.

Additional tests by Good Housekeeping Institute further confirmed what had been proved in actual use—that the SUPERFEX Burners cook as fast as gas. As a result, the famous Institute has placed its seal of approval on this latest and greatest New Perfection.

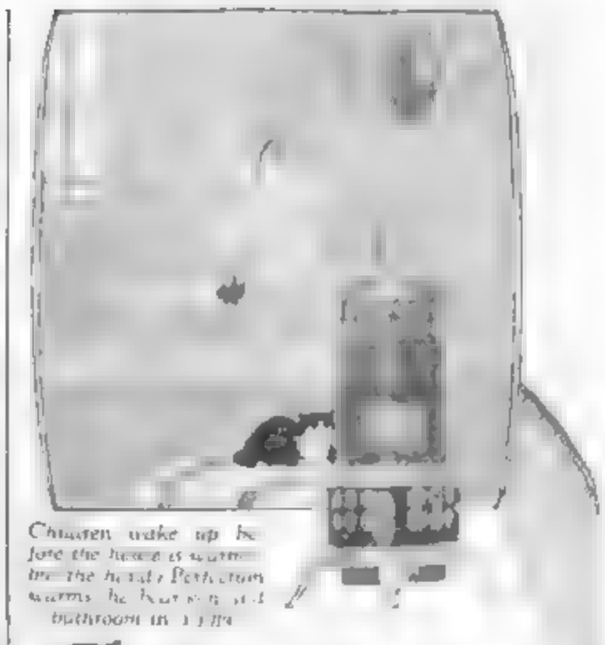
Whether you live in a city or its suburbs, or on a farm, a demonstration by the New Perfection dealer will convince you that "the kind of stove you have always wanted" is here at last—a roomy, substantially-built oil range that will give you year 'round satisfaction.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters

7640 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*



Children wake up before the house is warm—but the handy Perfection warms the bedroom in a jiffy

Is Your Coal Pile Going Fast?

THE warm rays of the handy Perfection give you the extra heat that makes any room in the house cozy and comfortable.

It's a friendly and willing teammate for furnace or base burner protects your home against fuel shortage. Get yours today—it's easily carried about. No smoke or disagreeable odor—10 hours' comfort heat on a gallon of kerosene oil.

See your dealer

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

7640 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters Heat by the Roomful*

(Continued from Page 114)

are—dubs. I do not think that is the object of golf, and do not think it should be the outcome of golf, and, judging from conversations I have had with golfers in all parts of the country, I do not think the majority of golfers think that, either. But the experts and the golf architects and the little club coteries that run things have them in their grip, and as long as the majority will pay the bills the minority should worry.

A golf authority in the East, moving spirit of one of the gold-plated golf clubs on Long Island, when there was a ventured protest over a certain hole he had constructed, a complaint that it was unnecessarily hard, even tricky, said with a fine expression of the spirit that animates the expert, "Well, a golf course is designed for men who can play golf." Of course, the question of definition comes in there: What is golf? Is it par, or near par, that the experts play, or is it the average game the average American plays? If it is this seventy stuff, undeniably this lofty pronouncement is correct but incomplete. It should be "A golf course is designed for and by men who can play par golf." If golf means what the great majority of us play—what 90 per cent of us play—then many of the golf courses in this country are designed for others than us, but, as that delightful essayist on golf, Royal Cortissoz, said when commenting on the matter: "Your golf course is unquestionably made for men who can play golf. But on the other hand, if one may with diffidence hazard a small interrogation, who on earth keeps it going?"

Let us look into this phase of it a little. Some person who said he knew recently made the statement that there are five million golfers in the United States, male and female. It seems like more than that on some courses on ladies' afternoons; but, taking five millions as the number—that is, one twenty-secondth golfer per capita—it is a fair way to figure it. Most golfers are only twenty-secondths, anyhow.

For all that, five million golfers seems a good many golfers. Admitting that there are forty golf clubs where there was one ten years ago, and four hundred where there was one twenty-five years ago, five million is a lot of golfers. Lop off a couple of million. There are three million golfers in the United States, say. That is conservative enough, judging from the congested courses one sees in all parts of the country.

Thus, having teed up with three million I now proceed to drive off: Not one-twentieth—not 5 per cent—of those three million ever made an honest eighty for eighteen holes in their lives—and never will. Not 10 per cent of them ever honestly broke under ninety for eighteen holes. Honestly, I say—observing all rules, playing every shot exactly as the ball laid, taking every penalty, counting every stroke—not one-tenth—and never will.

The High-Score Enthusiasts

The regulation length of good golf courses is about six thousand yards, more rather than less, and par ranges around seventy, seventy-one or seventy-two strokes. Par is ordinarily five on the long holes and three on the short holes, with par four holes predominating. Thus, a player who takes an eighty on a course where par is seventy-one is shooting a game that is nine strokes above perfect golf, and if he takes a ninety he is nineteen strokes away from what he is trying to do. Not so bad, either. A player who can make a ninety with regularity, as golf goes in this country, can win ball-ball-and-ball matches, Nassaus, ups-and-downs, club competitions and business-men's affairs until he is tired. Every club has a few players who score consistently in the eighties, but the boys who range on up from ninety outnumber them a hundred to one, and behind these come the vast legion who never get nearer a ninety-five than a hope or a dream gets them.

Take a look at any of the official handicap sheets—any one—national—state—district—club. A few—very few—scratch men—a few more men in the lower flights, two or three or four—and then increasing by brigades the names of those who have the higher handicaps until we come to the eighteen-and-over handicap boys, and there are hundreds and hundreds of those; players whose average game is in the neighborhood of a hundred strokes; average players of the average American game. Add to these the thousands who don't fuss with handicaps at all—men who do not turn in their cards to the handicappers and play as it suits them without thought of any but personally made matches with fellows they think they can beat, or hope they can beat if they get any breaks, and you will begin to get an idea of who the men are in this country who support golf, make all these clubs possible, pay for the game and are responsible for its popularity and success.

They are not the few scratch men or the low-handicap men. They are the sixteen and eighteen-and-over handicap boys, and the great number of players who have no official handicaps at all.

There was a tournament recently in the East where the entrants were all men fifty-five years old and more. Two hundred men teed up. Now these men were all men of affairs, prosperous, successful, leaders in their communities and necessarily of independent position, else they could not have given the time to the competition. They were the sort of men who support golf clubs, organize them, run them and finance them. They were the sort of men who need golf physically, and should get most enjoyment out of it; men who have made their careers, who have time to play a bit and can afford to.

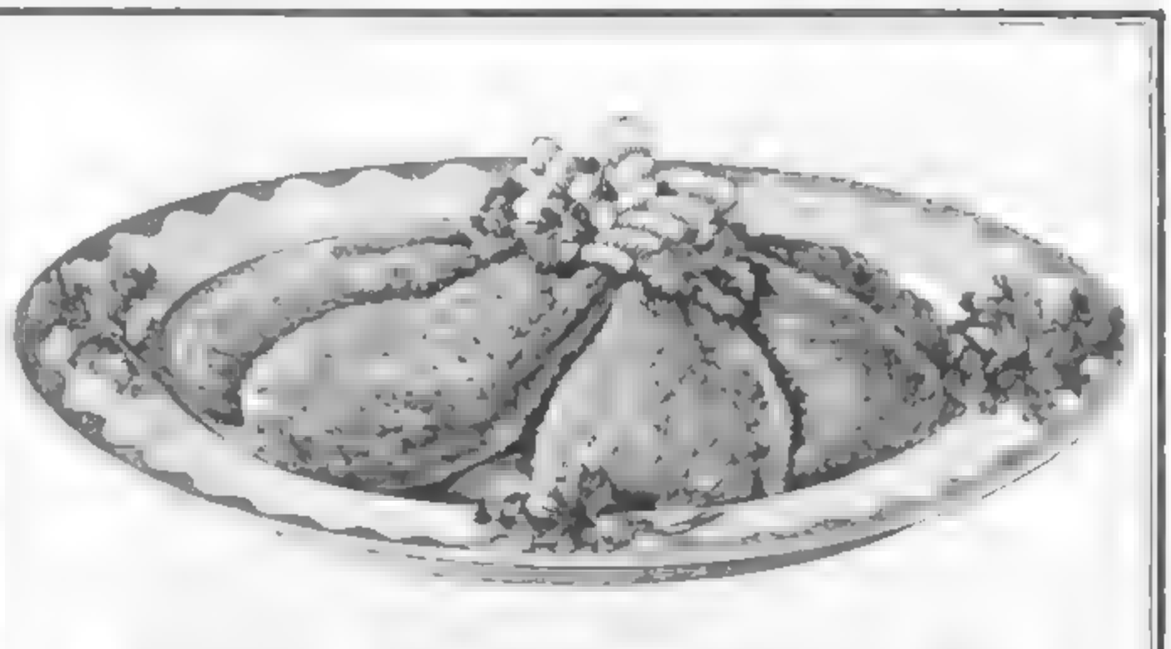
A Typical Tournament

Well, what happened? This happened: Two of these men got below eighty; fifteen turned in cards between eighty and ninety; seventy-six went around between ninety and a hundred and the rest were a hundred or over, the highest score being one hundred and thirty-five—that is, the highest score turned in. These figures are taken from the newspaper reports of the tournament, not from the official records. They may do an injustice to a golfer or two, but in all probability are about correct. Now, these men came from clubs in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and New England, with a few from other states. Undeniably they fancied themselves as somewhat better than the large number of other golfers of their own ages. Otherwise they would not have entered the contest.

If you take any number of other golfers of similar ages from any section of the United States the scores would average about the same. If you take any club tournament participated in by oldsters and youngsters the average of the scores turned in will be above ninety. The fact of it is that the average golfer of this country isn't an eighty-to-ninety man at all, and the probabilities are that the average golfer is a from-ninety-five-to-a-hundred golfer. That is to say, four-fifths of the men who play golf on the hundreds of golf courses in this country cannot come within from twelve to twenty of making par on the courses they play on to save their lives.

The commonest sneer at golf is that it is an old man's game. "I am not old enough yet to take it up," says the flip one who is asked to join a club. He is not quite right there. Usually he is too old, if there is any idea of making a good golfer out of him. The truth about golf is that the younger a person is when he or she takes it up the greater are the chances for skill and precision at the game. Golf is a young man's game and an old man's recreation. No man who waits until he is past forty to take up golf will ever be more than a mediocre golfer, and not many who wait until they are thirty. Of course, there is the historic example of Walter Travis—I think it was Travis; perhaps it was Jerome Travers—anyhow, it was one or the other—who didn't begin to play golf until he was thirty-five and won a lot of national and international championships back yonder. The answer to that is that the esteemed Travis—or Travers—didn't have the sort of competition he would have today, and the further answer is that he didn't do anything else after he took up golf.

These present-day champions are all youngsters, as I understand it, lads in their twenties, and if by chance an older one gets by with a good report of himself it will be found on investigation that this older one has been playing golf since he was a boy; that he began when he was a youngster. Take John Black, for example, who was runner-up in the open championship at Chicago. John Black is fifty years old. He began playing golf when he was just big enough to swing a club. That accounts



A Different Food

than you've known heretofore —a favorite abroad

TO you, who have not tried this food, it will be new and unique and one which you will want to serve frequently

It is a favorite of thousands, especially in foreign lands where it has been extensively sold for years.

And now our production facilities enable us to serve not only the foreign market, but to supply the constantly growing demand in this country as well.

"Food-Sardines"
Dinner Size

THIS delicious food is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

Not the small, imported sardines, packed in oil, but large, flavory, double-size sardines, packed in tasty sauces.

With their fine flavor and firm, tender meat they combine valuable nutrition, for they are rich in protein and provide 900 calories of energizing nutriment to the pound.

And, of course, you know how convenient they are for quick, easy luncheons, for busy-day dinners and for late-at-night lunches.

Compare them with other foods for all around value, for flavor, nourishment, convenience. You will agree with us that few others provide so much.

Serve Booth's Sardines often; ready prepared as they come from the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; fried in bread crumbs for breakfast; and scores of other ways

Note the fact that, served in any of these ways, their cost is very reasonable.

Try them soon. Have the whole family vote on them. Then you'll have them frequently.

Appetizing Sauces
For Your Choice

BOOTH'S Food-Sardines are packed in three delicious sauces, tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices—so there are new surprises for each week.

Packed in immaculate plants, they are highest quality sardines, so be sure to get this brand. You'll know it by the Yellow Crescent on the oval tin.

Ask your grocer for Booth's Food-Sardines. If, by chance, he hasn't them, send us one dollar for an introductory order of four tins, charges prepaid.

Specify the sauces you want them packed in. Your money gladly refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

Mail the coupon below for a free copy of our famous book, "Booth's Food-Sardine Recipes."

Food-Sardine Cutlets

One can Food Sardines, one cupful thick white sauce, recipe below, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one egg. Pack over Sardines and remove skin and bones; mix Sardines with lemon juice, then stir in sauce. Turn out on a plate to cool, divide in twelve portions and shape like cutlets. Beat the eggs slightly, roll cutlets in it, then cover with fine bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown. Garnish with parsley and serve.

SAUCE. Four level tablespoonfuls flour, two level tablespoonfuls butter, one cup hot milk, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, pinch of pepper. Melt butter in saucepan until it bubbles; add the flour, salt and pepper, mix until smooth, then pour hot milk in gradually, stirring and beating each time. Cook until it thickens.

BOOTH'S
"Crescent Brand"
Food-Sardines
Dinner Size

F. E. BOOTH CO.
Packers of High Grade Foods
110 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Insist on having Booth's Crescent Brand in the Oval Tin

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Please send free book of recipes.

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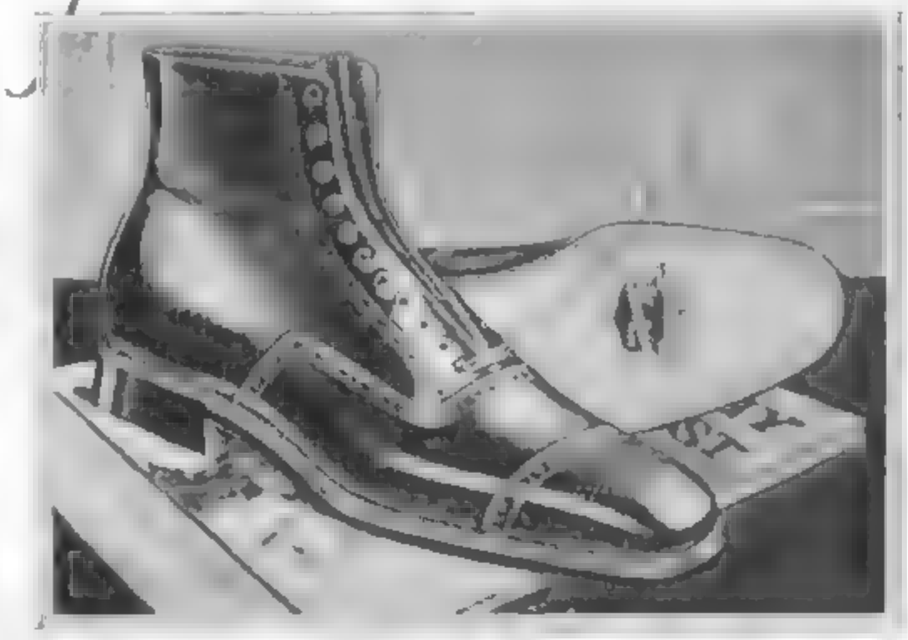
The FLORSHEIM SHOE



THE PATHFINDER—STYLE M-100

The refined, stylish appearance of The Florsheim Shoe wins you as a first-time wearer; excellent quality affords an economy that impels you to prefer Florsheims thereafter.

The Florsheim Shoe—Most Styles $10

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

Look for Name in Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

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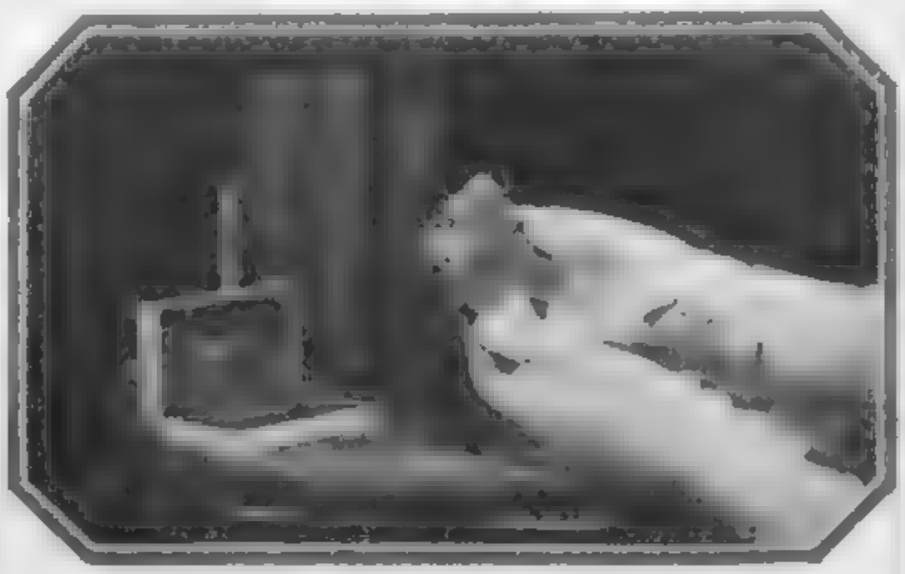
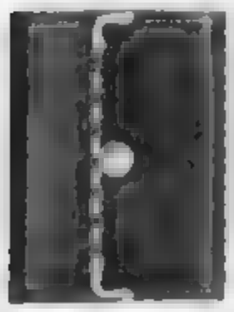
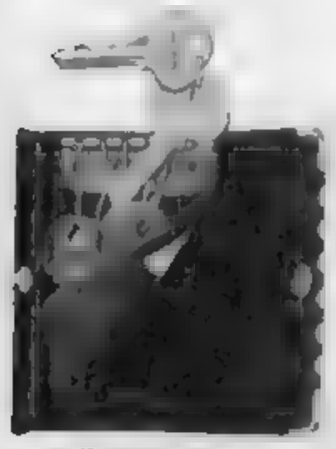
FOR THE MAN The Florsheim Shoe WHO CARES



Women's Lace style 14K gold plated hooks, $1.50 to $4.00



Black Fox Seal Solid Gold cases; 14K gold plated hook $2.00 to $4.00



Special Keytainer with Auto License Plate Pendant. Black Calfskin with 14K gold plated hooks

Rich leather and fine gold—a practical gift of rare beauty

BEAUTY says, "Good Taste!" Utility says, "Thoughtfulness." De Luxe Keytainers say both. That's everything a gift *can* say.

Buxton Keytainers keep keys flat, orderly, and easy to find. They prevent key-worn pockets and key-torn hands. Patented Buxton revolving, humped key-hooks prevent loss of keys and let them turn easily.

The new De Luxe Keytainers are fashioned by master craftsmen from the finest leathers and mounted with 14K gold plated hooks. All but a few are also trimmed with solid gold and packed in satin lined gift boxes. They range in price from $1.50 to $10.

Keytainers with polished nickel hooks 30c to $4.00. The finest shops everywhere will gladly show you Buxton Keytainers—the "thoughtful gift"; write us if your dealer hasn't them. Dealers write for data and terms.

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BUXTON KEYTAINER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The original patented Key-Kase

for him. The contention isn't that a man of forty or fifty or sixty cannot be a good golfer, and is that the man who doesn't begin golf until he is forty or fifty or sixty never can be more than a mediocre golfer, surveyed in terms of par golf. It can't be done. Observe Sweetser, Sarazen, Bobby Jones, *et al*, you golfers who began in middle age, and weep. And don't throw John Ball up at me, either. John Ball has played golf for more than thirty years: probably forty.

The first golf club formed in this country was the St. Andrew Golf Club, which was organized on November 18, 1888, and now has a fine course in Westchester County, New York. That is only thirty-four years ago, and golf did not get a fair start in this country until later. The great development began with the new century, a little more than twenty years ago. The delusion that golf is a game for the mature prevailed strongly at first, and the young men and women paid little attention to it. The consequence was that the basic membership of the golf clubs of this country is now a mature membership. Of course, the youngsters have come on with a rush of late years, but the men who founded the clubs and built the links and supported and fostered the game were mature men. Most of these had known nothing of golf until that maturity, and most of them became just the sort of golfers their maturity decreed—a few in the eighties, more in the nineties and most around a hundred. That's what they are today.

Consequently the dominant golf of this country should be the golf these men play, because they support the clubs and keep them going, in addition to the great flocks of younger men who have taken up the game for recreation and exercise and not with any idea if making it a life's practice and study. But these men see the small minority of experts, professionals and club fix-its steadily encroaching on their pleasure by making and remaking their courses so difficult as to be demoralizing, by creating a task for them where they had a recreation.

Depopularizing the Game

They are the busy men in every community. They haven't time to fuss around their clubs, and on the afternoons they get away do not want to be bothered with club affairs. They want to play golf. Wherefore, the gentlemen with time—you never saw an expert golfer who didn't have time to burn; if he had not he wouldn't be an expert golfer—steadily stick in bunkers and traps and remake greens and add hazards and penalize everything but the most perfect playing—and the busy men pay the bills like the chumps they are.

Of course, there is the argument that golf is golf, which it surely is. The expert will point out to you that this four-hundred-yard-hole, say, should be done in four—a drive, an approach to the green and two putts. If you get a two-hundred-yard drive, or better, you are supposed to slam the ball up to the green and on it with your brassy, carefully avoiding a slice with your driver or a hook with your brassy, keeping out of all traps and scrupulously away from all hazards, and then go down in two putts. That's par golf, as required by that hole. He does it now and then. But it isn't once in a hundred trials that the average golfer gets less than a five on such a hole. Probably the average for the average is six. Wherefore, what in the name of Tom Morris is the sense in putting the burden of an impossible four on a man who is lucky to get away with a six? Par golf, they say. Rigor of the game. Exact and scientific requirements. Excites aspiration. Breeds concentration and endeavor. Is an aspiration—a crown of glory to gain.

By the necks in the overworked niblick—tosh! It is not only the rigor but the *rigor mortis* of the game. It excites wrath and demoralization. It breeds profanity and temper. It is asking the average golfer to do what he cannot do, for no other reason than that a few of the members of the club can do it—now and then. It is setting an onerous task instead of providing a pleasure.

As I understand it, the men who made, are making and will make for quite a spell golf possible in this country are the mature men, the men of affairs, who now are toiling through the traps, cursing the hazards, balling themselves up with the bunkers, gumming their games with slices and hooks, rampaging through the rough, trying to keep on unnecessarily narrow fairways enduring all the hideous penalizations the experts have put on them. And it rouses to protest one who has reached a modicum of maturity himself to note this constant perversion of the few over the cost-paying, upkeep-providing, supporting and sustaining many—meaning me.

Furthermore, if so be the idea is that golf as it is conducted today, and as the plants for it are being remade and experted into insuperableness for the average golfer, is for the forthcoming benefit of the juniors rather than for the present enjoyment of the seniors, then the plan defeats its purpose, because the costs are getting so excessive that the juniors can't afford to join the clubs—unless, of course, their rich papas finance them. I mean the juniors who should join and belong, who need golf and whom golf needs, the young business and professional men who are the comers in the communities, but who finance themselves by their own endeavors—the real ones.

Democratize the Links

The sort of golf clubs I mean are not those highly exclusive, gold-plated millionairish ones, where it costs anywhere from three thousand to ten thousand dollars to join, or any such institutions whatsoever. Those are merely ultradevelopments of that disgusting American snobbery that thinks that exclusiveness that is obtained by making it costly adds distinction. I mean the average golf clubs, in the average American community, which are supported by the average American golfers, but, as I have shown, are run by small coteries of experts.

Relief from this condition is being obtained by the establishment of public golf courses, and there should be a hundred times as many of these as there are. Still, a public golf course will not supply the vehicle that is needed by the men who organize the clubs, or for the men who should belong to the clubs.

As it stands, the apparent feature of our American club golf, which is the golf that keeps the game going, is the continuous pressure to remake and remodel the links for the benefit of the few rather than maintain them for the enjoyment of the many. The professionals and the star amateurs have the links in their grasp, and they are suiting them to their purposes, with the sheepish acquiescence of the men who are paying the bills, based on the bunk of the professionals, the professional writers, the golf architects, the material sellers, and so on, that golf is golf only as they see it and as they play it; and that the producer, the paying consumer, has no rights that any person who can play in seventy is required to respect.

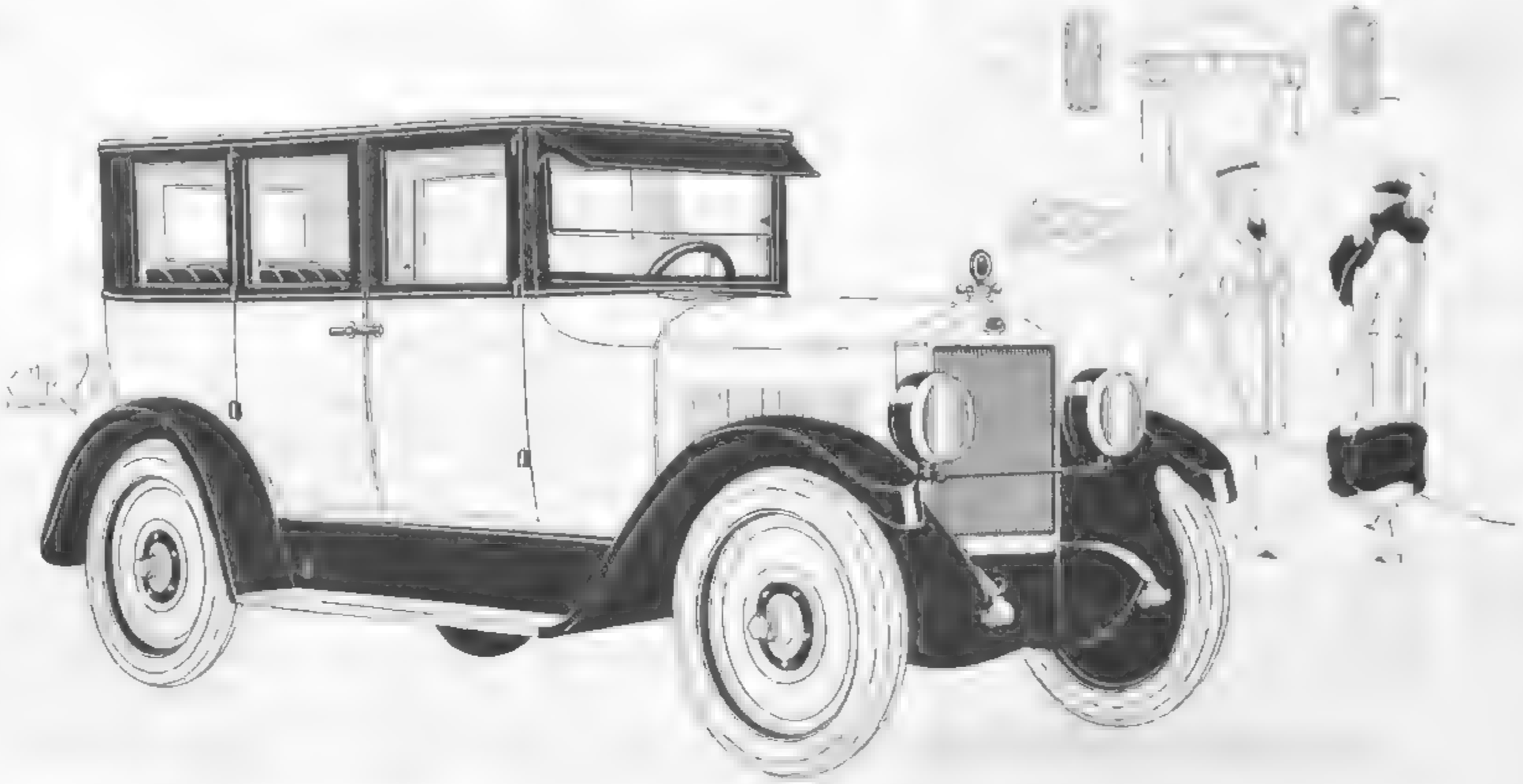
The sad verse is that they get away with it. They look on the ninety and the hundred men—the thousands and thousands of those to the tens of themselves—as poor, forlorn dubs who have no golfing value save as bill footers, assessment payers, tournament contributors and club providers; and the poor forlorn dubs stand for it, which shows that the few have sized up the situation correctly.

Five years from now twice as many people will be playing golf in this country as are playing it now. Only a few of the bigoted refuse to admit its value as a recreation and an exercise. By that time no doubt, unless the average golfer makes a protest and makes that protest stick, the experts will have the links so difficult that they won't be able to play them themselves.

What is needed in this country today is a national movement to democratize the golf links; to build them and keep them for the man who plays golf for recreation and for exercise instead of rebuilding them for the exclusive benefit of the few who, because they have devoted all their time to it, can do their succession of pars.

If the great golfing public would get a correct line of what is being done to it it would not be long until the few would be herded off on links where they could have difficulties galore, and the tens of thousands of fairly good golfers could be fairly good in comfort, in peace and to the great advantage of the moral atmosphere of their communities; for, when all is said and done, these heavily trapped, trickily hazarded, wavy-greened and narrow-fairwayed golf links, these triumphs of golf architecture and these demoralizers of the average golfer do raise hob with the ethical in language and deportment.

The New Six 40 Sedan $1695



IN no sense a makeshift—but a finely built, generously proportioned closed car that measures up in every particular to Sedans that ordinarily sell at a thousand dollars more than the open model.

Resplendent in royal coach blue—graceful, sweeping lines—perfect poise and balance. Four wide doors. Full five-passenger capacity.

The interior appointments insure restful comfort with every convenience thoughtfully provided for. Only such skill as that of Moon craftsmen, acquired through fifty years of fine coach building, could have achieved so complete and satisfying a result—so compact without crowding—so ingeniously fitted—faultless in taste.

Steel body. Silent roof. Rain-proof windshield with permanent metal sun visor. Upholstery deep, inviting, restful. Finished in imported silk-finished broadcloth.

Sturdy—spirited—elegantly appointed—the Moon Sedan makes instant appeal to those who shun the commonplace—who seek individuality.

The 1923 series of Moon cars comprises an unusually attractive and complete line of open and closed models.

Six-40—5-passenger Touring	$1,195	Six-40—Coupe	$1,585	Six-58—Sport Touring	$1,885
Six-40—Roadster	1,195	Six-40—5-passenger four-door Sedan	1,695	Six-58—7-passenger Sedan	2,485
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(Prices f. o. b. St. Louis)

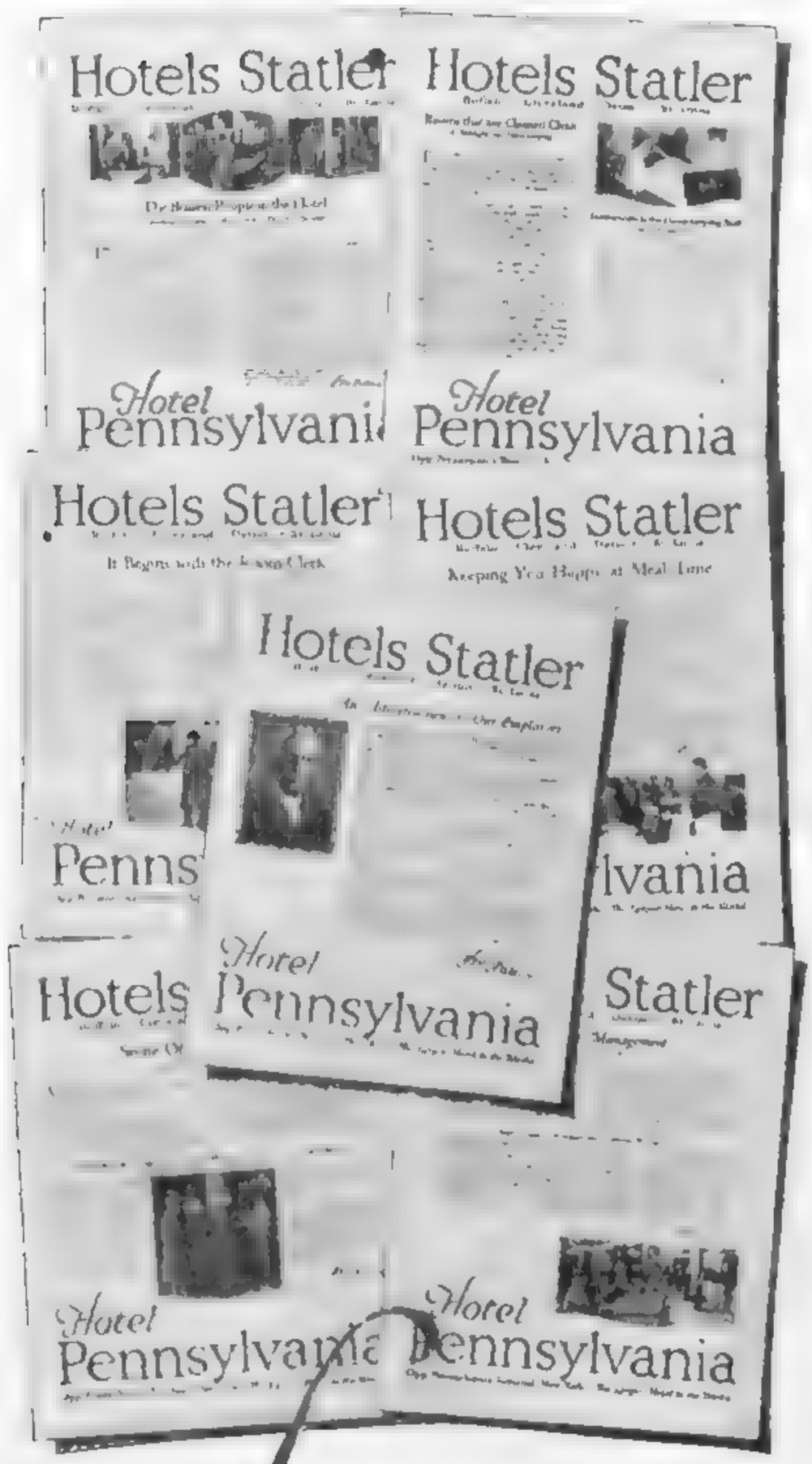
The MOON

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

Hotels Statler

Buffalo – Cleveland – Detroit – St. Louis

The new Hotel Statler in Buffalo (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) will open in April, 1923



You're In Our Confidence

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If you haven't been seeing them, ask us to send you proofs of preceding advertisements.

That advertising was addressed to you—but it was also, *and more especially,* addressed to our employees. Every assistant manager, every room-clerk, every waiter, bellboy or other employee of these hotels *knows that you know* just what instructions he works under. He knows that you are taken into our confidence. He is just that much more watchful to see that you get the kind of service that is promised you—just that much more intent upon making good with you—than he would be if his responsibilities hadn't been defined in writing and passed on *to you* as well as to him.

That is the real reason behind this advertising: it has been, besides being advertising, a tool of management. It has helped us in our unending insistence to thousands of employees that *our policies must be carried out and our guests must be pleased.* It has at the same time presented to you and to the public our strongest advertising argument, which is that the service we render in these hotels *gives you an extra value and satisfaction for your money* whenever you come to us.

E. M. Statler

In the Park Square district of BOSTON there is to be another HOTEL STATLER, with 1100 rooms, 1100 baths, opening date to be announced later.

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

EVERY ADVANTAGE

Continued from Page 25

shot ahead rapidly. The nature of my work was such that I was at home a good deal and I used this opportunity to supplement his education. With Wells I felt that history was the logical background of intelligent living, and I was amazed to discover that the routine grammar and high-school course called for pitifully little. To make up for this lack I undertook the subject with him as incidental reading, beginning with the story of our own country. I continued this through the summer months, not as a study but as the source of a wealth of extremely interesting data. I presented the matter as though it were biographical—the story of the events that led finally to his own arrival on the stage. I was surprised at the reaction I received. The world began to grow larger for both of us.

In the meanwhile his mother was putting in from one to two hours a day on his music—hard, grinding labor. He had no particular talent, but we both argued that this was all the more reason for developing that side of him. In my own case my parents had grown discouraged and quit, a fact I had never ceased to regret, as in later years I felt keenly the desire to express myself through this medium. I did not intend to see this mistake repeated in his case. Day after day, week after week, month after month, and finally year after year she kept faithfully after him in the midst of all her other duties. She secured results, but it was dog-goned hard work and dog-goned discouraging work.

It must sound as though we were making a precocious little prig out of this youngster, but we were doing nothing of the sort. I was giving as much time to his amusements as to his studies. And incidentally it must be remembered that what we were doing with him we were in varying degrees doing with the others. Our efforts to give our children every advantage should be multiplied by four.

The boy remained, as far as I could see, absolutely normal. He was keen about play and I gave him everything within reason with which to play. The Christmas bill for toys was really formidable. Besides these special toys I supplied him, as a matter of course, with roller skates and ice skates, with sleds and skis, with baseballs and bats and mitts, with footballs and medicine balls, with fishing rods and boats, and Lord knows what else. I went even further. For his sake and the pleasure of the others I purchased a car and with it covered most of the roads of New England. With him and the other children in mind I had also developed a summer place that provided for them all the pleasures of the great out-of-doors, including a motor boat. Here for four months a year we all camped and fished and hunted and played Indian and motored and swam and made gardens and climbed mountains and picnicked. Come to catalogue it, I am amazed at how I ever found time and money to accomplish all this. For I was no millionaire and had to earn every cent as I went along.

Disagreeable Traits Crop Out

In order that he might continue some of these pleasures through the winter I joined a country club near town, and here under the best of conditions he was able to slide and ski. When it was too stormy for this I made it a point to take him on Saturdays to a skating rink where to the music of a band he could skate, or to the big Y. M. C. A. tank where he could swim. I furnished him with instructors so that he could learn to do these things properly.

I didn't stop even here. I took up tennis late and have always enjoyed playing it, though because of lack of early training I have remained more or less of a dub. The quick eye, the automatic reaction of muscles, and particularly the form which develops speed and accuracy have to be cultivated early. My own playing was conscious and deliberate, but still I loved it.

As the boy developed to a point where he could hold a racket I went out on the courts with him and popped balls for him to knock galley-west. But I made him hold his racket as it should be held, made him keep balanced on his toes and made him cut out slicing and the frills of the game—the things a boy generally wants to do first—and concentrate on control. Frankly this was stupid. It took the edge off my own game and was monotonously tiresome. When I was done with him I had neither the spirit nor the strength left to play a game myself. If I were going to claim a crown of any sort—which I'm not—I'd base my case on this detail. However, I had the satisfaction of seeing him improve. In a short while he will undoubtedly be able to lick me and then he'll be looking for another antagonist.

The boy was about ten years old when my wife and I noticed certain tendencies that disturbed us. In spite of all his advantages he was developing marked weaknesses and many disagreeable traits. The worst one of all was selfishness. One day when it was inconvenient for me to play I asked him to take on his younger brother.

"He can't play," was his answer.

"No," I admitted. "But you can teach him."

"That isn't any fun for me," was his reply.

"What of it? I can't say that I've had any particular fun playing with you all these months."

"I don't knock the balls out of the court all the time the way he does," he said a bit surlily.

"You did at the beginning. You would now if I let loose. Slow your game down until he gets the hang of it."

The Discontent of the Pampered

I did not like his attitude at the time and I liked it less later on. Instead of honestly helping his brother on the court he did nothing but irritate him to a point where the younger boy finally refused to play. Perhaps that was more or less of a natural boyish trait—brothers are always bullying each other—but the lack of consideration this showed toward me came as a surprise. When I tried to make him see this I received no satisfaction.

"Very well," I said, "I'll take the kid on myself, and when I'm done with him he'll trim you good and plenty."

I undertook this, but the only reaction I got was increased surliness. Furthermore, I quickly saw that in pitting one brother against the other I was exciting a spirit of jealousy. That wouldn't do. And anyway the seat of the trouble was deeper.

With my eyes now opened I began to observe him more closely. I discovered a curious discontent and restlessness in him more manifest in his play than at any other time. At the beginning of the next long vacation I noticed that he never saw anything through. His interest sagged quickly and he moved from one unfinished game to another, dragging his brother along with him. I was aware, too, of a growing irresponsibility. He dropped his things wherever he happened to be. He ruined his racket and baseball mitt by leaving them out in the rain. When taken to task for this he was wholly indifferent.

I had given him certain minor tasks to do around the house, like filling the wood box and hauling down the flag at night. Unless constantly reminded he forgot them regularly.

"But," I explained, "that is no excuse. It's the forgetting that makes this a fault."

I tried punishment.

"The next time you forget we'll forget your dessert," I said.

The only effect that had was to deprive him day after day of his dessert and leave him feeling like a martyr.

The trouble went deeper. I increased the severity of the punishment. In a fit of temper he rebelled at some minor task his mother assigned to him, and I ordered him upstairs in the middle of the day and made him go to bed. Just before dinner I went up there to see what the effect was. I was met by the startling exclamation:

"I wish I was dead! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

The phrase took away my breath. After making due allowance for the fact that every boy has his dramatic cravings that find satisfactory outlet only through this somber medium, I realized I was facing a crisis. Temporary as this mood undoubtedly was, it was significant. That it was possible for a healthy youngster—and he was neither run down nor nervous—to feel even for a few minutes this terrible discontent with life was to me a revelation. It meant that something was radically wrong in my system of training.

We had given the boy every advantage and here was the result. There are those

There is a Broad Opportunity in Our Advertising Department for a Man:

Who is between 30 and 35 years of age.

Whose interest and training fit him to deal with business executives of the highest type.

Who has demonstrated that he has outstanding ability both as a personal salesman and as a sales executive in organizing and directing the work of other salesmen, especially in lines that call for originality, initiative, and resourcefulness.

Who is familiar with methods and conditions in wholesale and retail lines.

Who can understand the merchandising problems of manufacturers with whom he will come in contact.

Who has had university training or its equivalent.

Only a written application which gives definite information on each of the above qualifications will be considered.

Address the Branch Office nearest you.

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ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
366 Madison Avenue, New York City, New York
1101 Home Insurance Building, Chicago, Illinois
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"Gifts that Last"

The Whiting & Davis Trademark and Tag guarantee quality. Look for them on every bag

Would You Win Feminine Favor?

Then know that of all fashion foibles of which the feminine heart may be found guilty, love of the gleaming beauty of a mesh bag is the strongest.

If you would win feminine favor let your birthday, anniversary, or a special gift for some smart function be a mesh bag: a *Whiting & Davis* bag—because of the exclusive designs, the skilled workmanship; and because the Whiting & Davis name is to women an acknowledged signal of superiority.

Whiting & Davis Co.
Plainville, Norfolk County, Mass.

Whiting & Davis MESH BAGS

In the Better Grades. Made of the Famous Whiting Soldered Mesh

BOSCH

IGNITION
STARTING
LIGHTING

SUPREME quality in product and conscientious service to the users of its Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems are the foundation stones upon which the American Bosch Magneto Corporation has built its world-wide business.

Four million Bosch Users know that the Bosch name and the Bosch Trade Mark are guarantees of complete satisfaction.

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Be Satisfied! *Specify Bosch!*

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP'N
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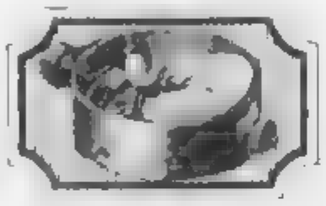

Bosch Interrupter Cup—nerve center of the Bosch Battery Ignition System

Kardex Installation of R. H. Macy & Co., New York

Kardex Reduces Delay in Handling Customers for Macy

Saves 1½ minutes per sale, or 50 hours a day

IN using Kardex to save their customers' time and thus build good-will, R. H. Macy & Co., New York, have brought their Accounting System very close to 100% efficiency.

You can certainly make similar savings in your business, whatever it may be, for Kardex is used by more than 80,000 concerns in 600 lines of business.

[illegible] Kardex District Office in your locality [illegible] He will explain [illegible] R. H. Macy & Co. [illegible]

KARDEX, 223 Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y.

Cards and pocket can be added easily as in use

[illegible] Kardex Staff of Expert [illegible] Organizational Specialists has created [illegible]

KARDEX, 223 Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y.
[illegible] with any samples of the [illegible]

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80,000 Users in Over 600 Lines of Business

KARDEX

who will jump to the immediate conclusion that this was merely a case of spoiled child, but I have given a wrong impression if I have led anyone to believe that even with all the time and thought I spent on his development I made of him nothing but a pet. He had never been humored. Without being stubbornly autocratic I had held him to a strict discipline. The advantages I supplied were all sound and normal and healthful. The list of things I had refused to give him, enjoyed by most of his playmates, was a long one. The movies, for instance, which played so important a part in the lives of his fellows, I had cut out absolutely. With everyone else going from one to five times a week it was difficult to make him understand why he was barred. But on this matter I took an arbitrary stand. To my mind they increase the tension of young lives already near the breaking point with the hectic pace of modern conditions. Our daily papers are bad enough, but when you increase their effect by visualization of even more ghastly melodrama or even of distorted comedy you are running an awful chance. But the particular feature of them I abhor is that it is such an effortless way of satisfying the imagination. Reading calls for thought and concentration, the spoken drama—even light drama—for some understanding and mental response; but the film is a direct appeal to lazy ignorance. One has only to stare vacantly.

Nor had the boy experienced as yet anything of jazz. At ten that might hardly be expected, but I had attended a function conducted by one of the most swagger girls' schools in the East and seen dozens of youngsters of his age going through the frankly sensual antics of this dance. It is as common at children's parties of today as Going to Jerusalem and the polka used to be. I know also of at least one promising older boy whose entire college career was sacrificed to this form of amusement alone. I'm no puritan and I've had a fair amount of worldly experience, and I find no difficulty in seeing through the light veil thrown by society over this particular form of entertainment.

I had given the boy every advantage. That phrase haunted me. To accomplish this both his mother and I had made our lives incidental to his. To further his development we had given up our social interests and our financial interests. And this was the result!

My thoughts went back to some of the incidental historical reading I had done with him—especially to a life of Lincoln we had read together. It had been an inspiration to see how in spite of every disadvantage that clean white will to do had pushed on. We had read also the autobiographies of three quite different modern men—Bok and Carnegie and Roosevelt. Each one stood for a type of success won over all obstacles. These men instead of enjoying every advantage had suffered every disadvantage—Bok and Carnegie through poverty, Roosevelt through ill-health. And come to think of it, that was the story of a great majority of all the brilliant men of history.

The Discipline of Adversity

The fact made me think. Was it in spite of these disadvantages or because of them? In connection with this it occurred to me to ask what had become of the sons of these great historical figures—where they had sons—who because of their fathers must have enjoyed extraordinary advantages. With few exceptions, they left no record behind them. They slipped quietly into the oblivion of the mass. It was interesting to note particularly the efforts of one brilliant character who for long dominated his period, and who with fine intelligence and a high sense of responsibility quite deliberately attempted to develop his children out of the rich fund of his experience and position. The result was negative. They turned out to be good citizens—which is something—but no better nor any more capable than the sons of thousands of fathers who would have been willing to make almost any sacrifice to give their own such inestimable privileges. And not one of these fathers but who would even more readily have made any sacrifice to save their sons from the early conditions surrounding Lincoln or even Bok, Carnegie and Roosevelt.

It is interesting to speculate on what would have become of Lincoln had he been brought up in a comfortable middle-class home, educated at some modern preparatory school and graduated at Harvard. He might or might not have been something more than a prominent member of the Illinois bar. And this is no argument against education, but only against a too easy method of gaining it.

Once stated, the fact seems obvious enough—the disadvantages rather than the advantages are what develop the strength of a real man. In the case of those we have mentioned and in the case of most others adverse conditions were forced upon them. They could not escape except by conquering them, and it was in this process that they developed their tremendous power. In a way then we can call their misfortunes a blessing. Contrariwise, as the Caterpillar would say, most so-called advantages are in the nature of disadvantages.

The great parental paradox is that while we are working might and main to provide our children with the finest of living conditions we are more often than not providing them with the worst. I do not know of any greater tragedy in life than this of the conscientious man doing his level best, only to discover too late that he has been all wrong. That is the grimmest of grim irony.

My wife and I held a council of war.

"It's a curious state of affairs," I said. "Here for ten years I've tried to act intelligently for the best interests of these children in order that they might enjoy every advantage, and now I'm convinced they would have been better off had something happened to me five years ago and they had been thrown upon their own resources."

"That isn't possible!" she exclaimed.

"It doesn't sound reasonable under the circumstances," I admitted, "but I believe it to be a cold-blooded fact. If I should die tomorrow you'd see the boy develop amazingly under the new responsibility."

Too Many Playthings

"I hope you're not considering any such heroic measure," she replied.

"I am not," I admitted. "Another equally helpful contingency would be for me to go broke."

"I prefer that to the other," she answered.

"Rather selfishly, perhaps, I have fought and shall continue to fight both programs. And of course both involve certain disadvantages. But either makes a good starting point for speculation. Why can't we use the hypothetical situation and cull from it the best? I don't know why thinking people should wait until forced by circumstance into action. We've been giving our children too much—with the best intentions in the world."

"They are so young yet," she interrupted.

"To be sure, but it is while they are young that they are best molded. Look at the boy." Her face appeared worried. "We've given him too much. We are even giving too much to the baby."

The youngest was only five. She glanced up at me, startled.

"She has too many playthings," I went on grimly. "I noticed the other day how she was beginning to toss them aside, one after another. If she had nothing but a wooden spool she'd make the most of that by calling in her imagination. In the end that spool would furnish her more pleasure than anything the toyshops ever invented. We've been buying these toys to suit our own jaded senses. I'm through."

"Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"And the eight-year-old—a jackknife and a few sticks for him. The great trick is not to give but to withhold. My proposition is from now on to act as though our income had been cut in half and bank that saved half for ourselves. It's going to be hard, but that is the point of it—for us and for them. We've been getting too soft, all of us."

"I'm sure I don't think we've gone in much for luxuries," she said. "We've provided the children only with the decent, normal things."

"The point is that many of the so-called decent, normal things of today are in reality luxuries," I argued. "They are luxuries because they satisfy artificially needs that properly should be satisfied only after effort. We've taken over the effort that in some measure is the rightful heritage of our children. To that extent we've been selfish."

"Selfish?"

Continued on Page 125

Make your car last longer with

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system

If you own one of the three million Alemite-equipped cars it will pay you to make use of this wonderful lubricating system regularly—every 500 miles. If your car is not Alemite-equipped, the very best investment you can make is to install this system at once. The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System makes thorough chassis lubrication a very simple matter. A turn of the handle of the Alemite Compressor develops 500 pounds' pressure to the square inch to force out the worn-out grease and put new lubricant into the bearings. With winter coming it is important that you have your car completely Alemite-equipped by installing a set of Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers—which encase each spring in a flexible armor of lead-coated, non-rusting steel. Each cover is packed with lubricant by means of the Alemite Compressor, and retains the lubricant, keeping slush, ice, water and grit away from between the spring leaves, making the car ride much easier, saving the body from jolts and jars and prolonging tire life.

We recommend the use of Alemite Lubricant with the Alemite System. Pure solidified oil, it is the finest lubricant we know of. For the convenience of motorists it is packed in ½-pound and 5-pound auto-loading containers to fill the Alemite Compressor. For dealers and bulk users it is packed in barrels, half-barrels and 100-pound drums.

To the **3,000,000 owners of ALEMITE-equipped cars**

The Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System is the finest lubricating system in the world. The manufacturer of your car installed it for a very definite purpose—to make thorough chassis lubrication a simple operation and thereby to lengthen the service of your car. But even the Alemite System is helpless unless you use it. Get into the habit of lubricating your chassis every 500 miles. It pays.

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Please send me information regarding the Alemite Lubricating System _____ Alemite Lubricating Spring Cover

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Make and Model of Car _____

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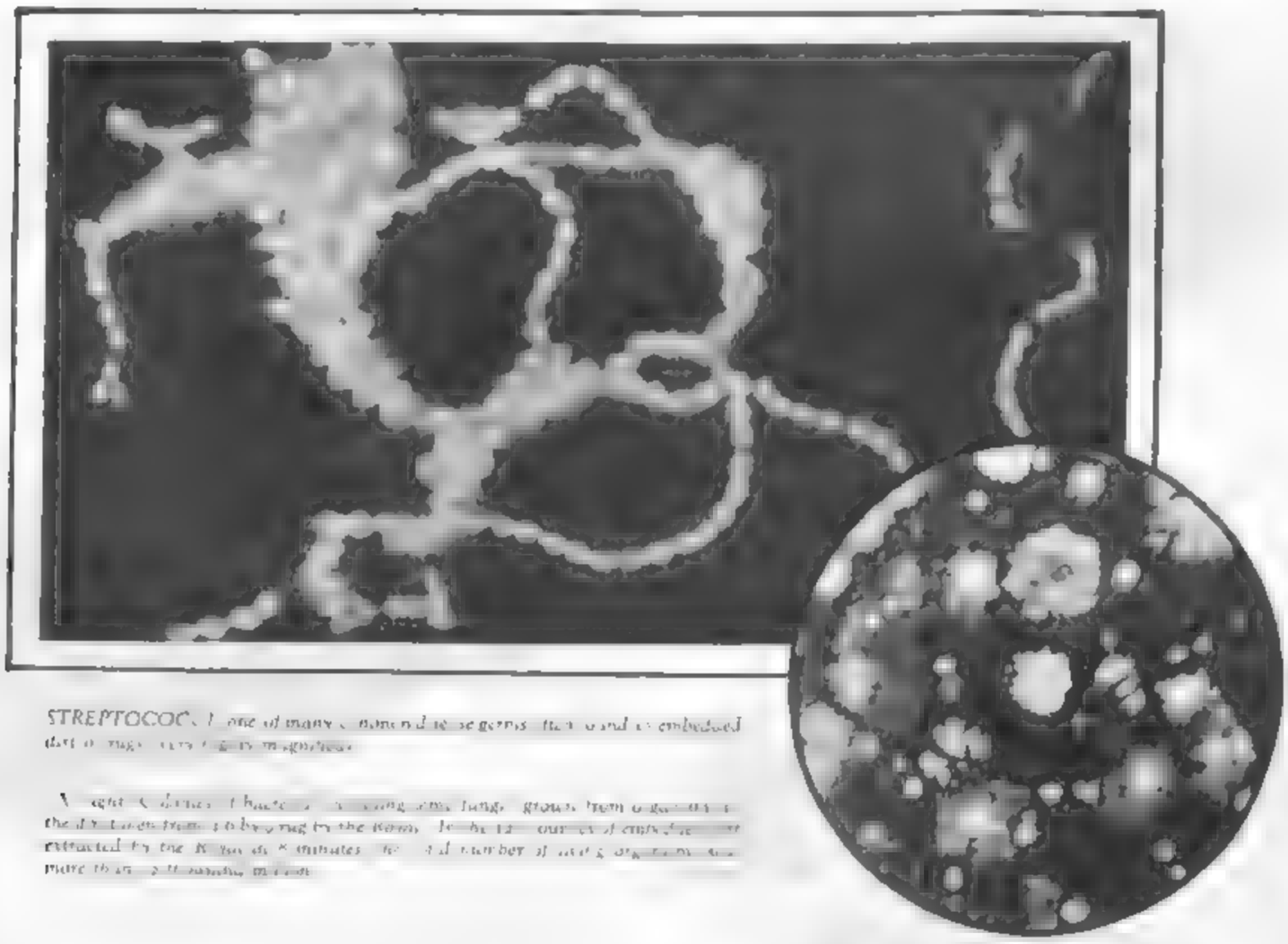


STREPTOCOCCI. [illegible] one of many [illegible] germs that [illegible] embedded dirt [illegible]

[illegible] eight [illegible] these [illegible] lungs grows from [illegible] the dirt taken from [illegible] to bring to the germs [illegible] 12 hours [illegible] extracted by the Royal in 6 minutes. [illegible] number of [illegible] more than [illegible]

Streptococci—*millions in a "clean" rug*

—science reveals the hidden germ-danger in embedded dirt

SO small that dozens might cling to a single dust particle!

They are microbes, and often they are harmless. But again, if they are the dangerous type, *one* might be enough to cause serious sickness

It is an uncomfortable thought that the rug which looks so clean upon your floors may be the home of millions—yes, thousands of millions—of invisible organisms Yet science has proved that this is the fact

A peep through the microscope

In the *embedded* dirt from a single 6 by 9 Wilton rug have been found more than 12 thousand million living organisms

In the analysis, made by the Medical Research Laboratories of Chicago, three dangerous types of bacteria were identified—germs causing intestinal troubles and diarrhea in children, blood and heart diseases

Yet before the Royal Electric Cleaner extracted this dirt (12½ ounces of it) that rug had just been thoroughly beaten and swept by ordinary cleaning methods. It was supposedly a *clean* rug!

Are YOUR clean rugs dangerous?

To merely clean the *surface*, it has been shown, does not do away with the danger Deep down in the pile of the rug remains the embedded dirt, swarming with living organisms

This embedded dirt is beaten into the air by footfalls, etc. You breathe it. Your children breathe it; it gets upon things they put into their mouths. To them especially embedded dirt in rugs is a positive menace.

How can you remove this embedded dirt?

There is only one way to remove this dangerous embedded dirt in your home, and that is *with powerful air suction.* And this powerful suction must be *scientifically applied*

The Royal Electric Cleaner reaches deep down into the depths of your rugs and gets out the embedded dirt. First, because it produces a remarkably powerful suction. Second, because the suction is scientifically applied directly to the rug surface along the entire length of the brush—the patented Royal adjustment screw does this. Thus the Royal does the work more easily, more quickly and more thoroughly than any known cleaning method

Thus, even from rugs that have been thoroughly beaten and swept by ordinary methods the Royal will extract large quantities of embedded dirt—the unsanitary, germ-bearing dirt that menaces your health and that of your children. Ask the Royal dealer to explain this

Cannot harm rugs

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless, because it cleans by air alone

And the Royal is so light (it weighs but 11 pounds) and cleans so fast that it will never tire you. The convenient [illegible] handle saves stooping [illegible] goes easily into corners and under furniture

So simply and sturdily is the Royal built that it is practically trouble-proof and will last a lifetime with ordinary care

Let the Royal Man show you

No doubt your rugs appear spotlessly clean

embedded [illegible] surface

But let a Royal Man go over one with a Royal Electric Cleaner. You will be astonished at the quantity of dangerous, embedded dirt that has lain hidden in the depths of your rugs.

Arrange with the local Royal dealer today to have a rug cleaned in your home—no obligation at all. If you don't know who he is, write us and we'll put you in touch with him

DEALERS The valuable Royal Franchise may be had [illegible]

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES. There are numerous [illegible] desirable opportunities for men of ability in capacity of [illegible] Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by [illegible] Electric Co., Ltd. [illegible]

ROYAL Electric Cleaner

Cleans By Air Alone!

The Royal Man

He is an expert in housecleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning. He is courteous and considerate; you need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home

Continued from Page 122

"Most parents are, and the more they sacrifice, the more selfish they are. It is both easier and pleasanter to give a child what he wants than not to do so. It takes real courage to withhold when we can so easily supply."

"We've taken a firm stand on everything we considered unwholesome," she reminded me.

"That is well enough, but we must go further and allow them to learn that even innocent pleasures call for effort. And we must teach them the meaning of self-sacrifice."

The mother shook her head doubtfully.

"I think you are making too much of this," she decided.

In one way I was. I was going to extremes in order to emphasize my point. And yet there was sound reason in my stand. An illustration, trivial enough in itself, proved this.

On our summer rides in the automobile it had become a habit for us to stop en route for ice-cream cones. Offhand it would seem difficult to formulate any argument against this mild indulgence; but the children had come to view this as one of their prerogatives. They began to tease at every village through which we passed, and finally this sweet goal became an obsession that dominated and often spoiled the whole ride—a ride through some of the most beautiful scenery in America. This was one of the first things we tackled.

I'll never forget how shamefaced and mean both my wife and I felt when I issued the parental bull against cones. For days we could not pass a drug store without feeling miserable, conscious of the disappointed group behind us. But honestly it did us all good. At the end of a week or so the children accepted the inevitable and turned their thoughts to something else besides a bit of sweets. And when on very rare occasions we did stop, the treat came in the nature of a grand surprise and was enjoyed with whetted appetites.

This was the beginning of a process of simplification in which instead of every advantage I sought to give my children, within reason, every disadvantage—as we toss a bone to a dog in order to harden his teeth.

How the Plan Worked Out

I doubled and tripled the amount of work the boys had been doing up to now. I made them wash the car as their part of the daily ride and made them keep the motor boat shipshape. I made them mow the front lawn. In this and similar work I was obliged to overcome the impulse to do the work myself based upon the fact I could do it so much better and so much more easily. It was harder to stand by and instruct than to wade in, but stand by I did. Furthermore I did not offer to pay for this labor. I made them accept it as their contribution to the running of the place. It began to dawn upon them that they were not living in a world where everything they wanted dropped down like manna from the skies.

It was surprising how quickly we secured a wholesome reaction. At first there was some grumbling, and it looked as though we had added two or three new martyrs to an already long list; but as the novelty wore away they settled down to business and became normal. Better still, they chirked up and became more consistently happy than they had ever been. They were recovering their self-respect, and with that their respect for their parents. We call our children little men and women, but we do not realize how literally true that is. They are eager to play their part in the world—more eager in many cases than adults. Responsibility appeals to their pride and rouses their ambition. As dependents they are wholly negative.

It is curious how we point out to them as heroic examples worthy of emulation the newsboy in the street who as the sole support of a widowed mother sells papers before and after school, and then proceed to deprive our own of every opportunity to carry this emulation into effect. We point out further how many of these boys have become mayors and governors and even presidents, successful men in every profession, and quote them to a man as giving credit for this success to those early years of hardships. After spurring our children on to this extent we create for them utterly opposed conditions, by carefully removing every obstacle and leaving them relatively as limp as hothouse flowers. It is small wonder that when later they are transplanted into the stern out-of-doors weather they find it hard to stand up.

The following Christmas we cut out all expensive Christmas presents and gave each child an allowance of one dollar to spend at the ten-cent store. They went in there and had the time of their lives picking out little things for one another. And they were left quite as satisfied as with the five and ten dollar gifts I had previously been making. After all there is just as much fun in a tiny tin car dragged over the floor as in some of the elaborate systems of tracks and real engines that cost up to hundreds of dollars. On the face of it that sounds absurd, but it is a fact. I have tried it out. And the explanation is that a normal child supplies through his imagination whatever is lacking before his eyes. The pleasure is not so instantaneous, but it lasts longer. If you don't believe it give your little girl one old rag doll and let her play with it for a while. Then give her ten of the finest, and note the balance at the end of a week in favor of the one rag doll. The point of saturation is easily reached in children, and the effect is deadly because they have so few resources left. The thing is so self-evident that it needs no argument, and yet in the face of this we go right on making the same old mistakes. But personally I'm through.

Gratifying Results

Next summer I'm going to secure for the oldest boy a job in the local village grocery store. I have already spoken to the proprietor. He seemed doubtful at first.

"I'm afraid he'll only be in the way"

"If he is fire him," I said. "He's coming in here to work and make good. I'm asking and shall expect no special favors."

But he will make good. He is anxious to undertake it. The idea appeals to him as a novelty—playing store in a very realistic way. I have already begun to give him some preliminary training, with the object of making him understand that while there ought to be plenty of fun in the job there will be also plenty of responsibility. I want him to use the opportunity to learn how to approach people graciously and handle them pleasantly. He will have a good model in the present proprietor.

The boy ought to learn here, too, values. He will not be so apt to be careless in the use of foodstuffs when he learns what they cost, and that, too, in terms of his own modest wages. After working a week for five dollars it will mean something to him.

My plans call for a variety of occupations for him—the following year in a gift shop, the next possibly in the local clothing store, another behind the soda fountain.

Whatever money he earns I will allow him to handle as he wishes, although I shall give him my best advice. It will be his own, and though I don't want him to be penurious or to place too much emphasis on the value of dollars, I shall try to make him understand that at his age every dollar has the potential value—by the simple process of compound interest—of some five dollars. I want him to consider this only when tempted to spend it on himself. Whenever he wishes to spend a dollar on someone else—his sister or brothers or mother or his friends—I shall encourage him to go the limit. Every dollar so spent will pay him an interest higher than anything known to the ordinary banker.

Within the last six months the spirit of the entire family has changed—including my own. I feel freer and more confident than ever before. I appreciate those hard years of my own past now and understand the development they afforded me. I have ceased to worry about the future. I am able to throw off minor personal difficulties that used to oppress me. I know that disadvantages have their advantages even at my age, and that many so-called advantages are to be regarded with suspicion.

And mother—well, she has plenty to do still. Her job is to make the children do more and more for her instead of trying to do more and more for them.

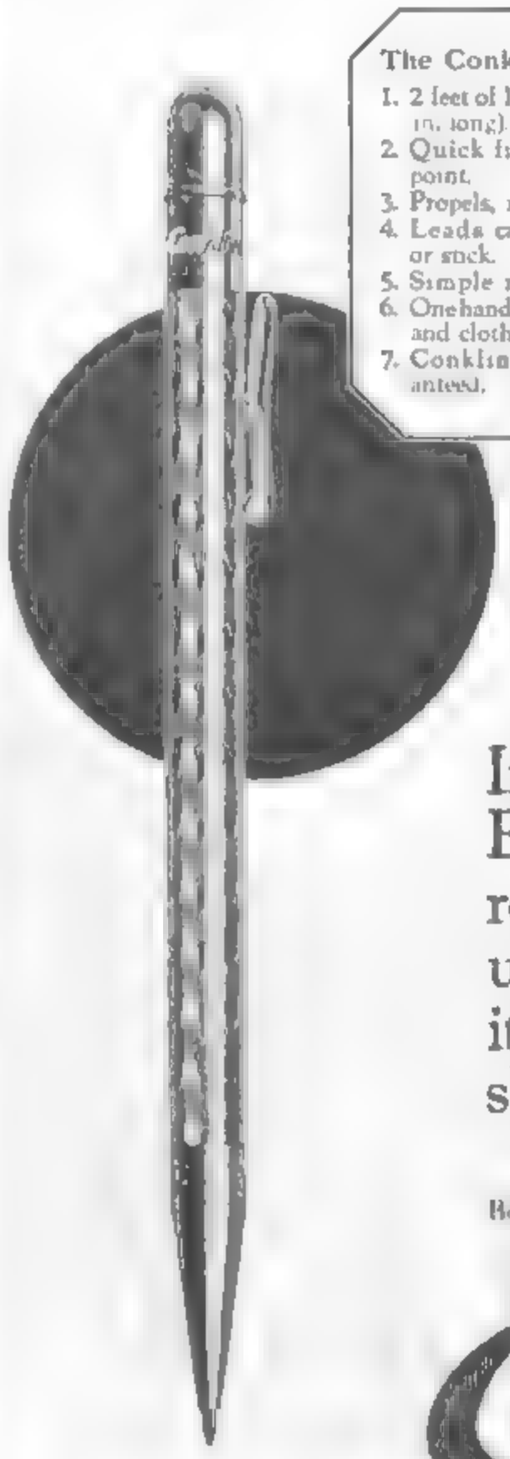
"But that is much harder," she complained not long ago.

"Correct," I admitted readily enough.

She stooped to pick up a pair of rubbers left by the youngest boy in the middle of the hall.

"Careful," I warned.

She straightened herself with a sad smile and left them there. "It's so much easier the other way," she said.



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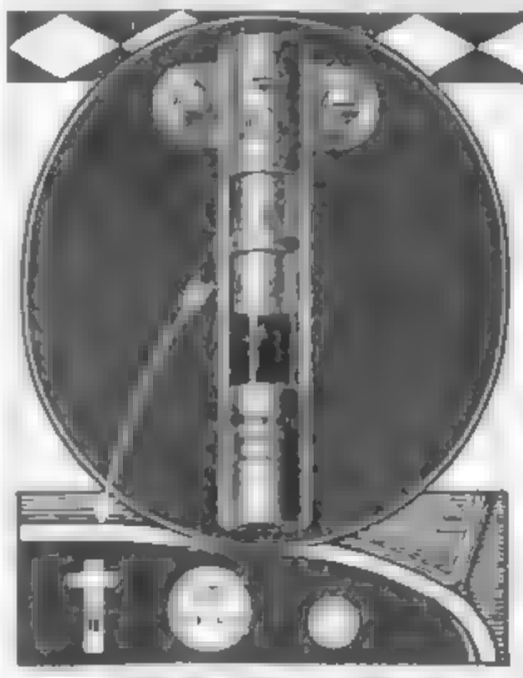

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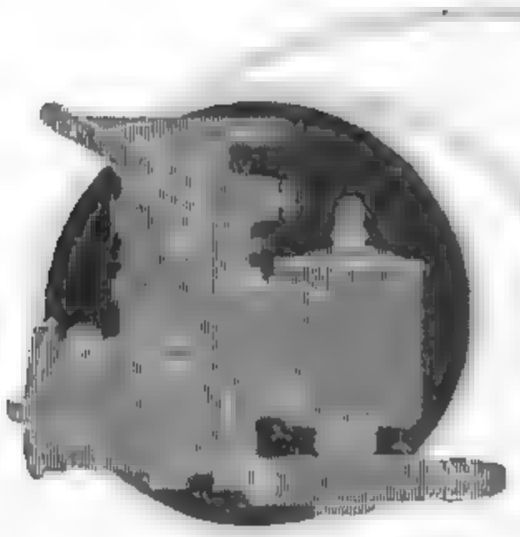

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THE LUNATIC FRINGE

(Continued from Page 4

political strategy. I have seen presidential campaigns when each of the candidates, men like Roosevelt and Taft, made glaring errors in the first reader of generalship; and two in which the craft of Wilson in fundamental political strategy stood up like a monument to the old virtue—or is it a vice?—of pure classic foxiness.

Some day soon I am going to set forth the elements of strategy in national political campaigns, explaining exactly how a psychological magician must always work to gain any earned success, and showing by definite examples how the rabbit was extracted from the hat. I do not mean that the rabbit must necessarily be a bad rabbit. Hughes had a good rabbit, for instance, but in running for the Presidency he dropped all his paraphernalia, stepped on the hat, killed the rabbit, and let his stage hands drop the curtain just as he was about to do the extraction. He would never make the same mistakes again because he would have sense enough to obtain the help of those who know the game.

The beginner who does not know the game comes to it not only not knowing the game but with a whole van load of illusions. This van load is bad enough for the greenhorn who starts in normal times in the normal way to work up from the bottom; it is a hundred times worse when one having jumped for the top branches of politics from the springboard of a crusade—which however high its goal is an amateur show—finds himself out on a limb. There is only one comfort then. I found it. The average old-line party machine management, hard-boiled and experienced, can always be a little more stupid than the amateurs.

The amateurs, by and large, when they are driven out of the hive of every-day life and into politics by the smudge arising from the zeal of reform are at a terrible disadvantage. Zeal for independence, zeal for new parties, zeal for the capture of the management of old parties produce terrible disadvantages. They produce in the first place the tragedy of organized incompatibility.

Old Muckraking Days

I confess to being even now a kind of natural reformer. However, I am enough on the inside to restrain my desire, still sometimes keen, to "bust some things wide open," and except where a great single issue is at stake I believe it is foolish to "bust things open." It is dramatic and heroic for any virtuous chest-beater to do so, but often enough the faults of our politics right themselves if the public have the information. Lack of sources of truth as to what goes on in our government, the slow elimination of muckraking vehicles, whether newspapers or magazines, is, I have observed, a real tragedy in American politics. The old boys may howl about the evils of muckraking, but it was muckraking that cleaned house in America. If it brought one injustice it corrected a thousand. When it was on the surface it had to be responsible; now events or the intentions of its opponents have driven muckraking from a place where it permeated a whole people who held it responsible for truth, to the realm of appeals to groups of self-interest, to cellar printing presses and to inflaming irresponsible rumor and excitement of passions. Two things are sure. I found them out. The need for change is always less than those who clamor for it believe, and when change is needed it always comes when, as and if the public is admitted to a knowledge of the true facts.

I confess that when I entered politics I was prepared to form my prejudices and opinions somewhat independently of facts. This results often in absurd errors of belief based on mere suspicion. During the last Republican convention several of the most prominent bankers of the country were in Chicago to see the fun. Old hands in the political game know that of all the birds that perch high the banker is probably the timidest and shiest. If these men had been able or had desired to manipulate the nomination of a President during the convention they would have been thousands of miles away and have worked through their messenger boys. But some of the newspapers printed a list of the big Wall Street bankers who had come to Chicago, implying that they were there to fix things and dictate the ticket.

Now the fact is that a friend of mine and I were invited to a luncheon where all but one of the men named were to be present. My acquaintance went. One of the bankers suggested a pool into which each man could enter for a guess at the presidential nominee. The pool was substantial in the total sum of money. It was tempting. And the guesses were to be made secretly and put in sealed envelopes. My friend was asked to hold the stakes. When he opened the envelopes he found seven guesses for Wood, four for Lowden, one for Johnson, two for Sproul. He had to redistribute the money among these "wise inside banker manipulators" because no one had picked Harding! Incidentally I have always found it more difficult to find one hundred per cent partisans of a candidate before he is selected than it is after the nomination. Harding knows this as well as any man. To a stranger who had explained to him that he had been against his nomination Harding exclaimed: "I am glad to see you! I always knew that some day I would find the man who had nothing to do with making me President."

Weaknesses of Reformers

I have no desire to discredit those reformers with whom I have fought and bled, because to do so would be to discredit a large part of my own political activity. I have said already that I keep my faith. Many of the leaders in such movements—as, for instance, that of the Progressive Party, which the country may thank for a fine legacy of higher ideals and diminished bossism in our political life—are fine and earnest men. And yet it was a curious fact that when Harding was elected and wished to choose, from among old Progressives, men to appoint to places counted as desirable and requiring good ability, the Progressive he asked to suggest men was embarrassed to be unable to name more than half a dozen that, at the moment, the Progressive himself would have put in office.

As to the rank and file of such reform movements I learned that no more conscientious, earnest, loyal and unselfish men and women can be found.

Unfortunately in politics, as elsewhere, intelligence counts as much as goodness. I remember a reform candidate for governor with whom I had close association. After a day of speech making he sat in his hotel room on the edge of his bed, drinking a glass of hot milk. The crowd with the torchlights was dispersing below in the street but the last red fire was reflected in the windows of the building opposite. The candidate, a successful business man, sighed and said: "Sometimes when I review those with whom we are associated I think of Charles Kingsley's line—'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.'"

One of the greatest exhibitions of an instinct to be good divorced completely from the obligation to be intelligent lies in the tendency of those unripe in American politics to worship mere independence. I confess that I have found that independence is a bad way to get joint action of any kind in real motion. Usually when two independents rally around the banner of independence it results in two banners of independence and then four and then eight. No man or woman in the world is so independent as an independent. As political workers they are usually fanatically unselfish for six months and then as temperamental as prima donnas forever after.

At one of the last Progressive party conventions held in any state the objects of the party were completely forgotten. The candidate for governor came out of the hall mopping his brow. Beveridge and, I believe, Hiram Johnson were coming to speak in that state.

"You tell 'em both this," the candidate said. "You tell 'em I thought we had made a Progressive omelet in this state. But all I see today are china eggs—A. P. A., Single Tax, Tobacco Prohibition, Proportional Voting, and so on. We are a party now unscrambling from within."

Another difficulty with the young independent crusader in politics—and I suspect

(Continued on Page 128)

Men of Some 50 Nations

Have found a way to whiter, safer teeth

Look about you, wherever you may be. How many teeth now glisten—teeth which once were clouded.

It is so the world over. Millions of people use a new method of teeth cleaning, largely by dental advice.

If you don't know what that method means, you can learn in one week, if you will.

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Two other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Then judge by what you see and feel how much this new way means to you and yours.

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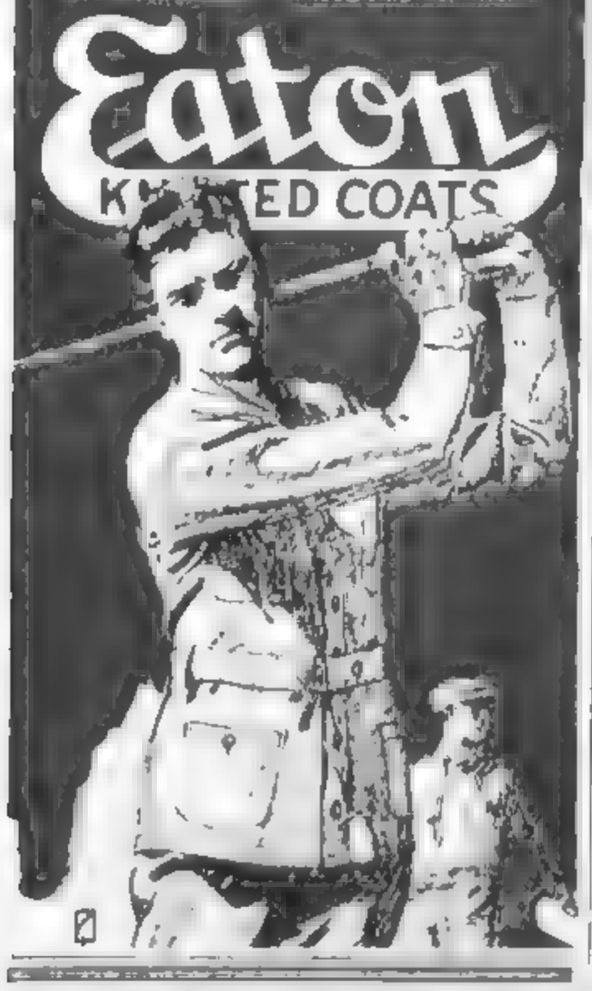

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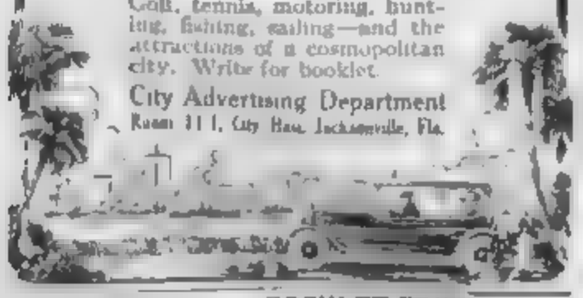

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(Continued from Page 126)

that at the present time women will tend in their unripe years or unripe experience to develop young-crusading faults—is that it is always difficult to find subordinates. Generals and brigadier generals and lieutenant generals and major generals there are in plenty. The hive is full of potential queen bees, but the workers are hard to find. It does not reflect on the idealism of the independent to say that the nearer such a movement comes to power the more glitter power has. To eyes not used to power it has a great deal of glitter. When it was suggested to the women Republicans at the head of the women's part in the campaign that women employers of labor and professional women and other distinguished women who had place outside mere political activity should be enlisted and made prominent, there were no cheers and the suggestion was taken out on a little shovel. The unripe crusader of either sex likes to own the crusade.

I stood once on the steps of the house belonging to the man who was running for President, and a well-known advertising man from New York who had thrown himself into political work met me as he was coming out.

"Listen," he said. "If there is the Annual Banquet of the Burglars of New Jersey, and the toastmaster gets up and introduces Red Mike as being the man who has done more to advance the science of second-story work than any other living person, the burglars are all standing on their chairs cheering Red Mike to the echo."

"No doubt."

"But if the Party of the Pure Millennium has its spring strawberry festival, and the chairman arises and coughs and says that we have with us today a man who has done more to further the cause than any other man alive, the assembled reformers take a good look to see what part of that hero is softest to the blow of a hammer."

I must admit that one of the most useful jobs I ever did among my first offenses in politics was sitting down at the beginning of a campaign and inventing a list of committees, directors of bureaus, chiefs of divisions and heads of departments, so that if possible our printer could set up seven or eight thousand names each one of which could be attached to a title. By a kind of instinct I avoided as much as possible putting anyone under anyone else.

I do not like to mention, as I must now, the encroachments that practicality makes upon idealism. I have no desire to disillusion those who believe that idealists never forget their idealism. But there are certain incidents difficult to erase from the records of my experience.

The Boss and His Frame-Up

I remember the difficulty we had with a certain district of a certain metropolis. The boss of the district was a genius in resourcefulness and he was against us. His genius was of a magnificent kind. Some years ago, for instance, when the W. C. T. U. was trying to elect a representative who would stand for prohibition, the good ladies used the device of pinning a bit of white ribbon on every voter pledged to vote for their man. In one precinct where the "respectable element" were proud to live, it was apparent that the men who approached the voting booth did not like the idea of approaching minus the white ribbon.

The boss heard of it, and before the day had well begun all his workers were furnished with bolts of white ribbon and by noon had pinned white ribbon onto everybody. Even the statues of bygone statesmen in an adjacent park wore the emblem.

Now in this reform campaign when we were trying to beat this boss he produced a most touching and dramatic situation into all his street-corner speeches. Before he arrived at the corner an advance man with red fire, a cornet and a stepladder would arrive and assemble the crowd. Then an automobile would dash up with the Famous Jim, three companions and a chauffeur. Big Jim would be well into his speech which always began: "You've known me twenty years, my friends"—when suddenly from the crowd a rough voice would interrupt. It would refer to a particular and very unsavory well-proved incident in Jim's past. At once the owner of the voice would be seized, beaten and hurled to the ground.

But Jim would take another step up his ladder and fling a commanding forefinger at the assailants of the intrepid questioner. "Stop!" he would cry out. "Stop! The people of this ward know me this twenty year. They know that I believe in fair play. Let that gentleman ask his questions. I've been waiting for the chance to answer that foul slander. Let him up."

The man would then rise, hesitate and then slink away. Vast applause! The assailants of the questioner were always Jim's three companions in the motor; the questioner was the chauffeur wearing a battered old hat he carried for the purpose.

I regret to say that it was one of the most conscientious women I ever knew—a gentle soul, in maturity, and inspired to an interest in politics by the highest and purest motives—who suggested that we might find a way to expose the Famous Jim by devices no less dark than his own. The problem was put up to an overdone political worker imported from New York. We will call him Atwater. To go down into the particular ward to make street-corner speeches bringing accusations against Famous Jim was said, by those who knew, to be an accessory to suicide before the fact. Atwater laughed and said he would do it. Such matters were nothing to him.

Fighting Fire With Fire

A day later there began to be notices appearing in the daily press that Aloysius Xavier McQuire, the brilliant young orator of ——— University, would speak at the street corners of Ward — every night from Monday until Thursday. Other speakers would include James Carrin Atwater. A short biography of the distinguished young student and forensic star appeared Saturday night in a local city weekly. His photograph was placed in the windows of corner drug stores throughout the ward. When the time came for the speeches a great misfortune arrived. Atwater had to appear alone. With a sob in his throat he began each of his addresses: "I will try to bear the message that more eloquent lips than mine would have brought to your ears, my friends. In all kindness Aloysius Xavier McQuire would have told you the truth about Famous Jim." His voice would break again. "Aloysius Xavier McQuire, my friend—my friend and brother and counselor—is dying tonight upon a bed of pain! Here is his message."

There was no such person as Aloysius Xavier McQuire, of ——— University; but I regret to say that many of our idealists and reformers wriggled with delight, and that the gentle lady who had inspired some device to equal the insincerity of Famous Jim admitted that nothing had ever given her such pleasure.

In Chicago, at one convention some years ago, I met a business man of eminent respectability who accuses me of having dragged him into politics to become a member of the lunatic fringe. In fact, ten days before he had been, unless mere honest acquirement of wealth is a blotch on a life which has reached the white-hair age, a man of spotless record.

I said: "You look excited."

Said he: "Well, I am. I found those reactionary sons of guns had as good as bought the delegation from ———. They had them all ready to get on a Pullman car and they were going to take 'em out of Chicago where they couldn't be reached."

"Where is the delegation now?"

"They are all upstairs in my hotel rooms," he said with a wicked grin. "And I've got the key. There's no use in your looking shocked. One has to fight fire with fire."

"My stars!" said I. "You are a man of principle."

"Yes, when there's time to work with it."

Fortunately the situation which used to arise from this kind of delegation, sent from the minority party in some of the Southern States, is being made more improbable every four years.

I remember another incident which illustrates the great temptations which come to independents, reformers, crusaders and idealists to adopt the methods of their more "practical" opponents. In one of the largest cities of the United States a slippery lawyer with a great gift for debate announced himself a candidate for district attorney. No one took him seriously until he began campaigning. Then to the horror of the local bar association it was found that he probably would be elected. One of the "respectables" undertook to make some comments upon the unfitness of this candidate. The candidate said in reply

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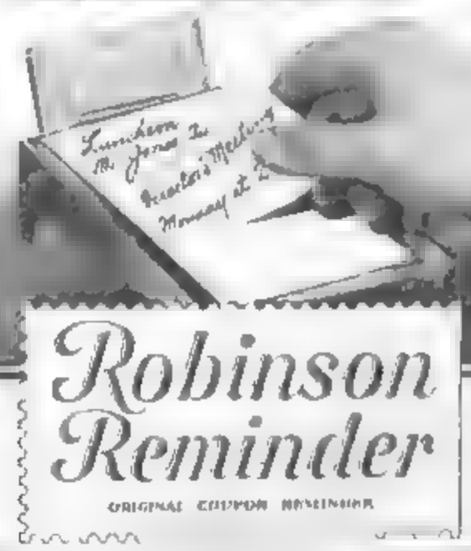

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that fitness in the field of law could be demonstrated, that proof of the pudding was in the eating, and that a debate between himself and his detractor would disclose fitness. The respectable found himself in an embarrassing cavity; he accepted the challenge. The subject of the debate I have forgotten; it is not important.

The respectable had the opening and he did his darnedest. He sat down satisfied. But he was astonished to see that the candidate only laughed quietly, drew from under his chair a heavy volume, and walking to the lectern threw it onto the wood with a bang which resounded all over the hall. An audience that had something of the same spirit one finds when Dempsey is the attraction waited breathless while the candidate ran his clawlike fingers through his shaggy, grizzled mane of hair.

"Well, my fellow citizens," the candidate said. "I came here tonight prepared for a long debate and I may say a hotly contested one. I had supposed that a man who had hurled the lances of criticism at my fitness as a lawyer was a man well versed in the law. One of the first requirements, he will admit, is knowledge of the statutes of one's own state."

Here with a sneer and a dramatic gesture he flung open the tome.

"This book," he said, slapping its open pages with his palm—"this book contains the revised statutes of this state. I read from page five hundred and eighty-three of our laws. I read to you article eight, sections six to ten inclusive. Now listen."

Whereupon he read out a passage which made the entire argument of the respectable wholly ridiculous. The audience began to laugh. They roared. They clapped. They had seen a knockout. They went wild.

The respectable stared from his side of the stage. In that moment his professional conscience and his high reformer ideals must have suffered several tweaks. Finally he arose, stalked to the chair of the candidate, snatched up the volume of laws and going to the lectern opened the book and held up his hand. The hall was silenced.

"I have opened this debate, my opponent has had his opportunity, and I now will close the debate by reading from the revised statutes of this state. I read from page one thousand two hundred and six, article nine. Listen!"

He read: "Sections six, seven, eight, nine and ten of article eight of the revised laws of this state are hereby repealed."

The debate was over. The tumult was roof-lifting.

Though the audience knew it not, neither the supposed law nor its repeal was in the statute book. It was another case of fighting fire with fire, and on the part of the reformer and idealist one of those slips from grace which high-purposed amateurs in politics almost as much as their baser brothers find so easy.

No Indorsement Desired

Another load which independency in politics carries is the attraction it has for that dangerous class of adherents—the silk stockings. The rank and file of voters is always suspicious of a cause which attracts the idle, the rich and the high forehead of the professor. Those who know little of the feel of the rank and file believe that this rests on a prejudice against virtue. It rests on no such thing: it rests on the genius of the classes of professors, the rich and the rare for being wrong. The rank and file, without analyzing their opinion, know instinctively that these classes are given to complexity and that complexity is a kind of fog out of which strange and impractical visions arise.

One of my first experiences in politics, before I had graduated from college, was when I was sent by a good-government association to investigate a saloon keeper who was a candidate for office. I was reminded before I went that a bad report was expected. I found the saloon keeper was a hearty soul and body who at fifty looked thirty, had a big fist and big heart, and was feeling around in politics for a larger form of self-expression than he found in wiping glasses and giving counsel to the neighbors and patrons. He told me that he knew that I would be obliged to report unfavorably. Never mind. While we were together let us—the older man and the college senior—swap a few views and enjoy it. It ended by my going home to dinner with him. I chatted with his wife who thought I looked like someone they called "Fred," and with a daughter whose eyes were insurance of a kind of eternal rightness about the world.

I began to wonder about some of the directors of the good-government association. One of them was a real-estate owner who had sold several parcels of land to the city at extreme prices difficult to explain, and he owned, it was said, a good deal of rental property which the police occasionally raided.

I began to wonder how bad this saloon keeper was after all—how bad he would be as an officeholder.

I said at parting on his threshold: "I've enjoyed this. I'm grateful to you."

For the first time he looked at me with suspicion. A flicker of alarm came over his face.

"Listen," he said appealingly, "you ain't going to let the good-government crowd indorse me, are you? Do you know what it would do for me with these people in this part of the city? Well, it would drive me into the ground and break me off short!"

In the last Presidential campaign I had unusual opportunity to observe audiences that contained men and women in favor of America's either joining the League of Nations or otherwise becoming involved abroad and those who were against it. I suppose that I saw audiences in diverse parts of the country that would total more than half a million. My own opinion on the merits of the question is of no value at this moment, but I testify to this: When one is used to it and mingles in a political crowd or watches faces while speaking or while other speakers are in action, one can draw out an astounding amount of sincere opinion from the listeners. It is difficult to say how it comes forth but it comes.

A Damaging Argument

It was the white-gloved hand and the black necktie that applauded the pro-League sentiments; it was that indescribable element in the public, and particularly the American public, noble and fine, but which none the less has a dangerous desire to be paternal, to put its hand on the world's head. It was "the teachers and the preachers"—not the actual teachers and preachers but those with the tendency.

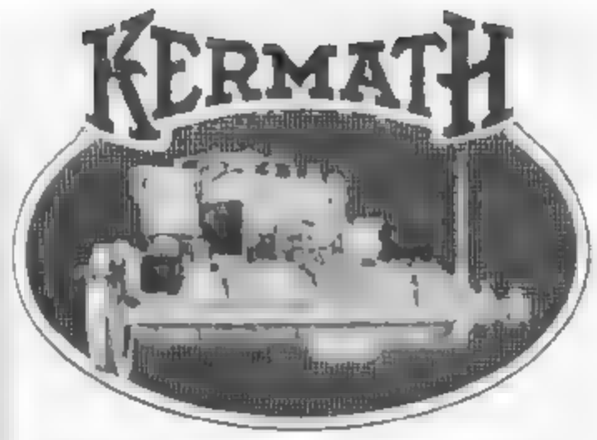
But the antis—the unregenerate, wolfishly anti-League majority—said this: "Stay out of Europe. They have all the cards and we have only the chips."

I understand that Balfour, to whom this was repeated, estimated the expression as being the most damaging argument ever presented to keep America minding her own business. However that may be, it was the composite brevity of the majority, and it is because the majority sees questions as simply as this that it suspects the intellectuals and those other estimable silk-stocking elements that always are legion in any idealistic political movement, and who bring complex intensity to our political problems without either the tact or patience or training to apply ideas through normal political action.

In any confession of a politician one expects a measure of confession of wickedness. I have none to make. And if I have any I will not make it—even anonymously. If I made one I probably should be boasting. But to confess to having been wrong is a confession indeed!

I was wrong about third parties. I told my conservative friends that third parties could be built around a man—around Roosevelt. I was sure that a permanent third party could be built also around a lot of good ideas gathered up into a platform. I believe neither of these things can be done. And in the light of an intimate experience with American politics I believe the best and most far-seeing idealism would not be in favor of such third parties even if they could be permanently created.

Lane, who was one of the best public servants this country has ever seen, once said to me: "The big man always looks bigger before he takes office. There is a tendency to make a hero of some figure who is honest, earnest, talks of goodness and efficiency. Often enough if we put such a man into the Presidency he would stub his toe on Congress the very first thing. He might have convictions so strong that he would be eternally irritated and petulant with obstacles. Or his special training in some particular line of thought—his very mastership—might lead us all into hot water."



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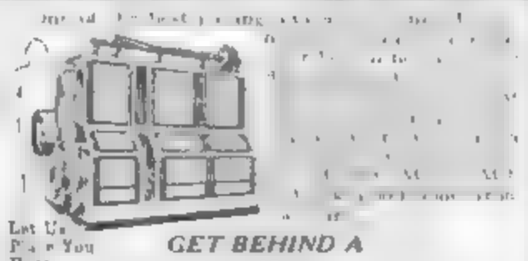

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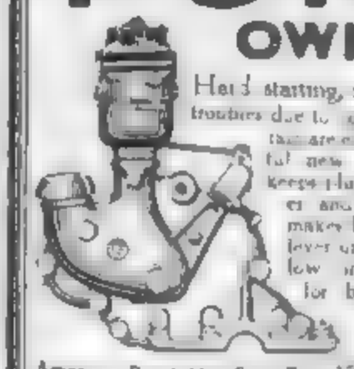

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Party leadership and the Presidency are still as much arts as they are sciences. They still call for human qualities of high order even more than they call for engineering accuracy and scientific business management. I know how pleasant it is to dream of a superbusiness manager of the United States, but even were it possible, the people really want no such thing, for they instinctively feel that the welfare of the country depends upon a citizenship which refuses to check its brains, its opinions and above all its responsibility in the cloakroom of mere dictatorial efficiency.

If a third party cannot be built around a man it certainly cannot be built by assembling various discontents with things as they are. To do so is to assemble not any similarity of opinion to what should be done but dissimilarity as to constructive measures.

I remember the difficulties the Progressive Convention of 1912 encountered when it was discovered how many strange and feverish insistencies existed as to what should go into the platform. To this day if you woke up the average former Progressive and said quickly "What single cause did we fight for in 1912?" he probably would say: "I don't know, unless it was to drive the other parties and the voters to a sense of higher responsibility." The truth was that so far as programs of action may be considered the Progressive third-party movement—which in leadership, quality of rank and file and management was more favored than any other is likely to be—had no single vital issue, and the moment it had made its great contribution to awakening the voters and machinery of the old two-party system its work was done and it fell apart.

If one reflects upon the number of measures, considered radical and impractical when they first bubbled up from William Jennings Bryan or were put forth by the Progressive Party, which have now been put into effect through the machinery of the two-party system, one may have two thoughts. The first is to compliment the crusaders. The second is to feel that somehow, almost mysteriously, the two-party machinery of our system does respond in a noiseless way to progress even if it does not invent progress.

If I were to be advising my son about going into politics, if I were leaving him my confession pinned to my will, I should tell him to look out for the will-o'-the-wisp virtue of independence not only in politics but in all else—business, social life and morals. There are times when the world needs a stir toward fence jumping. Just now it needs, I believe, not an escape from realities but to have its old nose jammed down to the grindstone of realities. I should advise him to take his idealism and his youth and strength into existent organizations and lead them upward with all his conscience. A crusade worth anything is one prepared for the dickens of a long hard journey.

I should advise him to have a good time on the way. In politics there is an eternal change of experience, an acquaintance not limited to any particular pigeonhole narrowness, many a laugh, and an imperfect but lovable humanity. Whenever he began to think so hard about an idea that it produced pain, I should advise him to think about something else. I should advise him to count himself an unhappy man if he could not keep a correct balance in the values of stability and the need of change. I should advise him to have a good time.

I remember one cold and rainy Sunday in 1912 when Roosevelt had announced his candidacy for the Presidency. He arose from an open fire and greeted me with words that I have never set down before but may be a revelation to those who believe he thirsted for power or was overconfident in his egotism or was a man incapable of throwing his own welfare out of his hands.

"Mrs. Roosevelt did not want me to do it, but I have done it," he said. "My hat is in the ring. Because of your particular relation to all this I want to go on record with you confidentially. We haven't a chance of victory, not a chance, and I know it better than anyone. But we will give them a run and it will do good. I tell you this because your personal affairs may not justify you in going on. We may even have an experience which will put me forever out of any possibility of service."

I laughed and indicated I would go along.

Roosevelt grinned. He said: "Won't we have a bully time!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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New Orleans Shows How to Save the Lives of School Children

THE "New Orleans States" of May 24th reports a meeting of the Fire Commissioners of New Orleans, in part as follows: "Why can't all of the schools be equipped with Sprinklers right now?" asked Harry W. Fitzpatrick, Fire Commissioner. "This is the time to do it. While the schools are closed the system can be put into effect."

* * *

"I agree," said Mr. J. A. Smith, Chief Deputy Fire Marshal, "that the work should be done at once if possible."

Mayor Andrew J. McShane then wanted to know what the Fire Board should do. Mr. Fitzpatrick stated that it should adopt a resolution to be sent to the Commission Council demanding that the School Board equip all schools with Sprinklers before September 15th, and to prevent those schools not so equipped from being opened, by the police power of the city.

* * *

New Orleans' schools are now being equipped with Sprinklers. Thus New Orleans *acts,* while other Cities shut their eyes to the danger of fire in schools. Conditions are no worse in New Orleans than in hundreds of Cities—and of conditions there Commissioner Fitzpatrick is quoted as having said, "If we do not put in the Sprinklers, we shall have a terrific holocaust worse than the Iroquois or other fires."

The Fire Commissioners of New Orleans speak from knowledge and experience. Along Canal Street they see business building after business building safeguarded from fire by Sprinkler Systems. Naturally they ask why this greatest of fire safeguards should not protect the lives of children in schools just as it protects the dollars of commerce.

New Orleans shows the way: Why do other city governments blink at danger and fail to protect the lives of school children by the greatest fire safeguard ever devised?

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This is the period in your child's life when his mind is most sensitive to impressions. His curiosity to know and his desire to build are the materials out of which his character is being formed.

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They are building in him habits of observation, perception and deliberation. It was these qualities, more than a knowledge of the law, which made Lincoln great.

A prominent educator lists drawing first among those subjects which develop the creative imagination, calling it "An admirable training for both eye and hand."

Thus in boy and girl alike are fostered broader interests and a truer sense of values—things priceless in later business and social life.

Unfortunately this great work is suffering in some communities—struggling under the handicap of public indifference. Perhaps you have not realized the vital part it plays in the training of your child, and have failed to lend your hand to its support.

It is your duty to your child to stand behind this movement and support it vigorously. You should encourage in every way possible the members of the school board, the school superintendent, the art director and teachers.

Your active interest will give added impetus to the work they are doing—the work of raising your community to a level of greater efficiency, of greater happiness. And if there is no art training at all in the schools of your community, you should begin immediately to agitate the subject of the adoption of such courses.

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